TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE LIVING AGE

For October

Articles:

Highroads of the Air. *The Thrill of Germany's Air Liners Sets a Spaniard Thinking* . . . . . *Gaziel* 90

AHMET ZOGU, ALBANIA'S NEW KING. *A New Monarchy for Europe* *A German Correspondent* 93

Stale Cake. *In Which Psychology and Technique Dispense with Plot* . . . . . *D. M. Thornton* 95

The Birth of a Nation. *A Modern Tory on the American Revolution* . . . . . *Alexander Macrae* 97

Sir Austen Chamberlain. *The British Foreign Minister* . . . . . *T. J. C. Martyn* 104

A GOURMET'S TOUR OF FRANCE. *For Tourists with Jaded Appetites* . . . *G. B. Stern* 107

A Prison in Spain. *Mediæval Conditions in Modern Spain* . . . . . *Stacy Aumonier* 111

The Carlisle Experiment. *A British Attempt at Liquor Control* . . . . . *Ernest E. Williams* 117

THE WORLD LOOKS AT AL SMITH. *Foreigners See an Important American* *Jesse Isidor Straus* 120

Motion Picture Propaganda. *Do Yankees Prejudice the World Against Latin America?* *A. M. C. Fournier* 122

A French Hearst. *M. Coty Buys Another Newspaper* . . . . . *Sisley Huddleston* 124

THE BRITISH AIR MANŒUVRES. *Is London Defenseless from the Sky?* 126

Some Recollections of Joseph Conrad. *Personal Reminiscences by an Old Friend* . . . *Ernest Dawson* 132

Paul Valéry Takes a Walk. *An Author who Laughs at all the World* . . . . . *H. Lucius Cook* 136

A Marriage of Convenience. *Shall Austria and Germany Join?* . . . . . *Ludovic Naudeau* 137

Departments:

The World Over. *News and Interpretations* 83

The Geography of Current Events. *What is Happening in World Politics, Mapped and Summarized* . . . 89

Persons and Personages. *Venizelos, the Greek Premier — Lemieux, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons — Admiral Scheer, German Commander at the Battle of Jutland — Gaston Doumergue, President of France* 113

Metropolitana. *Paris Reacts to the Tourist — Jazz on Brussels Radios — 'Tragic Wives' in Singapore — The Temperamental Taxi-Drivers of Madrid — A Moscow Chief of Police — The New Road That Leads to Rome — Vienna's Brown-Robed Capuchins — Gentlemen of the Night School in Berlin* 128

Letters and the Arts. *The London Aphrodite — Two Events in British Education — Spanish Academicians — Mr. Gordon Craig's Exhibition — The 'New' Russian Opera — The Price of a Van Gogh* 141

As Others See Us. *American Policies, Politics, and People in the Spotlight of Foreign Comment* 143

Paths and Places. *News from the World's Lanes of Travel* 145

World Business. *Domestic and International Politics Enter Upon the Economic Scene* 148

The Nomad's Calendar. *A Ninety-Day Forecast of Happenings Abroad* 157

War and Peace. *Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes all the World* 158

World Records. *Recognizing the Supreme and the Extreme* 159

Book Reviews:

'Politicians and the War' — 'Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution' — 'The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy' — 'The Real Situation in Russia' — 'Conditioned Reflexes of the Cerebral Cortex' — 'Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes' — 'Magie Noire' — 'Notas de Una Vida' — and a Complete Bibliography of the Month's Travel Publications 150

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The GUIDE POST

THE quality that sets THE LIVING AGE apart from any other magazine is the variety of its writers' viewpoints. THE LIVING AGE is unique because it alone reprints and translates from the press of the whole world full length articles by foreign writers, not mere excerpts or press cuttings. It is thus able to capture for its readers that indefinable but very real thing known as the 'national point of view' — not of any one country but of all the widely different countries of the globe. That alone makes it stand out among publications.

Take, for example, the contents of this October number. Writers representing six nations contribute — an Argentine, a German, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, several Englishmen, together with three Americans to keep the balance true. Such an assemblage provides a variety of viewpoints, attitudes, and prepossessions out of which our readers will construct for themselves an outlook on the swiftly moving modern world more cosmopolitan and better ballasted with fact than any but a LIVING AGE audience can hope to possess.

The sources of our reprinted and translated articles are often quite as important as their authors. Wholly to understand the fierceness of Alexander Macrae's attack upon the leaders of the American Revolution, in his article 'The Birth of a Nation,' one should remember that the *National Review*, from which it is taken, is an uncompromisingly nationalistic British monthly of small circulation which is not usually inclined to look with favor on anything American. Again, the disfavor with which 'A German Correspondent' regards Ahmet Zogu is partly accounted for by the liberal traditions of the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin) in which he writes, which has no liking for kings or dictators. To understand fully the position that M. Ludovic Naudeau, who writes this month on the proposed union of Austria and Germany, occupies in French journalism, it is well to ponder the traditions of *Le Temps* of which he is Rome Correspondent. One of the oldest French newspapers — it was founded in 1820 — *Le Temps* is generally regarded as semi-official. What a member of the *Temps* staff says, therefore, is likely to be pretty close to the official view of the French government, which in this case is inevitably distrustful of Germany and eager to encourage Austria to maintain cultural and political independence.

Among other important contributors of the month are Señor Gaziel, a Spanish journalist; D. M. Thornton, a young English writer; Sisley Huddleston, former Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, whose article on Senator Coty's new newspaper will be followed next month by an article on the Senator himself; Jesse Isidor Straus, an Overseer of Harvard University and prominent New York merchant, who has recently returned from a European tour on which he had ample opportunity to familiarize himself with foreign views of Governor Smith's candidacy; and two distinguished novelists, G. B. Stern (in private life, Mrs. Geoffrey Lisle Holdsworth), writing expressly for THE LIVING AGE, and the versatile Stacy Aumonier.

Ernest E. Williams, who in The 'Carlisle Experiment' describes a British adventure in liquor regulation — not prohibition — is a Barrister of the Inner Temple and a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society. H. Lucius Cook is a member of the faculty of New York University. Ernest Dawson, who contributes an unrivaled pen picture of Joseph Conrad, writes as an intimate acquaintance of the great novelist. Alberto M. C. Fournier is an Argentine journalist who has for several years concerned himself with the moving pictures' not wholly favorable effect on international relations.

To agree with what all these various writers have to say is quite impossible. One would have to be a kind of intellectual chameleon, so various are their opinions. But complete agreement with every author is no part of THE LIVING AGE's programme. Rather, our magazine may be said to reverse the action of a prism. The prism breaks up white light into lights of many colors. THE LIVING AGE concentrates lights of many colors and combines them into the white light of truth.

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THE LIVING AGE

WORLD NEWS · WORLD INTERPRETATIONS · WORLD AFFAIRS · WORLD TRAVEL

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The World Over

VENIZELOS AT THE HELM AGAIN

THE assumption of power in Greece by Eleutherios Venizelos, whose career is sketched elsewhere in this issue, is an event which promises well for the immediate future in the Eastern Mediterranean. It offers the best possible ground for hope that Greece is at last ready to settle down, abandon the perpetual political turmoil from which she has suffered more, longer, and with less profit than any other Balkan state; and go to work in earnest on her problems of post-war reconstruction, which are far more difficult than those faced by her neighbors.

To understand the difficulties that M. Venizelos faces, one must remember that (except for the Turks) the Greeks have been under arms longer than any other modern power. Greece mobilized with the other Balkan states when she went to war with Turkey in 1912. The two Balkan wars employed all her strength until late in 1913, and before demobilization had been completed, the World War was upon her. Although the Greek Army did not at once take an active part in that struggle, no state — least of all a small one — can send its soldiers home when the rest of the world is ablaze. The army remained on approximately a war footing until eventually, after the Venizelists had broken the power of King Constantine, Greece entered the War on the side of the Allies. In 1919, when the rest of the world was demobilizing, the Greek army occupied Smyrna; and presently, urged on by the military ambitions of King Constantine after his return to power and the fall of Venizelos, engaged in its grandiose attempt to wrest from the Turks even more of Asia Minor than the Allies had awarded Greece. How this ended, all the world knows. The overwhelming Turkish victory, the capture and burning of Smyrna in 1922 marked the end of Greek ambitions in Asia Minor.

Greece had been under arms for ten years. Such of her young manhood as survived had lost the best ten years of their lives, had lost the opportunity to gain footholds in civil life, had lost the early training in business, trades, and professions whereby they might have learned to serve their country in the arts of peace. Then came the so-called 'exchange of populations' with Turkey. The Turkish nationalists who, under Mustapha Kemal Pasha, had made good the gravest of Turkey's war losses, were determined to end once for all Greek ambitions to possess the lands in Asia Minor which had large Greek populations. They compelled an agreement under which Greeks in Asia Minor were to be 'exchanged' for Turks living in Greece. Theoretically, the property of each group of refugees was to be used to recompense the other for what it had left behind. Practically, such a plan was unworkable. Greece, exhausted by the financial difficulties due to ten years of war and by her internal broils, found herself suddenly presented with a million destitute citizens, for whom there was no place, but who, nevertheless, had to be taken care of. Even with the aid of the League of Nations, the task was almost insuperable.

It was made more difficult by the perpetual political intrigues, which the volatile Greek temperament encouraged. The Smyrna disaster cost King Constantine his throne for the second time. His son Alexander, who succeeded him, died from the bite of a pet monkey. King George, Alexander's brother, was driven from power, and a republic was established. The republic became a dictatorship and then again a republic. Royalist plotted against republican, republican against royalist, and the republican factions plotted against each other.

Lately there have been serious strikes among the tobacco workers around Salonica, driven to desperation by the low wages due to the masses of unemployed refugees who have glutted the labor market. Troops, called out to suppress the strikers, are said to have refused to fire. As usual, Moscow's hidden hand is suspected. The election which brought Venizelos back to power was held amid such intense suspicion that it was seriously proposed to mark each voter's fingers with a chemical after he had cast his ballot, to prevent 'repeating' — an attempt abandoned only because the election officials could find no harmless chemical the traces of which could not be removed the same day.

Such is the situation that M. Venizelos inherits. Admittedly the equal in talent of any living statesman, he becomes Premier under conditions which, in spite of their distressing aspects, are in certain respects more favorable than those under which he held office before. Except immediately after the Smyrna disaster, the country has never been in worse condition; but it has apparently learned its lesson — at least for the time being. M. Venizelos has forsworn any intention of further military efforts in Asia Minor. The Greek lands there, he admits, are lost for good. That means no more military adventures, and no more war drains on the treasury.

The election returns show that he has a united Greece behind him. Royalist plots seem, for the time being, in abeyance. The Great Powers with whom he has long dealt and with whom he must now deal, know him, admire him, even trust him — so far as one statesman ever trusts another. If Greece will only trust him too, and support him long enough, he will probably succeed in putting the country on its feet. But there is always a disquieting reflection: in this wicked world a really great statesman

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never does the best work he can do. He does the best work his people will allow him to. And since the days of Aristides, the Greeks have been notoriously fickle. Will Greece stand behind her great leader long enough to let him succeed? That is the one great question.

Spain is Bored

SPAIN'S 'three months' Dictatorship' is busily celebrating its fifth anniversary as we go to press, and it cannot be said that Spanish joy is unconfined. Primo de Rivera answered his King's call to power on September 13, 1923, proclaiming that he would require at most ninety days to apply his blunt soldier's remedy to Spanish ills and restore his country to health again. He has remained five years, and lately intimated that he plans to stay for five years more. The yoke of dictatorship, never so irking in Spain as it has proved in countries farther to the East, perhaps sits no more awkwardly on Spanish shoulders to-day than it did five years ago; but Spaniards are wearying of a régime whose task, though admittedly temporary, seems never to get done, and are growing impatient with a Dictator who always breaks his promise to resign.

At the beginning of the summer, it was whispered throughout the country that Primo's relinquishment of power was close at hand. The Dictator, a widower weary of a soldier's life, was about to take to wife a Spanish countess, Señorita Mercedes de Castellanos. He was thought to be afflicted with a grave stomach ailment — some said diabetes — that caused him great suffering and required the strictest diet. He badly needed rest from five years' strain. Consequently, when a Bilbao newspaper supposedly close to the government printed a positive statement that immediately after his marriage the Dictator would resign, the news was accepted as authoritative. Even those journals most favorable to the Dictatorship, such as *El Debate*, at the same time that they lauded Primo's achievements, were ungracefully fervent in their approval of the plan.

Then, as quickly as a conjurer turns a card, the face of the situation was completely reversed. Primo from a sickbed broke his engagement, charging his fiancée with gambling on the stock exchange at the expense of his own prestige; affirmed his intention to remain at his post; and denounced his political opponents anew. A few weeks later, reports of a fresh revolutionary plot trickled out of Spain to give point to the Dictator's denunciation — a plot in which a thousand 'preventive' arrests were reported to have been made and the King's life threatened by a bomb. The hopeful days of the early summer were over, and the Dictatorship was back in the same position it had occupied for half a decade past.

'As far as I personally am concerned,' said Primo at this time, 'I could leave my office to-day covered with glory, and retaining at least a part of my health. If I stay at the head of the government five years more, I risk that glory and I definitely compromise my health. When I see the decadence which shamed Spain in the past ready to spring up again, however, I am ready to make this new sacrifice for my country.'

His enemies say that in thus using the necessity of beating down a new wave of opposition to justify his retention of power, Primo admits the failure of his five years' rule. Most European observers, however, consider his position to be as strong as it has ever been. He felt quite safe, for instance, in allowing the Spanish Socialist Party to meet openly at Hendaye, close to the French border, late this summer. The Socialists seized the opportunity to fulminate and call him bad names, characterizing his régime as 'the most unscrupulous ever known in Spain!' but nothing happened. The hope that the King might be counted upon to cast down the Dictator he had called to power seems also vanished. For Alfonso, on the occasion of the official opening of the new trans-Pyrenean railway between France and Spain a few months ago, backed his Prime Minister in words that rang with sincerity. The King's speech was hailed as especially significant because, although in the past he has invariably used French in such international ceremonies, this time he chose to speak in Spanish, as though to emphasize the fact that he was weighing his words carefully and wished them to reach his own people without being garbled by translators.

It seems clear that the weakness of the Spanish Dictatorship lies not in any doubt of its ability to maintain itself, but in the fact that it does not constitute, as Fascism does in Italy, a constructive political system, or for that matter pretend to be a political system at all. The two dictatorial régimes are as different as the two men who head them. Primo de Rivera has neither the brains nor the aggressive personality of Mussolini, who means to set up a new system of government for the years to come. He has only good humor, good will, a politically passive people to deal with; and his régime, far from laying the foundations of the future, is merely acting as a stopgap for the present. The Duce's chance for lasting glory, if he has one, lies in the possibility that he may establish a system of government that will outstay his own life. Primo's rule, on the other hand, is admittedly only a transition period between the anarchy of 1923 and the setting up of a new constitutional order. It is Spain's tragedy that the new order is no nearer to-day than it seemed five years ago, and that the transition is an interlude that leads to nothing.

Even the most politically passive of peoples tires some day of being led nowhere. Even the most complacent of governments cannot mark time forever. As His Excellency, Don Miguel Primo de Rivera y Orbaneja, Marquis of Estrella, President of the Council of State, Grandee of Spain, and Lieutenant of the Armies enters his sixth year of power, *l'Espagne*, to modify a famous Frenchman's phrase, *s'ennuie*. If trouble comes to Miguel, it will be a revolt against boredom rather than an uprising against oppression.

Back to Kabul

PADISHAH AMANULLAH, King of Afghanistan, has ended his European tour and with Queen Suraya has gone back to his palace at Kabul. The Queen, contrary to expectations, may prove to have been the more important figure of the pair.

For five months this spring and summer the nations of Europe paid court to the Afghan royal couple. As they swept triumphantly from capital to capital — Amanullah, spruce in his uniform, Suraya, chic in her Paris gowns — factories opened their doors, banquet halls overflowed, troops marched and countermarched impressively, and the finest shops displayed their wares to let the monarchs choose. European attention naturally centred on Amanullah himself — and on his checkbook; for here was the enlightened ruler of a Mohammedan Kingdom of Central Asia that was soon to emerge from century-old seclusion into the full glare of modernity, and would undoubtedly need European manufactured goods for the purpose. But Afghan eyes were fixed on Queen Suraya and her Paris gowns; for to those reared in the Mohammedan views of womanhood, the fact that the Queen had left the seclusion of the harem, had doffed her long gown and veil for the short skirts and revealing lines of Paris, meant the possibility of a tremendous change in Afghan life and social customs.

The apprehension of Afghan husbands was great enough while Queen Suraya was toddling quietly along behind her royal husband across the continent of Europe. It grew to fever heat as the homing couple neared Teheran, the

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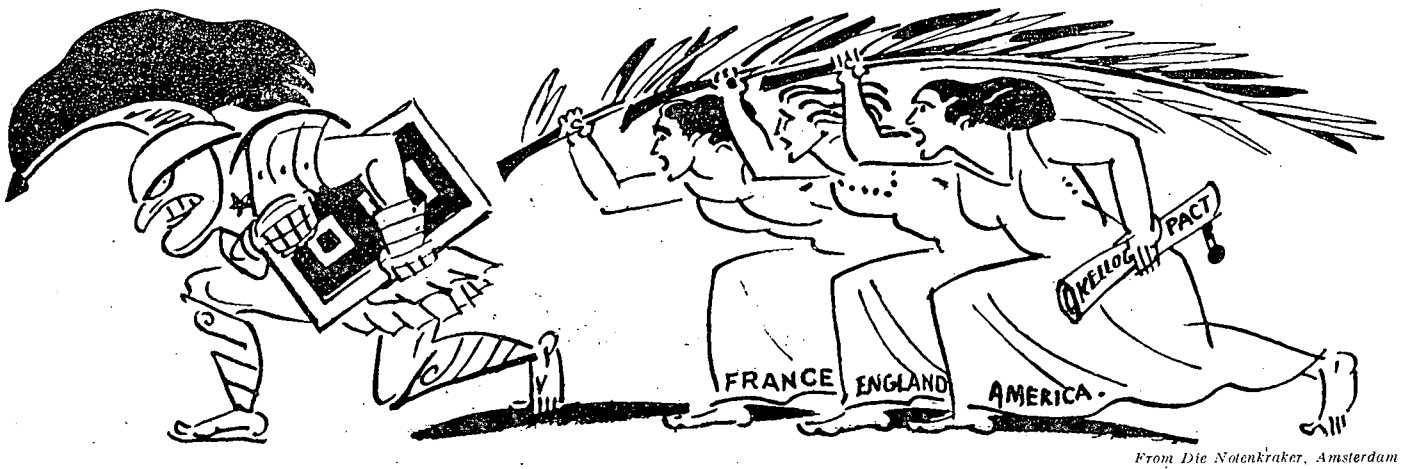

From Die Notenkraker, Amsterdam

AN OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF THE KELLOGG TREATIES

THE PEACEFUL DIPLOMACY of France, England, and America drives out Mars with pens made from the olive branch of peace.

capital of neighboring Persia. For only a few days earlier, the wife of the Persian Shah had been driven from a mosque in the Holy City of Kum by the priests — simply because, while she wore the traditional *schador* covering her body from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, she had adjusted her veil in such a way that a glimpse of her face might be caught. The Shah had immediately avenged this insult to his wife by having the priests horsewhipped; but feeling was still strong, and the whole question of women's dress was in the air.

All Persia, all Afghanistan, most of Islam were waiting anxiously to see how Queen Suraya would be arrayed when she arrived in troubled Teheran. Thousands of Persian ladies, long hopeless of breaking down old traditions, had taken heart when they had read of Queen Suraya's appearance on the continent in European attire and had heard nothing of Her Afghan Majesty's being excommunicated for it by the descendants of the Prophet. Should she now appear in public in Teheran without the long *schador*, it might mean that the garment would disappear immediately from Persia, never to return.

Suraya arrived at the station elegantly garbed in European fashion and wearing a veil that was admittedly improper, in that it consisted of a thin strip of silk covering only the lower portion of her face. But before more than a few could see her, a closed automobile rushed her at a furious pace to the Shah's palace, where she stayed with the Shah's wife in the harem and refused to appear in public at all. She was thus cannily noncommittal; and though she set a certain example, it is not reported that any Persian women have had the courage to follow.

Arrived in Kabul, she has been equally reticent; but it is certain that sooner or later she will be the centre of a definite effort to bring Afghan women out of their seclusion and give them a share in the life of the country comparable to that which their Queen knows European women enjoy. Mustapha Kemal has been able to do it for Mohammedan women in Turkey, largely because he has broken the Caliphate and eliminated the reactionary power of the clergy. In Afghanistan, however, the influence of the Mohammedan holy men still hangs like a dark cloud over the country, and any attempt to introduce new customs in the capital is invariably met by a petty insurrection inspired by them in the wild outlying regions. It will take months, perhaps years, to overcome such opposition and to let the Queen's abandonment of traditional dress during her European tour have its full effect. Meanwhile, as Amanullah busily gives his country factories and roads and schools, Suraya bides her time.

RATIFYING THE PEACE TREATY

IT is a temptation for the friends of peace — and who does not gladly count himself among their number? — to hail the signing of the Kellogg treaty as the end of a long road. At first glance it seems as if war has at last been 'outlawed' by the principal powers of the modern world. The lesser powers in considerable number — though not originally parties to it, and in spite of pique in some quarters at not being 'asked to first table' — officially indicated their intention of 'adhering' to the treaty almost as soon as it had been signed; and there is no reason for doubting that practically every civilized state will eventually adhere.

But at the present moment the Kellogg treaty, by its own terms, is, of course, merely so much paper. According to the text, the treaty does not come into force until the signatory powers have deposited '*all* their several instruments of ratification' at Washington. It is worth italicizing the word *all;* for if language means anything, this clause means that the failure of a single power to ratify makes the treaty invalid. And of the fifteen states who signed the treaty last August, five must under their constitutions submit it to their legislative bodies before it becomes binding.

The question assumes greatest importance in the United States. Foreign diplomatic tradition usually gives plenipotentiaries the right to bind by their signatures the powers they represent. The procedure of subsequently submitting treaties to parliaments is a relatively recent innovation, partly based on American precedent, but still so little understood that Europe was thunderstruck in 1920 to discover that the Senate of the United States could refuse to approve an agreement made by the President, in spite of the fact that the Senate had in the past often exercised this power.

The question whether the Senate of the United States will ratify the Kellogg treaty is crucial. A failure to ratify would affect the entire future of American diplomacy, because the Kellogg treaty, in spite of M. Briand's original initiative, is essentially America's handiwork. It was America that urged it on the rest of the world and by slow degrees overcame the objections of other powers. If now, for the second time in a decade, the Senate refuses to ratify a treaty on which the whole world is agreed, it will be difficult indeed for American diplomats to secure for their overtures and agreements serious consideration in the future. In fact, several signatories have already announced that they will withhold their own ratifications until the United States Senate has acted.

It seems on the whole highly probable that the Senate will ratify the treaty, partly because the personal animosities which contributed to the rejection of the

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From the New Leader, London

A PESSIMISTIC VIEW OF THE KELLOGG TREATIES

THE DIPLOMATS GATHERING in Paris are pictured as so many ravens, bringing not peace but forebodings of disaster.

Versailles Treaty no longer affect senatorial relations with the Executive; partly because the Senators will not care to stand against public opinion, which obviously favors the treaty or any other means that holds out the remotest hope of lessening the probability of war.

We hesitate to suggest the thought, but it may be that it would facilitate the approval of the Kellogg Treaty by the United States Senate at its forthcoming session if the naval and preparedness program of the Coolidge Administration should be first considered by Congress and disposed of. Perhaps Mr. Hoover, when in his acceptance speech he stressed adequate preparedness in the same breath with which he approved the treaty outlawing war, thought to do his bit at this time to smooth the way for Senatorial ratification in December. But as President-elect, should he become such in November, Mr. Hoover's voice will be powerful in the councils of the ratificationists. Of that we may be sure.

The treaty's chief value is that it establishes a state of mind unfavorable to war. Its real test will come when the powers begin to discuss practical ways of reducing in number the three million men now under arms in the military and naval services of allegedly peaceable nations.

PROTECTING JAPANESE MONARCHY

THE Japanese movement for the suppression of republican and radical thought, which began last March with the arrest of about a thousand men suspected of Bolshevistic leanings, has been carried a long step further by a recent amendment to the Peace Preservation Law. So sweeping are the provisions of this enactment that the Government dared not lay it before the Diet but waited until after adjournment and then brought the measure into force by means of an imperial ordinance.

The amendment provides a death penalty for all who join any society whose object is a change in the form of the state. It thus becomes a capital offense not only to preach bolshevism, but even to preach republicanism; and a society for the study of so inoffensive a document as the Constitution of the United States would now undoubtedly be suppressed on the ground that it offended against the Mikado's peace. So nervous have Japan's rulers become on the question of republicanism that they avoid even mentioning the word in the new amendment. So carefully has it been drafted that such phrases as 'abolition of the monarchy' are avoided, apparently on the ground that such a crime is too dreadful to be mentioned, even in a law designed to prevent it! Several million yen have been set aside for an espionage service to help root out dissatisfaction with the existing government among all Japanese subjects. As Japanese revolutionaries frequently have to take refuge abroad, the espionage system will be very wide spread. The news that it will have a London branch leads the *Manchester Guardian* to the indignant observation that 'it will be highly desirable to deny the hospitality of our shores to any Japanese subjects who are active on behalf of this organization, just as it will be desirable to offer hospitality to any who are fugitives from the political terror. Japan is a great nation, and she too may have her Mazzini, Garibaldi, Salvemini, Kossuth, and Karl Marx. The right of asylum should be theirs, according to the ancient English custom.'

The new amendment is the climax of the recent movement against 'dangerous thoughts,' as the conservative Japanese term modernistic or radical ideas. Not only have there been many political arrests but every effort has been made to clear the universities of ideas that might be regarded as subversive to the existing order. The educational authorities have agreed that no young man who has shown any interest in 'dangerous thoughts' will even be permitted to enter.

The measure is defended on the ground that it is necessary for the protection of the Emperor. It has been received by the Japanese press and the Japanese people with every evidence of complete submission.

THE CROWN OF AHMET ZOGU

THE transformation of Ahmet Zogu — the Albanian ruler whose picturesque career is treated elsewhere in this issue — from a theoretically democratic President into a royal personage — represents something more than a mere addition to the crowned heads of Europe. It is important because it creates one more link between the Fascist government and its Albanian dependency — for that is what, in spite of her nominal independence, Albania really is. Ahmet, whose retention of power depends wholly

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on Italian support, has been allowed to assume the crown. It makes no difference to the Italians what his title is. He has shown himself to be a strong man who can control the country; and the Italians, who control him, are willing enough to utilize his monarchical aspirations in order to strengthen their hold over him through his presumable gratitude for their favor.

It is a move which will not be regarded with any great enthusiasm in Jugoslavia, Albania's northern neighbor. Both the Italians and the Jugoslavs have long sought to dominate Albania. Italy is following out her traditional policy of controlling as much of the Adriatic Sea as possible. She desires dominance here for two reasons: first, because if she can make the Adriatic into an Italian lake, the defense of the east coast of Italy is assured; second, because Albania offers a convenient base for extending Italian trade not only into that little country but also into the Balkans as a whole.

Both these desires clash with the natural wishes of the Jugoslavs. They, too, would like to control Albania—partly because it would give them access to the sea; partly because Jugoslavia, too, would like her share of Albanian trade, though, as an agricultural state, she has no such pressing necessity as the Italians to export manufactured goods.

It is therefore annoying to the Jugoslavs to see their Italian rivals thus strengthening their hold in Albania—doubly so, because during the years when Ahmet struggled for mastery of the country with Fan Styrian Noli, the Bishop of Albania, the Jugoslavs supported him while the Italians backed his rival. But when Ahmet emerged victorious in the struggle, his attitude changed, and he went over completely to the Italians, later concluding a treaty which gives Italy a virtual protectorate.

Jugoslavia, rent with internal dissension which recently threatened civil war, is at present in no condition to object. So far is she from offering open protest that the Parliament at Belgrade has at last, after bitter debate, passed the Nettuno treaty of amity with Italy. But, treaty or no treaty, resentment against the Italians is bitter, especially among Jugoslavia's citizens of Croatian blood.

It is this lingering bitterness which may ultimately prove more serious than any overt friction. For France is allied with the Jugoslavs and is on none too cordial terms with the Italians. Here, as the accompanying cartoon suggests, are the seeds of future conflict, which all the peace treaties in the world may not be able to allay.

From the Amsterdammer, Amsterdam

YUGOSLAVIA (TO ITALY): If you bother me, I'll call my big brother.

WESTWARD HO! WITH TURKEY'S DICTATOR

MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA, Dictator of Turkey, makes a dramatic, unexpected entry into an open air fête in one of Constantinople's parks. The gala crowd is hushed before the Oracle of the New Turkey. Mustapha Kemal Pasha speaks.

'Comrades,' he says, 'we are on the point of adopting new characters to express and develop our beautiful and harmonious language. We are obliged to free ourselves from those incomprehensible Arab signs which for centuries have imprisoned our brains as in a vise. If eighty per cent of the Turkish nation is illiterate, it is the fault of those who shut it in this linguistic prison. It is time to repair the faults of the past. Much has been done, but this step, which is not the last, is a prime necessity. It is a patriotic duty to assimilate the new alphabet.'

Thus does the Dictator play his part in Turkey's breathless rush to modernize herself. The change from Arab to Latin characters in Turkish writing is only one example. Naturally it must take place gradually; schoolbooks are to be changed over a period of seven years; newspapers are to begin printing some of their columns in Latin characters immediately, more as time goes on. In other fields modernization progresses also, and always the Dictator finds a way to help. He goes to another open air gathering, writes a page in Latin characters which is read aloud and found to be a plea for the adoption of European music in Turkey, on the ground that Oriental music does not satisfy the modern Turkish soul. From here, he goes to a ball on Prinkipo Island, near Constantinople, joins in the dance himself, and loudly urges all the middle-aged onlookers to take part in 'this agreeable sport of dancing' as it is done in Europe and America. When he wished to persuade Turkish women to adopt European customs of dress and coiffure, he avoided the forceful methods which he had applied to men, and tried gallantry instead. At the height of a mixed banquet and dance in the new capital city of Angora, for instance, he would halt the festivities and challenge the ladies present to doff their *tcharchafs*, or head scarfs, and it was done. Those who had already bobbed their hair gained credit therefor, and those who had not were inclined to regret their backwardness. To-day in Constantinople—which the new Turk, incidentally, is paradoxically beginning to call by its old name of Stamboul—Turkish women in the streets of the city have almost without exception discarded the old head scarf for European cloche hats. A year ago only a small and hesitant minority had done so. Bobbed hair, too, is so common that nearly two hundred Turkish women in the old capital city have found occupation as coiffeuses.

In pathetic contrast to this wholesale modernization stand the relics of the old Turkish way of life, the things which have been made a little ridiculous by change. In Constantinople the Serai, the old palace of the fallen Sultan Abdul Hamid, is turned into a museum populated by curious tourists; and the Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's one-time summer palace, is a gambling casino. Most pitiful of all is the plight of the old servants of Abdul Hamid, slaves and eunuchs who were brought up under a system which exists no more. The *calfas*, or women superintendents of the odalisques, sometimes rose to positions of high esteem in the Sultan's household or in princely

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houses; when the old régime fell, they were able to save from the wreck many valuable presents given them by their masters. These they have been selling one by one, until to-day little is left, and the old women are living close to poverty.

The black eunuchs from the Yemen, the Sudan, and Abyssinia, who once guarded the harems, have fared somewhat better. They have formed a union — the Eunuch's Friendly Society — which helps them to obtain work. Some are in government employ. Others are acting as guardians for the museum in the old harem of the Sultan's Palace, where they open for staring tourists the 'Gate of Felicity' which it was once their duty to guard with their lives against all intruders. One — and this indicates the high degree of education which they sometimes reached — has been appointed teacher of literature in a girls' school in Constantinople; one is in full control of a fleet of newsboys on a thriving Turkish daily.

The Suttee — A Recent Revival

INDIA has recently been amazed by a revival of the custom of *suttee*, whereby it is a widow's duty to allow herself to be burned to death on her husband's funeral pyre. The custom, which was for centuries firmly established, has been gradually suppressed under English influence, and for many years no cases have been reported. The recent trial in the Patna High Court, however, reveals that in Barh, a small town in Behar in the thickly populated area along the Ganges, a young widow was persuaded by relatives and Brahmin priests to immolate herself in accordance with the ancient custom. She had been assured that no human hand would light the pyre and that, if it took fire, the flame would be due to a miracle which no pious Hindu would wish to resist.

Some one seems to have taken chemical precautions to make sure that the miracle would occur. The girl's toilet was supervised by the priests. She was led to the pyre, ascended it, seated herself according to the ancient ritual with her husband's head in her lap. At this moment flames burst from her clothing.

The pain proved so intense that the young widow's courage failed her. She leaped from the pyre and rushed into the Ganges, which is in Hindu eyes a sacred river. Thereupon the husband's corpse was also flung into the river and the priests shouted to the widow to drown herself. At this point the police intervened and after some difficulty got the girl out of the stream, badly burned. In spite of her injuries, no physician was allowed to approach her, the priests regarding it as undesirable that she should survive the 'miracle' which had taken place. When at length a magistrate arrived with a larger force of armed police, it was too late to save her life, and she died soon afterwards.

Those who persuaded the young widow to undergo the rite of suttee have now been convicted by the High Court, partly on the ground that they persuaded her to risk her life and partly on the ground that they denied her aid after she had fled from the fire. But it is significant of the state of opinion in India — where even to-day few orthodox Hindus will go so far as specifically to condemn the practice of suttee — that some of the jurymen had grave doubts whether the flames might not really have been miraculous; and whether, in that case, the defendants were not entirely innocent.

German Athletics

THE athletic movement in Germany has taken the place of the compulsory military training which was general before the war, and it is claimed that the present system has resulted in noticeable improvement in the physique and morale of young Germany. Under the older system, the German youth early in his career became familiar with all the vices of garrison life. To-day the strenuous training necessary for modern sports is helping to eliminate the drinking habit with its attendant late hours and carouses. An impartial observer of the recent festival at Cologne, in which nearly two hundred thousand German youths participated, declared that the German youth of to-day is physically fitter than the youth of most European countries. Nor are the young German athletes permitted to forget patriotic sentiment during these gatherings. On the recent occasion, the Oberburgermeister, Dr. Adenauer, reminded the assemblage and their guests that Germany was still suffering from the burden of occupation by foreign powers although its strength and spirit had not been broken. Herr Siebel, President of the German Athletic Association, also took occasion to condemn in vigorous terms the continued occupation of German territory by the Allies. A branch of the German Athletes' Association at Hirschberg, in Silesia, only recently erected a monument to '*der Alte Kaiser*,' William I, and to the memory of Germany's 'glorious past.' In addition to the participants living in Germany, the following countries were represented at the Festival at Cologne: Agentine, Brazil, Chile, China, Denmark, England, Holland, Italy, Japan, Lettland, Austria, United States, Switzerland, and South West Africa.

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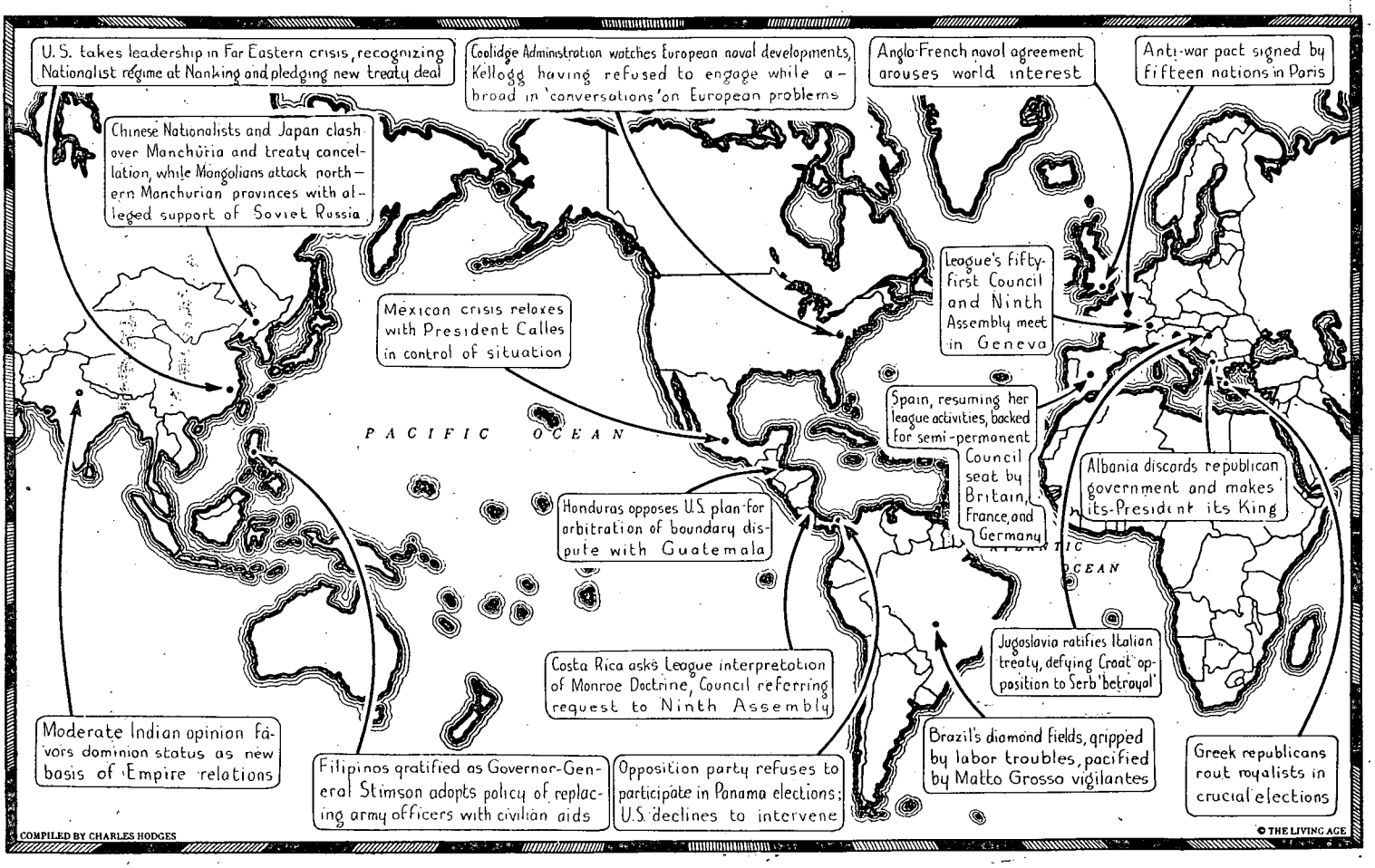
U. S. takes leadership in Far Eastern crisis, recognizing Nationalist régime at Nanking and pledging new treaty deal
Coolidge Administration watches European naval developments, Kellogg having refused to engage while abroad in 'conversations' on European problems
Anglo-French naval agreement arouses world interest
Anti-war pact signed by fifteen nations in Paris
Chinese Nationalists and Japan clash over Manchuria and treaty cancellation, while Mongolians attack northern Manchurian provinces with alleged support of Soviet Russia
Mexican crisis relaxes with President Calles in control of situation
League's fifty-first Council and Ninth Assembly meet in Geneva
Spain, resuming her league activities, backed for semi-permanent Council seat by Britain, France, and Germany
Albania discards republican government and makes its President its King
PACIFIC OCEAN
ATLANTIC OCEAN
Honduras opposes U.S. plan for arbitration of boundary dispute with Guatemala
Costa Rica asks League interpretation of Monroe Doctrine, Council referring request to Ninth Assembly
Jugoslavia ratifies Italian treaty, defying Croat opposition to Serb 'betrayal'
Moderate Indian opinion favors dominion status as new basis of Empire relations
Filipinos gratified as Governor-General Stimson adopts policy of replacing army officers with civilian aids
Opposition party refuses to participate in Panama elections; U.S. declines to intervene
Brazil's diamond fields, gripped by labor troubles, pacified by Matto Grosso vigilantes
Greek republicans rout royalists in crucial elections
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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THE GEOGRAPHY OF CURRENT EVENTS

What is Happening in World Politics, Mapped and Summarized

THE pageant of peace, staged at Paris to consummate the Anti-War Pact, has become a procession in which fifteen nations form a well-ordered vanguard of pioneer 'signatories.' Behind these band-wagoners of the newest move to outlaw war, the forty-five other states of the world, from Russia to Siam, are invited to fall in line as 'adhering powers.' Yet, while the representatives of the nations were preparing to go to Paris to sign the Briand-Kellogg treaties, Downing Street and the Quai d'Orsay were making, on the side, a new diplomatic deal.

This ill-timed revival of the Anglo-French entente dominates the international scene. Its naval provisions fling the whole armament problem in the face of a too sanguine world. How can the aims of Britain and France well be challenged, now that war as an instrument of national policy has been renounced by the principal nations of the world, themselves included? Germany is too weak to oppose this pooling of land and sea power; and the United States is left under the Anti-War Pact with no more than a voice of protest.

In the Old World, domestic problems of international importance hold attention. Widespread and subterranean unrest troubles the Spanish dictatorship. Europe's only non-Christian ruler, Ahmet Bey Zogu, ascends the throne of erstwhile republican Albania. The feud between Croat and Serb in Jugoslavia has been brought to the danger point by Belgrade's ratification of the hated Italian treaty the instant the murdered peasant leader Raditch was safely buried. Greece, too, had her tense moment during general elections dominated by the veteran Venizelos; her royalist movement, however, was crushed by an avalanche of republican votes.

The British, guardians of Palestine and Irak, have had to deal with a delicate situation. Ibn Saud, the Arabian fundamentalist of Islam, has threatened trouble over the failure of negotiations on border garrisons. India continues on its ponderous way, a problem that the British cannot quite grasp. They are a little helped by the fact that many Indian leaders are inclining toward some form of dominion government.

In the Philippines the United States is reaping the advantage of Governor-General Stimson's acceptance of civilians for his official family; the 'Cavalry Cabinet' of army officers has given way under new insular legislation to nice young men from Yale.

The Chinese situation undergoes kaleidoscopic changes. First, the United States, reasserting a seemingly lost leadership in the Orient, recognizes the Nationalist régime and gives Nanking a much-needed promise of speedy treaty revision. Second, Nanking challenges Japanese dominance in Manchuria and insists on the cancellation of pivotal treaties between China and Japan. Third, Mongolian forces, reported to be backed by the Reds, attack North Manchuria. Thus a triangular struggle between Japanese, Chinese Nationalists, and Mongols has developed for control of the three Manchurian provinces admittedly vital to the prosperity of the Mikado's country.

The Latin American scene presents four high spots. Calles retains control of the Mexican situation. Honduras, though declining to accept Washington's proposal of arbitration by the Central American Tribunal to settle her boundary dispute with Guatemala, does not reject the principle of pacific settlement. Costa Rica, for reasons best known to herself, has asked the League to interpret the Monroe Doctrine in the light of Article XXI of the League Covenant — which delicate question the Council has laid before the Assembly. Washington has declined to intervene in Panama, proposing to let the isthmian government party run its steam-roller course through the national elections in the face of abstention from the polls by the opposition.

The Council and the Assembly of the League meet in Geneva for their fifty-first and ninth sessions respectively. A year's survey of general activities — not to mention such special problems as disarmament — fills League politics. The selection of Ex-Secretary of State Hughes to fill the vacant judgeship on the World Court is favored by the majority of nations represented at the League Assembly.

CHARLES HODGES

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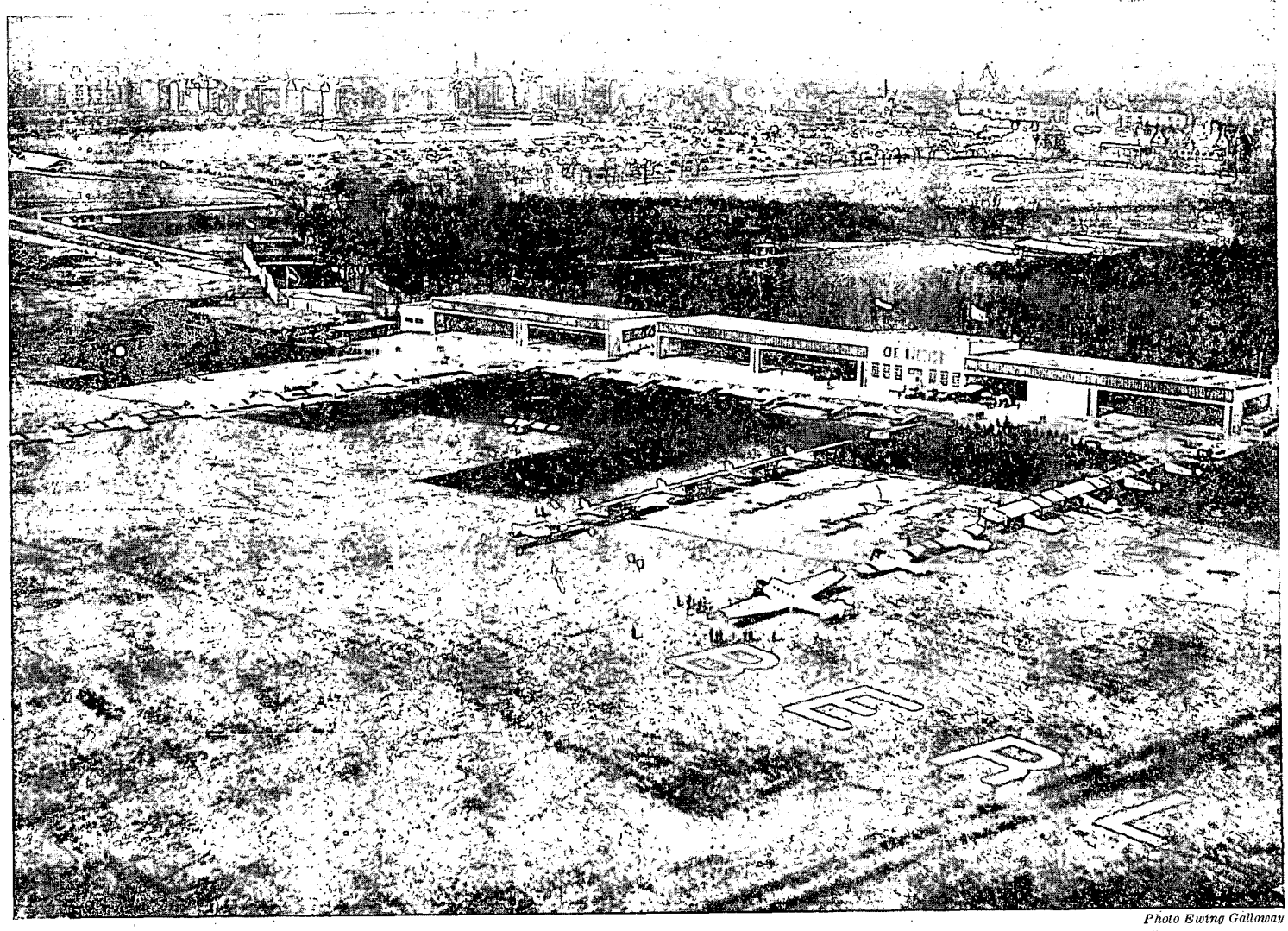

Photo Ewing Galloway

TEMPLEHOF AIRPORT, BERLIN

WHENCE EXPRESS PLANES depart daily for all the important cities of Europe, and local planes for the larger German towns.

Highroads of the Air

The Thrill of Germany's Air Liners Sets a Spaniard Thinking

By Gaziel

From *El Sol* (Madrid Independent Liberal Daily)

I AM on the shores of the Mediterranean, stretched naked on the sand, my arms flung out, my body flattened beneath the implacable sun of Spain. Lying here motionless in the boiling solitude of the beach, I might have been cast up by the sea, black, heavy, and inert as a log.

But a little while ago, as time is counted, I came out of a hotel one morning in Berlin and had to take shelter in a doorway on Unter den Linden to escape a snowstorm. Now, as I meet this sun of ours again in all its summer fury — this sun that I left behind the Pyrenees for a month — it overpowers, almost annihilates me. I am determined to give myself up to it entirely, to see if it will be done with me after it has pierced me through and through. The first few days of this glittering torture are horrible; one's body risks cracking like a piece of badly cast steel.

While I am roasting here, half asleep on the sand, I see only two important things: the sky and the sea. All else is without significance. And against the absolute immobility of sea and sky, I see from time to time only three tiny, moving objects: a steamship climbing the curve of the horizon as slowly as a bug upon a cabbage leaf; a train scurrying along the coast to plunge into the first tunnel it finds, like a foolish lizard that runs and hides when no one is after it; and then, at rare intervals, an aeroplane humming through the blue, like a half-transparent dragonfly of the same soft color as the sky.

Many ships and trains go by from sunrise to sunset. I pay no attention to them; I am tired of such obviously antiquated toys. And I should sleep all day on the empty beach if it were not for those two insects which come and go, flying overhead. There are only two. They each pass once a day, flying in different directions. One goes from east to west, the other from south to north. One is the Barcelona-Madrid air mail; the other comes from Africa, bound for France.

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I DON'T believe there are very many more in all Spain. Our civil aviation is still rudimentary. And when in a full twenty-four hours I see passing through the glowing Spanish sky only two lone planes, whose brief appearance makes the immensity of space seem even greater when they are gone, I think of what the Berliners are watching at this very moment as they lie on the green meadows of the Swansee, just as I lie on this scorching sand. I think of the continuous noise and movement, the beehive activity which the German sky presents; the incessant buzzing of machines leaving the Tempelhof ærodrome (where I myself stood a little over two weeks ago; it seems impossible!), or arriving from every corner of Europe.

In Germany one now goes to the airport to take an 'express' for such and such a place, as we in Spain still go to the railroad station. In fact there are a great many more and better means of travel by air between the large and middle-sized German towns than there are between Madrid, Barcelona, Sevilla, Bilbao, and Valencia by land or sea. The 'Reichsluftkursbuch,' or guide to air communications, for the summer and fall of 1928, published by the government, is precisely like a complex railroad time-table. The network of German airways is more perfect than that of our own steel rails.

With admirable regularity several dozen express planes leave daily from Tempelhof, which is only twenty minutes from Berlin, and as many more arrive. In the waiting room of the airport, where baggage is checked and tickets taken just as in railroad stations, large blackboards whose announcements read like the 'Arabian Nights' hang on the wall: *Planes Leaving: Express to London, 10 A. M.; Express to Moscow, 11 P. M.; Express to Paris, 12 noon; Express to Rome, 6:30 A. M.* And the chart of arrivals contains similar notices. To go from Berlin to Madrid by air, one stops only at Leipzig, Erfurt, Stuttgart, Zürich, Geneva, Marseilles, Barcelona.

What convinces one, after seeing these announcements, is to see them translated into reality. Get to the Tempelhof field five minutes before the Moscow express is due, let us say; look up at the sky and see that it is empty; hear shortly the siren that, like an ancient harbor semaphore, announces 'plane in sight;' perceive in the eastern sky, among the clouds, a diminutive speck that grows larger every minute; and then, at the exact moment fixed by the schedule, watch the Moscow express land gently and from its opened doors pour a score of men and women who less than twenty hours before were still in the capital of Russia.

IT IS more usual to fly in Germany than it is to ride in trains in Spain. Business men, when they wish to travel quickly, always use the æroplane to move across not only Germany but all Europe. A friend of mine who lives in Plauen, Saxony, close to the Czechoslovakian frontier, a week ago made a flight from his home to Barcelona and return in only four hops: Barcelona — Marseilles, Marseilles — Geneva, Geneva — Stuttgart, and Stuttgart — Plauen. He left Barcelona at one o'clock in the afternoon; at noon the next day he was having luncheon in his own home. Another acquaintance, a German Swiss, in one week has done business personally in Berne, Geneva, London, Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Zürich, and once again in Berne. And when anyone in his presence marvels at such a dizzying schedule, he merely smiles and looks benevolent, as we do in the case of the rustic who is stupefied by the railroad.

The newspapers of Berlin reach Leipzig and even Munich only a little while after they leave the press. They come, naturally, by air. And it is as easy to go by plane from Cologne to Dresden, or from Munich to Hamburg, as it is to go from the gate of the Alcalá to the Bombella in a Madrid street car.

The steamboat, which no longer attracts attention, came to us from abroad. So did the railroad, which is now becoming an anachronism. When air travel in Central and Western Europe has little by little become perfectly developed and organized, a foreign company will come

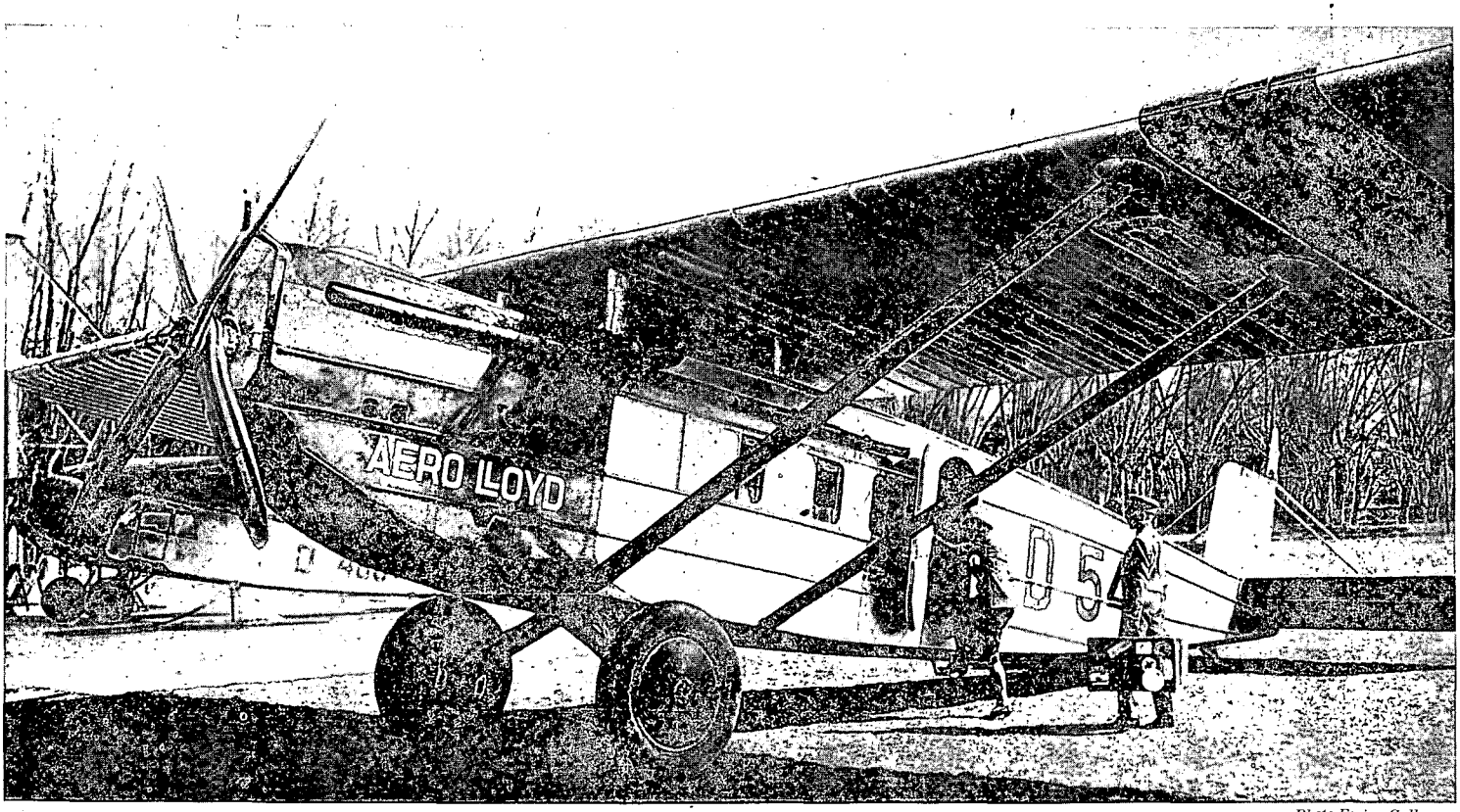

Photo Ewing Galloway

FROM BERLIN TO LONDON BY AIR

A PASSENGER embarking at the Templehof Airport, Berlin, at ten in the morning reaches London the same day.

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to set up air lines in Spain. Spaniards will begin to fly — after our air lines, together with all the profit and influence derived from them, are in foreign hands. . . .

BUT this sun is slowly destroying me. The ships have disappeared beneath the horizon. It is some time since the æroplanes have moved across the sky; they will not return until tomorrow. The hot sand burns me, sleep and drowsiness are overcoming me — and the last railroad train has just plunged, as foolishly as ever, into the tunnel.

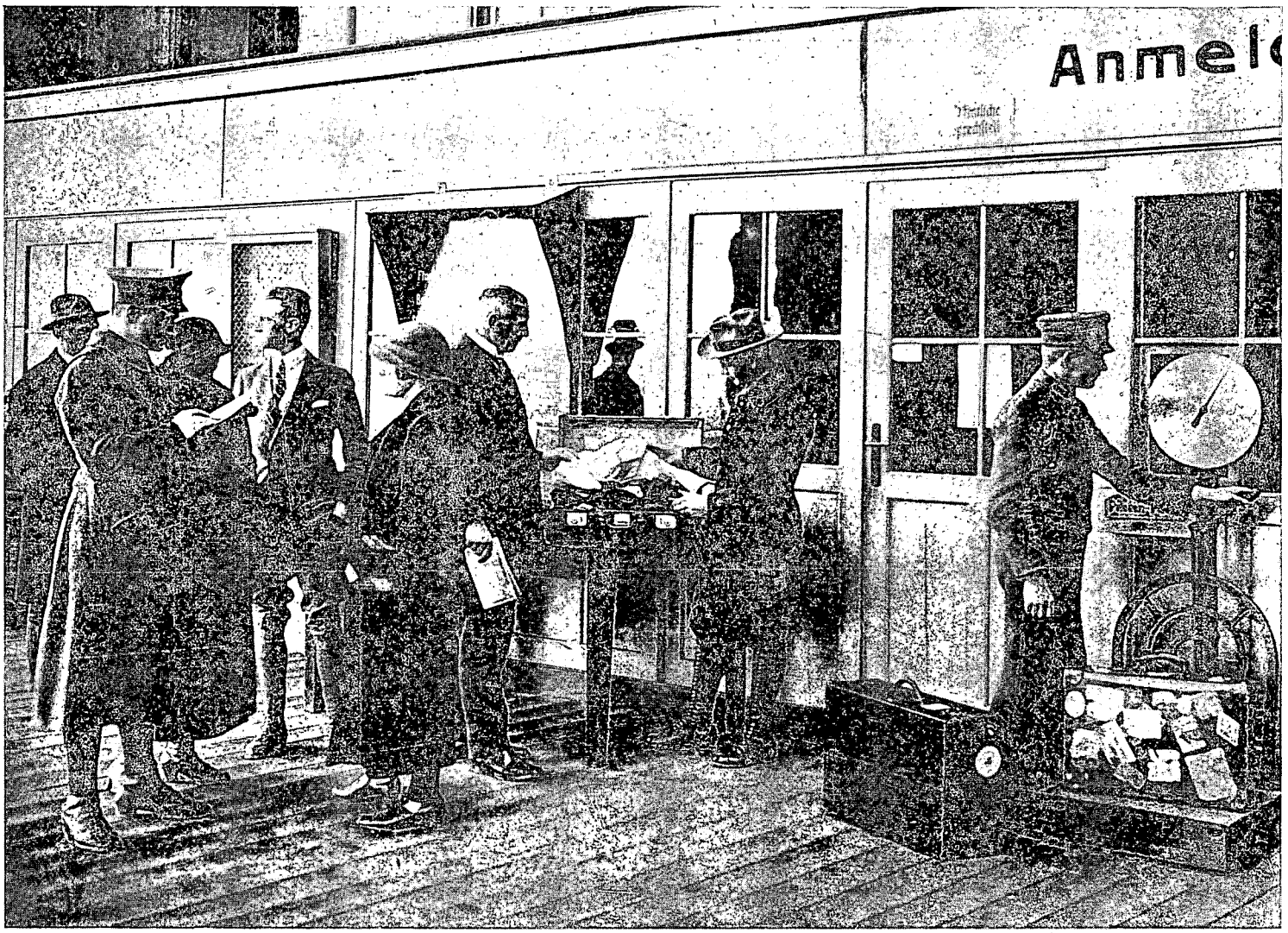

Photo Ewing Galloway

AN ÆROPLANE PASSENGER STATION

IN GERMANY the æroplane passenger service has been as thoroughly systematized as our own railway service. There are ticket-punchers, baggage men, customs inspectors, bulletin-boards announcing the arrival and departure of planes. The service is reported to be admirably punctual and efficient.

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Ahmet Zogu, Albania's New King

The Meteoric Rise of a Petty Mountain Chief to be Absolute Ruler of His Country

By A German Correspondent

From *Vossiche Zeitung* (Berlin Liberal Daily)

YESTERDAY a king without a crown, a prince in power without a principality designated as such. But for all this, he is a king to-day in name as well as in fact, with all the trappings of royalty.

Ahmet Zogu, of the house of Zogolli, who bears the title 'Parese i Mat it,' that is to say, hereditary chief of the Matya district, has been President of the Albanian Republic with a power that is unlimited in spite of Albania's parliament and notwithstanding the League of Nations.

The ancient family into which he was born is of noble rank, though its power and importance are only local. To it for generations the thirteen tribes of the Matya district — shut in among the wild mountains in their fertile little valley near the source and along the upper course of the Mati River, whose gigantic gap through the mountains to the coastal plain at Sholatz constitutes the only way to the outside world — have paid allegiance.

The sturdy population of this district, once Christian, but to-day Mohammedan, have long been known for their warlike qualities, and known also as more aloof and more hostile to strangers than any other Albanians. The Austrian troops who occupied Albania during the World War were the first foreigners that ever overcame them. They are men of large stature and of pure Albanian stock, except for a frequent suggestion of German blood, which results in the appearance of the German characteristics of dark blond hair, blue eyes, and even occasionally German names like Walther or Alemann — relics of the German troops who in the fifteenth century came to the aid of the Albanian king, Scanderbeg, during his heroic struggles against the Turks.

IN THIS mountain valley, completely cut off from Europe and from occidental culture, Ahmet Zogu was born and grew up. In this hereditary seat his family, enjoying the title of Pasha, ruled by right of succession, their position as traditional chieftains being recognized even by the Sublime Porte itself. After his father's death the rule passed to Ahmet's mother, a wise and energetic woman with the gift of statesmanship.

Such schooling as fell to his lot was at best primitive. His only regular schooling was acquired during the three years when he attended the school at Galata Serail in Constantinople. But, scant though his education has been, Ahmet has by private study acquired an extensive knowledge of history, and though he lacks the experience and education that might be thought necessary to carry out his ambitions, he possesses a natural talent for statesmanship, what seems an unusual combination of innate courage and discretion, together with the cunning, harshness, and cruelty of the Oriental.

During the years 1918 and 1919, which Ahmet spent in Vienna, he gained a certain European ease of manner and learned to speak German — the only language except Albanian and Turkish of which he is master. He speaks German when he is dealing with foreigners or with foreign ambassadors.

Seven months of service at the front as a battalion commander in the Austrian army polished off his military training; and his phenomenal rise, his success, and his ambition have given him the self-assurance necessary for his position. His handsome physique and impressive outward appearance, taken together with his high rank and the appearance of perfect calmness which he knows how to maintain, give Ahmet Zogu an extraordinarily gentle and winning appearance which contrasts sharply with his harshness toward all those who refuse to submit to him, who inconvenience him, or who stand in the way of his plans, personal interests, or political designs.

THE number of those who have had reason to know this already runs into hundreds, nor have even his relatives been exempt. When he was no more than a boy of twelve, he marked out his uncle Essad Pasha as the only one whom he need fear in the future; and it is a coincidence that scarcely had his nephew come to power before this same Essad Pasha fell by an assassin's hand.

Ten years ago Ahmet was an insignificant mountain monarch, scarcely known beyond the borders of his country, only twenty-four years old, with the figure of a youngster who has grown quickly and a gentle, almost feminine, appearance. Two years later he took a leading part in driving both the Serbs and the Italians out of Albania and within another year he was Minister of the Interior. In 1922, when he was twenty-eight, he fell from power and was driven from the country, but he rose to power again in 1924. Next year, at the age of thirty-one, he was President, chief of the government, commander-in-chief of the army, with powers guaranteed by parliament for a period of seven years. To-day fourteen states accredit ambassadors — eleven of whom live in Albania — to the court of Ahmet Zogu, and Albania is a member of the League of Nations, recognized by all the powers.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

AHMET BEY ZOGU

'HIS IMPRESSIVE appearance and his calmness contrast sharply with his harshness toward those who refuse to submit to him.'

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Photo Underwood & Underwood

AHMET BEY ZOGU, gorgeous in the white tunic, red trousers, and black riding boots that he finally selected for his official costume, reviews an army dressed in rags.

The Albanian parliament, which depends wholly on his whim, and which he treats with arrogance, is only a civilized cloak for a fanatical Moslem administration which, following its anti-Christian sentiments, does not stop at political murder, deportation, or the internment of its foes, and which is used by Ahmet's clique for its own ends. Side by side with the growth of his power and his absolute domination of the state has gone an increase in his wealth; but while he has been introducing gold-braided uniforms and courtly ceremonial into his own surroundings, the people of Albania have grown constantly poorer, and, the country, in spite of its nominal prestige, has lost both its political and its economic independence. No wonder the people grow more and more discontented, and that the bayonets of his troops alone keep Ahmet's government from tottering.

At the time when Fan Noli (the Harvard-trained bishop of Albania) drove him from power in 1924, Ahmet had already been head of the government and a dominant figure in Albania; but he lived in a plain and unpretentious manner and made open efforts to win popularity. Since he has returned to power and since he has consolidated his position and strengthened his authority, his pride and ambition have both increased, until he seems to think that his future is secure.

During the first period of Ahmet's rule, everybody had access to him at any time. He was courteous and approachable, always dressed in civilian clothes, lived the life of a simple private citizen, without luxury or ceremony, amid his family circle. All this won him sympathy and admiration at a time when he was scarcely known to a majority of the people, as did also his honest and energetic efforts to establish peace and order and to build up the country. Then he had every prospect of becoming popular among the people. He went fearlessly about the streets of the little capital at any hour of the day or night, untouched and unenvied, and went strolling with his ministers in the cool of the evening.

To-day all this is changed.

A HEAVY armed military guard attends him and the formality of a regular court surrounds him. He appears only in uniform or in pompous official attire, maintains a special household of his own, receives only on official occasions, travels in an automobile, delights in display and high living. He is, indeed, his own prisoner. Every change from one place to another means peril to his life and requires elaborate police cordons designed to protect him.

Usually Ahmet Zogu wears the field uniform to which he is entitled by his rank as military commander-in-chief. At receptions and on special occasions when he shows himself to the people, he wears a parade uniform — a fantastic official dress which in the main he adapted from that worn by his princely predecessor, William of Wied, Albania's pre-war King whose rule lasted so short a time. This underwent a number of transformations before it was standardized. Ahmet Zogu first experimented with a white military tunic, white trousers, and white riding boots. For the last two he presently substituted red trousers and black boots. Later he added a black cloak lined with red. One must admit that though he presents in his uniform somewhat the appearance of a musical comedy hero, it is, nevertheless, very becoming and has a tremendous effect upon the ladies. His bodyguard — the men in red uniform with black braid, the officers in black tunics with gold braid and red trousers — look like Hungarian hussars.

Ahmet no longer lives with his mother and his four sisters, but they have their home in a palace near his own, with a military guard in front of it. His sisters are pretty girls, uncultured but elaborately dressed, who spend incredible sums on gowns and personal adornment and who, as members of the ruler's family, take precedence of high dignitaries on official occasions. He has also an older brother, who was compelled to give up his rights as first-born because of his addiction to strong drink. Of his family, the most congenial with Ahmet is his mother, a vigorous, unpretentious, remarkably shrewd woman, tenderly devoted to her powerful son, who has brought so much distinction to his family. To his credit, it is said of Ahmet that he is always ready to heed the counsels of his mother, to whom he publicly defers.

There is no doubt that he regards Napoleon Bonaparte as a model for his own career, keeping a Napoleonic biography constantly on his writing desk and reading it assiduously. His dream of being king, as was predicted, is drawing near fulfilment. Rich, powerful, resplendent, he holds court at Tirana or at his villas in Scutari or Durazzo, high above the cities. Credible information has it that a great hall with a throne had been secretly prepared in advance, and that he had had himself photographed by the court photographer in royal robes. For the last year his picture, decorated with laurel wreaths, has adorned all government offices and public places in the country, not to mention coins and bank notes; and toadies have painted his initials on rocky hillsides and near watering places. He distributes orders, offices, favors — not to mention an occasional warrant for execution — and has created a corps of officers which is loyal and courageous, but which imitates its war lord by going about in gold-braided uniforms which rival King Solomon in all his glory.

But in spite of all this, a gesture from his patron and protector, Mussolini, would be enough to end all of Ahmet's power before his ambitious dreams reach their fulfilment.

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Stale Cake

By D. M. Thornton

From the *English Review* (London)

MORE critical ink has been spilled over the works of the 'stream-of-consciousness' novelists than over any other modernistic school of fiction. Among that group of writers who disregard 'plot' in order to concentrate on the alluring task of following the human mind through all its vagaries are figures so various as James Joyce, the late Marcel Proust, Dorothy Richardson, and Virginia Woolf.

Stale Cake has especial interest because it is the first work to appear in the United States by a new writer employing a similar technique. It shows obvious traces of 'stream-of-consciousness' influence; but its originality is equally obvious.

THE power that some passing sensations have to bring back the past is a curious one; the satisfying cry of seagulls, or a train shunting; the scent of broom, hot under the May sun, or of new-baked bread — and the present is gone; and one is in the past again, a wan ghost, struggling sometimes with emotions too strong for comfort. For my own part, I can never encounter stale cake without thinking of Miss Murchison; and then I must needs think of Miss Smale.

I suppose my mother never guessed how I hated those visits to Miss Murchison; if she had, I am sure that they would have been far less frequent. She lived in a large house off the High Street at Loddington, the country town where I was born and bred. It was a Queen Anne house, separated from the road by only a railing, and it was called 'Marsh House' for some reason that has always puzzled me, for it stood on the top of a hill. This discrepancy between the name of the house and its situation had, however, its appropriateness, for the air in Marsh House always seemed to me like the air that puffs out when one opens a long-closed drawer or cupboard, dry and disillusioned, and yet in some way the whole house felt damp.

The small garden at the back certainly was damp, perhaps because of the two large chestnut trees that grew there, shutting out the sun and air. There was an ornamental pond in the middle of it that had long since ceased to be ornamental, covered as it was with green mould and duckweed, and half choked with dead leaves. I had a horror of this pool, born, I expect, from the endless warnings I had received against going too close to it, when I was sent into the garden to amuse myself while my mother and Miss Murchison talked together; and it, and a story of Hans Andersen's, helped me to come to the decision about Miss Murchison which for years I held as a 'child truth.' I coin the phrase not knowing how else to express those strange beliefs and opinions which a child invents for itself, and holds in some sense as a plain truth, while realizing that they differ fundamentally from the world in which its grown-ups concur.

She was, I held, only a woman in the daytime; when Miss Smale and her two elderly maid-servants were safely in their rooms, she would blow out the lamp — I always visualized this practical detail very clearly — and then turn instantly into a large toad, and make her way with vast leaps to the pond in the garden. Her appearance was, too, in some degree, responsible for this decision of mine: she was short and stout, with powerful limbs; she always seemed to squat, rather than sit; her skin was dark and damp-looking, her mouth enormous, her eyes surprisingly bright, and there was a baleful forcefulness, too, about her whole personality, which has always seemed to me a characteristic of toads.

My mother, I think, was sorry for her, and used to send me sometimes to pay her a visit, giving me some flowers to take, or perhaps a missionary magazine would have to be delivered. I would go, obediently, and be ushered into the room at the back of the house, that was filled in summer with a green light from the chestnut trees which grew so close to the window. Miss Murchison would be squatting in a large armchair; Miss Smale sitting very upright on another, reading aloud or sewing; I would deliver the flowers or magazine with the accompanying message.

Then would follow a quarter of an hour's misery for me, and, I dare say, of boredom for Miss Murchison. As for Miss Smale, any interruption, of however feeble a nature, of the endless *tête-à-tête* must have been a relief. Looking back, it seems to me that the conversation on these occasions never varied; I suppose in reality it must have done so. Miss Murchison would ask me many questions as to the health of the dear Rector, my father, who was never, by any chance, anything but well; of my mother, 'poor thing, with that brood of children;' of my lessons. And then, when the visit was near its end, she would say: 'Humph — little girl . . . cake,' and I knew that the worst was still before me.

A silence, and then: 'Little girls like cake, don't they, Miss Smale?'

Miss Smale would titter sycophantly, 'I know I did when I was a little girl.'

'Well, that was a long time ago, wasn't it? But perhaps you will be so good as to fetch me the key of the cake cupboard.'

She kept her cakes, strangely enough, in this, the 'back sitting-room.' And when this cupboard was opened, there would be disclosed a large selection, magnificent to the outward view. I was, undoubtedly, fond of cake, and the first time the cupboard was opened, I felt that there might prove to be some point in these terrifying visits. But the piece that I was given proved so deprived by long keeping of any of its cakely virtues that I used to dread the coming of this gift; still, come it did, and, seated on a small chair, with a plate on my knees, and many admonitions as to crumbs, I had to get through its difficult dryness as best I might.

The virtue — if it is a virtue — of pity develops late; and it was not until I was more or less grown up that I began to feel any for Miss Smale. Till then, she was just 'Miss Smale;' a long, thin woman whose drab clothes seemed to be dropping off her; Miss Smale, an appendage, an annex, as it were, of Miss Murchison. But I came at long last to feel a very passion of pity for her; greater, I almost think, than any other person ever roused in me; pity — and wonder, as to how she could have survived those long years she spent as Miss Murchison's companion. Thirty years,

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it must have been, before her release came to her; thirty years of petty tyranny — and she seemed to change so little through all that time.

My mother, I remember, was strangely blind to this tragedy; for to me, at least, it appeared as little less. I spoke to her once about it, and she answered, in a practical tone of voice: 'Well, my dear, I think she is very fortunate to have such a good home. She has nothing of her own, and she is neither very attractive nor in any way clever — if she was not with Miss Murchison, I really don't know what would become of her.' What would become of her! As if the workhouse, as if death itself, would not be infinitely better, I remember thinking bitterly; and I never spoke to my mother again on the subject.

Thirty years of polite baiting! For if only Miss Murchison had ever been openly rude to her, it would have been more bearable. But she was always polite; often showed her, at least before visitors, a sort of twisted considerateness. I came to think that they were never out of each other's mind; that the tie between them was as strong as love — stronger than one had thought mere hate could ever be.

Miss Murchison used to give missionary tea parties; she was a great missionary. Somewhere in Central Africa there existed a tribe for whose conversion to Christianity she seemed to hold herself amost personally responsible. A photograph of the king of this tribe, a cheerful-looking rascal with a shock of white hair, hung over the dining-room mantelpiece; and by chance, or possibly in recognition of the fact that they were spiritually united in the wish for the welfare of the tribe, a photograph of Miss Murchison, toad-like and sinister, flanked it; it was as though she was a sort of absentee queen. The house was full of the handiwork of these natives; baskets and uncomfortable articles of apparel, made mostly of beads, and tortured-looking gourds, all singularly lacking in the charm that is usually so apparent in the handiwork of the less sophisticated peoples.

Miss Murchison, freed from all responsibility of dispensing tea to her visitors by the labors of Miss Smale, would become engrossed in long conversation, conducted on her part in powerful whispers, with the more elderly people, about the shameless and immoral orgies indulged in by those natives who had not yet been persuaded to embrace Christianity; but never for a moment, however thrilling the subject might be, did she forget, or become unconscious of, Miss Smale. Sometimes, when tea was dispensed and finished with, the poor woman would begin a more or less cheerful talk with someone; and instantly Miss Murchison would break off her own discourse and, leaning forward, direct her voice towards her victim. 'I expect,' she would say, with a horrible travesty of a smile on her face, 'I expect, Miss Smale, that you have letters that you would like to get written?' The formula never varied, and Miss Smale, with a muttered apology to the person to whom she was speaking, would get up and leave the room.

Sometimes the poor thing would try to circumvent the advent of this form of dismissal by attempting to creep from the room on her own account, but she was never successful in this plan. 'Oh, you're not leaving us, I hope, Miss Smale?' would come in that hateful voice that used to send cold shivers down my back; and Miss Smale would creep back again, trying to look as if she had never tried to escape.

Of all the varying forms which Miss Murchison's tyrannous hatred took, and they were many, this form always seemed to me the worst; used, for some reason, to rouse me to the highest pitch of shuddering pity.

It was not until after we left Loddington that Miss Smale's release came.

I was abroad at the time, and I got the news in a letter from my mother. 'I hear that Miss Smale has been left quite a little fortune; it comes from an uncle, I believe. It will mean a yearly income of about six hundred. She seems to be going to leave Miss Murchison almost at once; I should have thought that she would have waited a bit, seeing how long the place has been her only home. She intends to settle, so I hear, at Brockington, on the south coast.' I don't think any piece of news unconnected with myself or those nearest to me has ever given me such pure joy.

It was some months before I got back to England; and after that weeks passed before I found myself within a short journey of Brockington, and arranged by letter to go over and lunch with Miss Smale. Heaven knows what manifestations of a liberated spirit I had not anticipated; for what signs of a belated flowering I had not hoped.

Ferndean, the small house that Miss Smale had settled in, was on the outskirts of Brockington. I walked out to it from the railway station. Soon, after noticing the word 'Ferndean' neatly painted in black on a white gate, I saw a figure in the garden, and felt a pang of disappointment. It was Miss Smale, I thought; and how little she had altered! In a moment I saw my mistake; this was not Miss Smale; and inspection at closer range caused me to wonder that I ever thought it was, for this woman did not resemble Miss Smale in any particular. Except that. . . . What was it? A listlessness of movement? A limpness about the hang of her clothing?

I asked her if this was Miss Smale's house, and she answered in a nervous flurried way that it was. Her politeness seemed to come to meet me, a thin wavering thing; unsupported by any self-assurance, any hint of the dignity of self-possession. She took me into a room on the ground floor, and left me to tell Miss Smale of my arrival.

I looked around me eagerly. Here was a room that must surely be, in some measure, the realization of a dream. Miss Smale must sometimes, during the long years she spent in Marsh House, have planned, with however much apparent futility, the room she would have liked to call her own. It was very bright. Roses, pink roses, seemed to spring at me from everywhere. The carpet, the wallpaper, the chintzes were covered with them. On the walls were many engravings of the pictures of a well-known woman artist. Within their gilded frames lovers met, parted, dreamed, pined, quarreled, and kissed among the recognized symbols of romance — waterfalls, and ruined castles, and again, more roses. The one hint of the existence of a less sugary world was an exact replica of the photograph of the old Black King, Miss Murchison's consort, as I used to think of him. Perhaps it had been a parting present.

I was only alone for a few moments when Miss Smale came in.

She *was* changed; she had grown stouter, and was dressed in pale grey, which did not suit her, for she was much sallower than she used to be. Her manner was curious; the old feebleness, that had suggested the weak growth of a creeper without means of support, was evidently being gradually altered by the self-importance that a comfortable and assured income gives. But the alteration showed itself in fitful gusts; for most of the time she was as she had always been. It showed itself most, perhaps, when she addressed Miss Thompson, the woman I had seen in the garden, and who came into the room soon after Miss Smale, and whose presence began to cause me a vague, unaccountable depression.

Luncheon was an important affair; the food was of the richest description. Mayonnaise of salmon; boiled fowl, with an accompanying ham; and a trifle, smothered in cream and rich with hidden cherries. Miss Smale ate enormously;

(*Continued on page 160*)

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The Birth of a Nation

An Englishman Disposes of the American Revolution

By Alexander Macrae

From the *National Review* (London Tory Monthly)

'In my opinion no historical event has ever been so grotesquely and perversely distorted.' — DEAN INGE.

THE CAREFUL student knows how difficult it often is to arrive at sound and correct conclusions with regard to the facts and incidents of history. It is often very much easier to show that popularly accepted views of historic events are wrong than to set forth right ones. Probably there is no chapter of British history that has suffered so much, not only from false conclusions, but also from the distortion of facts, as the one that deals with the revolt of our American colonies. This revolt has usually been represented as that of a righteous and God-fearing people of British origin, deeply imbued with the British love of freedom and sense of justice, against the cruel oppression and extortion of an insane King and a corrupt aristocracy, under the sagacious leadership of the greatest of all patriots, a man who was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his own countrymen. That is the historical faith in which Americans have been nurtured, and which has been unhesitatingly accepted by a large proportion of the British race for the last hundred and fifty years. But this view, except by that type of politician who always holds his own country to be in the wrong, is not now so freely accepted among ourselves as it used to be, and some learned students of history, even in America, are making a careful study of the whole question, and beginning to see and to admit that the rights of the great quarrel which led to their secession from the British Empire were not all on one side.

It was in 1492 that Christopher Columbus discovered America, but although England was even then rising into importance as a sea power, it was not until 1607 that the English, after more than one failure, succeeded in founding a colony on the American mainland. This settlement was made on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, on territory which had previously received from Sir Walter Raleigh the name of Virginia, in honor of Queen Elizabeth. The founding of other colonies speedily followed, and at the outbreak of the Seven Years' War in 1756, there were in all thirteen.

1. Virginia was founded mainly by gentlemen who were followed by numerous Royalist refugees from England during the troubles of Cromwell's time. They were loyal to the King and to the Church of England, and, being largely of aristocratic origin, they were deeply imbued with the dignified and independent pride of English gentlemen. Some of the ablest and most famous men in American history were Virginians.

THAT some British authors, through the pages of certain British periodicals, are still fighting the American Revolution will be the humorous reaction of most readers to Mr. Macrae's article.

Our embittered author attacks every patriotic tradition deemed precious in the United States, criticizing with almost equal severity the historical faith accepted for a century and a half by his own countrymen. The paper makes good reading if not taken too seriously.

2. Maryland was founded in 1632, as a Roman Catholic colony, by Lord Baltimore.

3 and 4. North and South Carolina were settled about the same time, largely by landless adventurers.

5. Georgia was founded in 1632 by James Oglethorpe for debtors from English prisons and for a set of persecuted German Protestants called Moravians.

6 and 7. New York and New Jersey were founded by the Dutch and taken by the English in 1667, after the first Dutch War in the reign of Charles II.

8 and 9. Pennsylvania and Delaware were founded in 1682 by the Quaker, William Penn, with the object of providing a place of refuge and toleration for his co-religionists, who were being persecuted in the other colonies. It prospered greatly, and, to the credit of the Quaker influence, it was said to be the most desirable of all the colonies to live in. A portion of the original Pennsylvania was separated from it to form the colony of Delaware.

10, 11, 12, and 13. The New England Colonies (viz. Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Rhode Island) were founded by Puritans who had left England to avoid molestation for their religious principles. The first New England settlers were the Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed from Plymouth in the *Mayflower* in 1620 to seek a new home, where they hoped to realize their own austere ideal of the City of God. They were Congregationalists, Presbyterians and Baptists, hostile to the Church of England, and deeply imbued with the religious and political ideals of the extremists among Cromwell's followers. It was they from the very first who, either for better or for worse, have given its distinctive character to American life.

These colonies had been growing up along the Atlantic seaboard, from Nova Scotia to Florida, for a hundred and fifty years, each developing on its own lines, with little interference from the Mother Country; and, as they were so diverse in their origin, it can easily be understood that they were much more at variance than in unity among themselves. Their only geographical tie was their separation from the rest of the civilized world, and their only moral tie their relationship to their common Mother Country — in fact, so bitter were their mutual animosities that they would not unite even for their own common defence against the Red Indians. Not only that, but the spoils taken by the Indians from one colony often found ready buyers in another colony. 'In short,' says a writer of the period, 'such is the difference of character, of manners, of religion, of interests of the different colonies that I think, if I am not wholly ignorant of the human mind, were they left to themselves, there would soon be a civil war from one end of the country to the other, while the Indians and the Negroes, with better reason, would impatiently watch the opportunity of exterminating them altogether.' From such a self-inflicted disaster as this they were saved by the Mother Country, whose armies protected them, to whose courts the wronged among them could appeal for justice, and under whose generous treatment they were advancing in material prosperity by leaps and bounds.

There was, however, between the

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colonies and the Mother Country one abiding source of irritation in what was called the Navigation Laws. In those days England, like every other country, considered it a duty to regulate her commerce in the interests of her own people. For that purpose all commerce with the colonies was confined to British ships, navigated by crews of whom the majority were British. All colonial exports and imports had to be through the Mother Country. Heavy duties were imposed on various classes of goods at American ports, and colonial exports which competed with home-produced goods were forbidden. However much these regulations might be in accord with the politico-economical ideas of the time, it can easily be understood that the colonies regarded them as a grievance. And yet the grievance was not so real as might at first sight appear. The Mother Country did not ignore the interests of the colonies. For instance, in order to provide a market for Virginian tobacco, the cultivation of tobacco at home was forbidden. Every effort was made to provide through the Mother Country a profitable market for colonial produce, and it may be doubted if unrestricted trade would have been any more advantageous to the colonies as a whole than the conditions that obtained, and under which they were rapidly growing in wealth and prosperity.

THE BOSTONIANS PAYING THE EXCISE MAN, OR TARRING AND FEATHERING

A REMARKABLE SERIES of mezzotints published in London in 1774 and probably the work of Phillip Dawe, a pupil of Hogarth, are here reproduced. They show that English opinion contemporary with the American Revolution was not all hostile to the colonists and there was much real sympathy for their grievances. In this caricature is depicted an incident which occurred in Boston. An Excise man was tarred and feathered and forced to drink the taxed tea.

On the other hand, there were two reasons that prevented any very pronounced expressions of resentment on the part of the colonies. In the first place there was great laxity in enforcing the restrictions, with the result that an immense smuggling trade had grown up, by which those engaged in it made great fortunes; and, in the second place, the colonies required the protection of the British Army and Fleet against the French, who were pressing upon them on the north, the west, and the south, and endeavoring to gain the mastery over the whole of the North American continent. It was mainly to protect the colonies against the French that we fought the Seven Years' War (1756–1763). Under the able and inspiring guidance of the 'Great Commoner,' William Pitt, the British triumph in that war was complete. In 1759 the French were conquered in Canada by General Wolfe, and by the Peace of Paris, at the close of the war North America became practically a British continent. The colonies had no longer anything to fear from French aggression, and they believed they could defend themselves against the Red Indians without the aid of British soldiers, so that their connection with the Mother Country seemed to be no longer of any great importance to them. No part of the British Empire had gained so much by the Seven Years' War and the great ministry of Pitt as the American colonies. They felt that as a result of that war they were no longer threatened by any foe, and that no limit except the ocean could be assigned to their expansion. There was among them a great outburst of apparently genuine loyalty, and in an address to the King even the colony of Massachusetts, which was soon to become the chief centre of disaffection, pledged itself to show its gratitude by every possible testimony of duty and loyalty.

At the beginning of the Seven Years' War, England was a small nation with some scattered possessions in India and in North America. By the Treaty of Paris she had become an empire of unprecedented greatness, but she had also become burdened with what was then the enormous debt of £140,000,000, and this made necessary a great increase of taxation. To the cost of the war, in which so much blood and treasure had been sacrificed on their behalf, the American colonies were contributing nothing, and to such an extent had the smuggling trade grown that the collection of the American customs cost the British Exchequer about four times as much as the amount collected. It was, of course, unreasonable to expect that this condition of things should be allowed to continue. Accordingly, when George Grenville became Prime Minister in 1763, he began at once to suppress the smuggling trade with a strong hand. Thus then, of the two considerations that had caused the colonies to submit to the existing trade regulations, the second had been removed, as already stated, by the defeat of the French and the conquest of Canada, and the first was now being removed by the suppression of the smuggling trade.

But this was not all. In 1765 Grenville passed the famous American Stamp Act, requiring all legal documents to bear Government stamps. No sooner, however, was the Stamp Act passed than the colonists, headed by Massachusetts and

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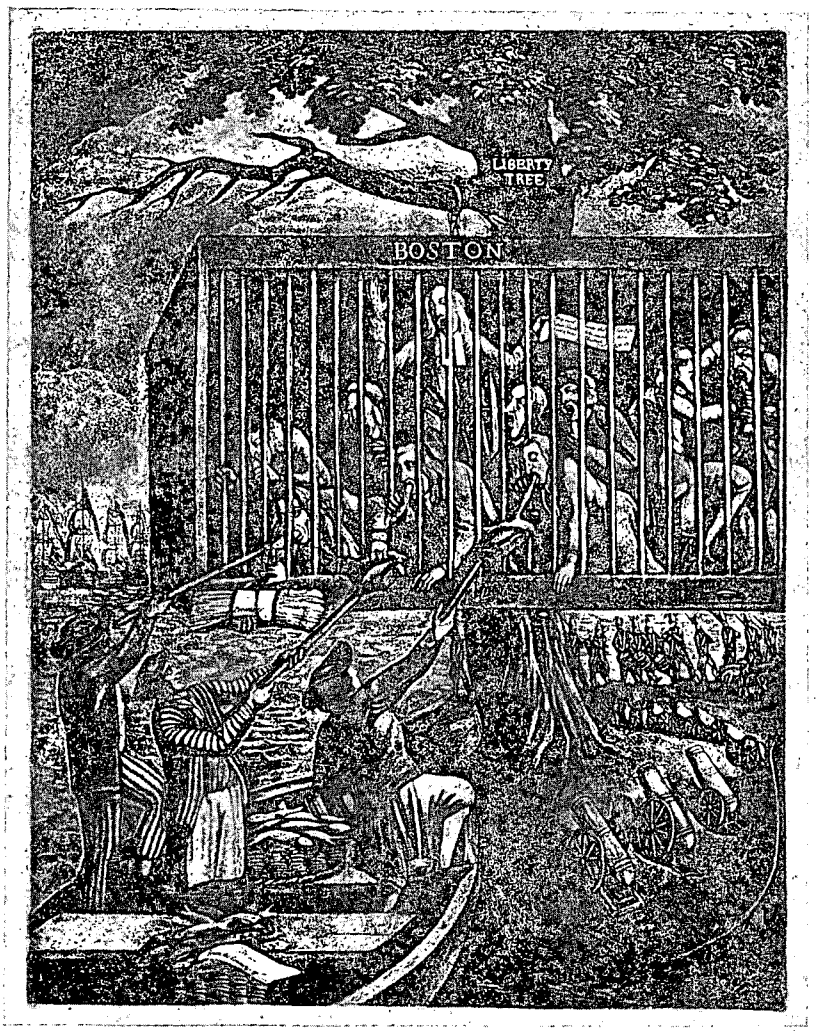
its capital, Boston, began to prepare for resistance. British merchants were subjected to persecution, especially in the New England colonies. Demagogues declaimed against the Act to excited mobs. Most of the men appointed to carry it out were forced to resign, and when the stamps themselves arrived, they were seized by mobs and burned. The old import duties were levied for the regulation of trade on the authority of a Royal prerogative which had belonged to the Kings of England for generations, but the purpose of the Stamp Act was not the regulation of trade, but the raising of a revenue for the British Exchequer. To a certain extent this was but a distinction without a difference, but it gave the colonists an excuse to raise the constitutional cry of 'No taxation without representation.' It was not, however, by constitutional methods that they sought to uphold this principle, but by mob violence, and in the end mob violence was allowed to triumph.

In 1766 the Marquis of Rockingham became Prime Minister, and the Stamp Act was repealed; but the following year a new Government came into power, nominally under Pitt, now Earl of Chatham, who was in failing health; and Charles Townshend, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer, passed an Act for levying import duties on glass, paper, red lead, white lead, painters' colors, and tea. To these also the colonists objected, and Massachusetts again took the lead in offering resistance. Mob violence broke out once more, especially against all who were suspected of being Tories — that is to say, well disposed and loyal to the Mother Country.

In 1770 Lord North became Prime Minister. He was the chief of the party known as the 'King's friends,' and as their policy was to carry out the King's wishes, it was, of course, from the King that they took their cue. Lord North began by trying to satisfy the colonies with a compromise, and removed all the duties except that on tea, which was retained because tea was not a British product, and the duty on it was levied really on the old principle to which the colonists had always been accustomed. But the leaders of disaffection were determined to keep the anti-British feeling alive, and associations were formed for the purpose of abstaining from the use of any tea on which duty had been paid. The streets of Boston were placarded with posters stating that tea was a noxious drug and the worst of plagues, and that those landing it betrayed an inhuman lust for blood, and should be treated as wretches unfit to live. From time to time during the conflict fast-days were held by the colonists to pray for deliverance from their oppression, but the spirit animating their prayers on such days might justify their being told in the words of the prophet: 'Behold, ye fast for strife and debate.'

In considering the causes of conflict between the Mother Country and the colonies, the smuggling trade must be regarded as one of the chief, perhaps as much for its demoralizing influence on those engaged in it as for any other reason. From the French West India islands large quantities of molasses were smuggled into New England for the purpose of distilling rum, which was sold to the Red Indians and was also the main export sent to Africa for the purchase of negro slaves. Now this was a very lucrative business, and the efforts being made to exact the duty on it meant more or less of a setback, not only to the New England distilleries, but also to the slave trade of Virginia and the other southern colonies in which negro slaves were employed. Of course, the effect of all this was to intensify the general feeling against the Mother Country. When, during the Seven Years' War, the Mother Country was engaged in a deadly struggle with France in defence of the colonies, and lavishly spending money to pay the colonists for fighting in their own defence, it was found that they, on the other hand, were carrying on a lucrative trade by surreptitiously supplying the French army with provisions. This 'nefarious trade,' as Pitt called it, nearly ruined his great plans, and, when he took steps to stop it, there were impassioned protests against the oppression of the British Government. The colonists sought to justify their disloyalty by the disingenuous argument that to extort money from the French in any way was tantamount to fighting against them. Many other instances of the crooked ways of the colonists and of the unreasonableness of their grievances might easily be mentioned.



THE BOSTONIANS IN DISTRESS

IN ALL OF THE PICTURES the tattered dress of the colonials typifies their refusal to buy English cloth. Here we see the unfortunate Bostonians, cooped up and guarded by British troops, while the other colonies succor them as best they may. The inscription which one of the Bostonians is holding reads, 'They cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He saved them out of their distress.'

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As already stated, the terrible Seven Years' War was fought mainly for the protection of our colonies. It left the Mother Country in an exhausted condition and burdened with the enormous debt of about £20 per head of the entire population. The American debt was only about eight shillings per head, and under the protection of the British flag the Americans had already become relatively the wealthiest community in the whole world. The yearly amount they were asked to contribute was only £100,000, with an express provision that no part of that sum should be devoted to any other purpose than the defence of the colonies. It must be remembered that the Red Indians were still formidable as enemies, and though the colonies were powerful enough to keep them in check, it was found impossible to get the different colonies to combine, even for such a purpose as their own defence. Thus, when, in 1763, a confederation of Indian tribes swept over Virginia and Pennsylvania, laying waste along their course a tract of country twenty miles wide and murdering nearly all the British settlers, the colonies which were in no danger themselves refused to give any help. It was left to British troops to repel the invaders at a cost of two years' warfare. It was thus very evident that an army for defensive purposes was still necessary, and all that the colonists were asked to do was to contribute £100,000 a year towards the cost of maintaining a small standing army of ten thousand men. No demand could be more moderate, more reasonable, or more equitable; and whatever excuse the colonists might make, it was very easy to see that the real motive of their resistance was the desire to pay as little as possible themselves, to force as much as possible from the Mother Country, and to uphold the smuggling trade, in which some of the most violent advocates of resistance were engaged. Nor was the manner of resistance in any sense creditable — the plunder of custom-houses, the refusal to pay debts, the destruction of goods, and a reign of terror against Tories and all who were suspected of loyalist leanings. All this mob violence was generally connived at by those whose duty it was to enforce law and maintain order.

The chief centre of disaffection and mob violence, as already stated, was Boston, the capital of the New England colony of Massachusetts, and the soldiers who were quartered there were, as might be expected, objects of scurrilous abuse and gross insult. The ministers prayed that the Almighty might remove them. They were accused of corrupting the morals of the town; they played their fife-and-drum bands on the Sabbath; they used profane language; and they were spoiling the purity of the American pronunciation of the English language. One night in March 1770, during a riot in the town, some soldiers were forced in self-defence to fire on the mob, killing three and wounding six. Of all the dreadful massacres recorded in the pages of history, probably not one ever produced such torrents of indignant eloquence as this; and although the soldiers were acquitted, even by a Boston jury, the incident continued to be freely and furiously used by the agitators for their own fell purpose. The public feeling was thus kept in a state of very high tension. Two years later a ship of war called the *Gaspee*, employed in the suppression of smuggling, ran aground on a shoal near Providence, in Rhode Island, while chasing a suspected vessel. Under cover of darkness the *Gaspee* was boarded, the crew were overpowered, bound and placed on shore, and the ship was then set on fire.

THE ALTERNATIVE OF WILLIAMSBURG

TWO TORY GENTLEMEN are forced to sign the 'Resolves of the Congress' under threat of being tarred and feathered. A barrel of tobacco designed as a present to John Wilkes, the Lord Mayor of London, who did not hesitate to criticize the royal policy toward America, serves as a writing-stand, while an heroic statue of Governor Botetourt of Virginia serves as a reminder of his actions in behalf of the protesting colonials.

In the following year (1773) matters were still further complicated between the Mother Country and the colonies. Benjamin Franklin, who was in London as Deputy Postmaster-General of America as well as agent for some of the colonies, obtained unauthorized possession of some private letters written to a friend by the Governor of Massachusetts, in which the writer expressed his opinion that strong measures ought to be used against that colony. Franklin sent these letters to America, and there they were published. Upon these letters the colonists founded a petition to the King to recall the writer. The Privy Council decided that the petition was groundless and scandalous. Franklin was severely reprimanded for his part in this affair and deprived of his office of Deputy Postmaster-General. From that time his attitude toward the Mother Country was changed. Hitherto Franklin, who was one of the most intellectual men that America has ever produced, and whose natural leaning was toward Toryism, had shown a strong attachment

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for England, and, being a man not only of great ability but also of great influence among the colonists, it would almost seem probable that, if he had been able to guide American opinion, things would never have ended in revolution. But his resentment at the well-merited castigation he had received and the wound inflicted upon his vanity changed him into the most relentless and uncompromising of foes, and one cannot but notice the malice and vindictiveness of all his subsequent relations with England.

It was toward the end of this same year (1773) that the incident known as the 'Boston Tea Party' occurred. Three ships laden with tea, which had arrived in Boston Harbor, were boarded by about fifty men, disguised as Mohawk Indians, who emptied into the sea the whole of the cargoes, which were valued at £18,000. The leaders of this outrage were Samuel Adams, a defaulting tax-collector, son of a defaulting banker, and John Hancock, whose family had made a large fortune by smuggling tea from the Dutch West Indies. The popular feeling at home was now hardening against the colonies, especially against Massachusetts, and in 1774 Parliament passed an Act to close the port of Boston and to place the whole government of Massachusetts under men appointed by the Crown.

It was in the same session of Parliament that what was known as the Quebec Act was passed. This was an Act virtually establishing Roman Catholicism in Canada, which at that time was inhabited solely by French people of that faith. This Act was fiercely resented by the New England Puritans, who became quite frantic at what they declared to be an offence against their deepest religious feelings, and the first step of an insidious plot to deprive them of their religious freedom. How strong their anti-Popish feelings must have been may be inferred from the fact that, before the Declaration of Independence, Guy Fawkes Day was their only popular holiday. After these events the colonists sent delegates to Philadelphia (1774), who drew up a Declaration of Rights, claiming for themselves all the liberties of Englishmen, of which there was never any attempt or intention to deprive them. At the same time they repudiated the idea of any desire to separate from the Mother Country.

A Society of Patriotic Ladies at Edenton in North Carolina

The American women supported the men in their protests against the actions of the English government. Here a group of ladies sign a resolution: 'We, the ladies of Edenton, do hereby solemnly engage not to conform to that pernicious custom of drinking tea, and that we, the aforesaid ladies, will not promote the wear of any manufacture from England until such time that all acts which tend to enslave this our native country shall be repealed.'

It was on the old English constitutional principle of 'No taxation without representation' that the colonists pretended to take their stand against the British Parliament, though they claimed that, having received their charters from the King, they were independent of parliamentary jurisdiction. Meantime, what was Parliament doing to meet the difficulty? Early in the controversy it was proposed that the colonists should send representatives to the British Parliament. This was advocated at first by Benjamin Franklin and also by Adam Smith, and it was seriously considered by Grenville, the Prime Minister, but the practical difficulties in the way, at that time of slow and difficult traveling, were so great that it received no favor, either at home or in the colonies. The sole object of Parliament was to induce or oblige the colonies to contribute to the cost of their own defence, and Grenville deferred the enforcement of the Stamp Act for a whole year in order that they might, if they chose, raise the money among themselves. He declared himself quite ready to support a scheme for colonial representation in Parliament. He himself knew of no better way than the tax he was proposing, but, if the colonists could tell of a better, he was quite prepared to adopt it. But the colonial agents, with Benjamin Franklin among them, whom Grenville consulted, were unable to suggest any scheme to which the colonies would be likely to agree.

Before the outbreak of the war Lord North made, in February 1775, a final effort to secure an amicable settlement, by carrying through Parliament a proposal that, so long as any colony thought fit of its own accord to make such contribution to the defence of the Empire, the support of the Civil Government, and the administration of justice, as met with the approbation of Parliament, it should be exempted from all taxation for the purpose of revenue. 'In fact,' says Dean Inge, 'the Home Government always showed a most conciliatory spirit, but it is very doubtful whether any concessions by the Home Government at any time could have satisfied the bitter antagonism of the New Englanders who took the lead in the rebellion.'

The war began with the battle of

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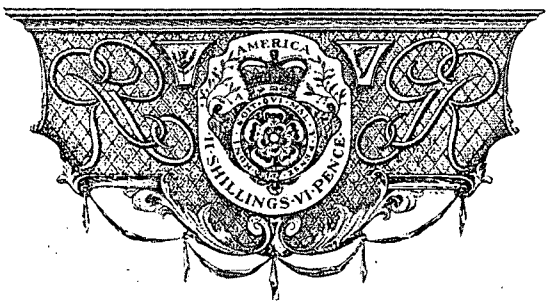
Lexington, near Boston, on April 18, 1775, and ended with the surrender of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, on the Chesapeake Bay, on October 19, 1781. Following close upon the outbreak of war a Congress which met at Philadelphia, and in which all the colonies were represented, adopted on July 4, 1776, the Declaration of Independence, by which they cut themselves adrift from the 'State of Great Britain,' and declared that 'these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' This Declaration, which was written by Thomas Jefferson and with which every American schoolboy has to be made acquainted, contains grossly false charges against King George and his Government, set forth in the inflated and declamatory language which is still so characteristic of the political writing and oratory of America. Such, then, was the birth of what is now the great world Power of the United States of America. 'It might be wished,' says an American writer, 'that the birth of a great nation had not been screamed into the world in this fashion.'

IT IS not possible, in the limited space here available, to give more than the merest summary of the war. After nearly three years of obstinate but ill-organized resistance on the part of America, one of the British generals was forced to surrender with six thousand men at Saratoga, on October 16, 1777. This surrender led the French to believe that the day of their vengeance had come, and early in 1778 they joined in the war against us, not with any pretense of interest in the American cause, but for the avowed purpose of avenging themselves against England. It was only four or five years before that the colonists were expressing their unbounded horror at the concessions made to the Roman Catholics of Canada by the Quebec Act, and now they were allying themselves with the leading Roman Catholic power against England, the leading Protestant one. In 1779 Spain joined against us in the hope of recovering Gibraltar. The Dutch also, who had grievances of their own, joined our enemies, and they were soon followed by an alliance known as the Armed Neutrality, consisting of Russia, Sweden, Denmark, and even our former ally, Frederick the Great, whom we had helped so much in the Seven Years' War. Meantime, small battles were being fought in America, with the advantage usually on the side of the British troops. But, with the formidable coalition that had been formed against us, the very existence of the British Empire was soon at stake. For a short time we lost the supremacy of the sea, with the result that Lord Cornwallis was compelled to surrender with an army of seven thousand men at Yorktown on October 19, 1781. The army to which he surrendered consisted of sixteen thousand men, of whom seven thousand were highly trained and disciplined regular French soldiers. This army was nominally under the command



A RARE FACSIMILE of King George's stamps, hated by the American revolutionists.

of George Washington, who had the help of a brilliant young French soldier, La Fayette, and of a Prussian veteran, Steuben, who had served on the staff of Frederick the Great. It may be mentioned that as the British troops marched past after the surrender, between two lines of American soldiers on one side and French soldiers on the other, they courteously saluted the French officers, but declined to take any notice of Washington and his officers, thus showing that it was to the French they surrendered and not to the Colonists. With this surrender the fighting in America came to an end.

The honors of the war are claimed for George Washington, whom the world has placed among the great men of history, but of those historic characters who have been acclaimed great, few, if any, have gained that honor by actions or achievements of less distinction, and we know that, even in the day of his triumph, he himself was neither blind nor without anxiety as to the possible consequences of the defeat of England by France and Spain. In return for their help against England, the Spaniards intended to claim a portion of the valley of the Mississippi, while the French might possibly reoccupy Canada and proceed to carry out their old policy in the Seven Years' War, which was to confine the British colonies to the Atlantic seaboard and to occupy the rest of the North American continent themselves. He felt that the colonies (or the States, as they were now called) might soon be appealing to England for help against France and Spain, and England unable to render any, even if willing to do so. The position of England had now become extremely critical. The supremacy of the sea had been lost, and the whole British Empire seemed to be on the very verge of complete destruction — in fact, our enemies were already planning how to divide our Empire between them. But on April 12, 1782, Admiral Rodney gained a great naval victory over the French off Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, and in the following September the French and the Spaniards combined received a crushing defeat at their siege of Gibraltar. The British were again supreme on the sea, and their position secure among the nations of Europe. Washington might now feel relieved from any further anxiety about French or Spanish aggression on the North American continent. The war was ended in 1783 by the Treaty of Versailles, which guaranteed the Independence of the United States.

Thus we finally emerged out of this great struggle, not, indeed, with our former supremacy, but shorn of a great part of our Empire. So far, however, as concerned Europe, we were the undoubted victors.

IN THE peace negotiations the question of the colonial loyalists was naturally an important one. Those loyalists formed a numerous class and invariably represented what was best in the life of the colonies. The British armies that fought in America were only small, and there were never less than from seven thousand to nine thousand colonials (or provincials, as they were usually called) among them, so that, as regards America itself, the war was really a civil war. It has usually been the custom in civilized communities to follow up a civil war by an act of amnesty and the gradual restitution of their confiscated property and their civil rights to the vanquished. Even the French Commissioners, in discussing the terms of peace, urged the claims of the colonial loyalists to generous treatment, but the Americans were obdurate in their opposition, and, to the eternal disgrace of the British Parliament, the loyalists were practically left to their fate. The revolutionaries were specially vindictive and bitter against all who were suspected of loyalist leanings, and the result was that mob violence, confiscation of their property, and other forms of injustice made the lives of the loyalists so intolerable that as many of them as could, to the number, as it was calculated, of 100,000, left their homes and sought refuge elsewhere. Many of them crossed over to Canada, where they became a source of strength to the British cause, as their descend-

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ants are to this day. To the social and political life of America, the loss of these refugees has been simply irreparable. Many, perhaps most of them, ended their days in exile and poverty, yet there were among them some of the ablest and worthiest men that America has produced, and they were contending for an ideal which was, at least, as worthy as that for which Washington fought. Even before the Seven Years' War there were on both sides of the Atlantic ambitious optimists who were beginning to dream of a great British Empire embracing that mighty ocean and occupying a leading position among the nations of the earth. Our triumph in the Seven Years' War stimulated still further the hope that some day this dream might be realized. The vision of all English communities united together in one great Empire, maintaining freedom and peace throughout the whole world, was very alluring, and if it was possible of realization, as many people on both sides of the Atlantic at that time thought it was, the future historian may some day come to regard the revolt of the American colonies as one of the great calamities of the history of the human race.

Ignorance

By H. G. G. Herklots

The *Nation and Athenæum*, London

I have not learnt the knowledge of the stars,
I cannot tell the Pleiades at night,
Nor show you which is Venus, which is Mars,
Naming each distant solitary light.

They point for me no passage on the deep
To docks and landing places far away;
The sailors know these things that I may sleep
And look not on the waters till the day.

Astronomers will tell you they are Suns
Blazing aloft, or solitary lands
Empty and cold — and all the little ones
Are hugely vast, though many as the sands.

I have not learnt these things, yet I have learnt
To look each night for glories in the sky,
As if the very lamps of Heaven burnt
For me alone, to please my wandering eye.

Ever about the world it is the same,
The lamps are lit, there's pageantry on high,
The Moon is risen as a silver flame
And all the hosts of Heaven are very nigh.

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Sir Austen Chamberlain

A British Foreign Minister Who Sees Imperial Prosperity in International Peace

By T. J. C. Martyn

Sir Joseph Austen Chamberlain, His Britannic Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to give him his full name and title, is one of the many enigmas in British politics. On the one hand his youthful carriage, debonair appearance, and charming manner belie the sixty-four years he carries so easily. Indeed, to many people in England, partly because his name still recalls memories of his illustrious father, 'Owd Joe' Chamberlain, and partly because he has only within comparatively recent years become a luminary in British politics, Sir Austen Chamberlain is still regarded in most respects as a young man.

On the other hand, Sir Austen is the product of the old order of politicians, with the saving grace of a modern outlook and an extraordinary background of long accumulated knowledge and experience. It is doubtful if there has ever been a Foreign Secretary in all British history so well trained for the onerous duties of his high position. There have been Foreign Secretaries of greater force and stronger personality, but none has brought greater tact and understanding to bear upon the ever intricate problems of British foreign policy. It is because of this and because of his alert appearance that the mind immediately warms to the conception of a man old in experience, young in outlook, and modern in sympathy despite his years and his Victorian antecedents.

The paradox strikes more deeply, perhaps. It begins in his personal appearance. In his right eye he wears a monocle, commonly held to be a symbol of aristocratic lineage; but in his case it denotes no more than weak vision, for certainly not a duke, not an earl, nor even a baron is numbered among his ancestors. He is a political proletarian, and a very distinguished one. Of blue blood there is not a trace, despite his noble bearing. It is true that he might have been a peer many years ago, but although the King has offered to create him an earl, he has steadfastly refused to be elevated to the peerage. One suspects that his attitude was not governed so much by personal dislike of honors, since he has given way to King George's insistent demand that he accept the blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter, as by a reluctance to retire from the active forum of politics in the House of Commons into the somnolent, red-plush environment of the House of Lords.

Photo Wide World

JOSEPH AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

Alert and elegant at sixty-four, a former Chancellor of the Exchequer who argues for international stability in coldly realistic tones, this fall he enters his fifth year as King George's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Sir Austen Chamberlain is the son of the late Joseph Chamberlain, that wealthy maker of screws and other useful things, whose immaculate attire, orchids, and fiery speeches were sensations in the age of long skirts and numerous petticoats. In Sir Austen's case the orchid is missing, but its place is usually taken by a gardenia, a white carnation, or some other small and inexpensive flower. His speech lacks his father's fire, but makes up for that quality by its easy flowing precision. More than any other Minister's, his speeches are gems of pure thought, plain and to the point, without any vacuity whatever. On the occasion of his first speech in the House of Commons, some thirty-five years ago, Gladstone — at one time possibly Joseph Chamberlain's bitterest enemy — crossed the floor to congratulate the latter on his son's remarkable beginning. It is recorded that 'Joe,' tears in his eyes, thanked the Grand Old Man with a silent grip of the hand. It only remains to be said that Sir Austen has more than justified the promise of that first speech.

Austen was the apple of his father's eye. He was deliberately reared for politics, and no expense was spared in securing for him the best training and tuition. His father, determined to give his son all the advantages that he himself had lacked, sent him to Rugby and later to Trinity College, Cambridge. For years after his graduation he traveled abroad, studying at the École Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris and the University of Berlin, and perfecting his knowledge of foreign languages. He had unrivaled opportunities to study at first hand political and social conditions in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain, and to-day speaks the languages of all four countries perfectly. Through his father's wide connections he had the privilege of meeting the great men of

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the day, not least of whom was Bismarck.

When Austen Chamberlain entered Parliament in 1892, it was entirely natural that he should at first suffer from comparison with his famous father, to whom his resemblance is much less marked than that of his brother, Neville. The latter, despite the absence of an eyeglass and the presence of a moustache, has both a mental similarity and a physical resemblance to Joseph Chamberlain that is striking. Austen, with the monocle and the elegant manner which he inherited from his father, invited criticism. But though his critics could find in him little of his father's oratorical fire and genius, they were compelled to recognize his extraordinary ability in other directions.

IT IS a well worn axiom that there are no political issues — there are only economic problems. His recognition of this fact won Joseph Chamberlain over to the Conservative Party; and on this principle he based his belief in the imperial ideal. Convinced that the golden link of royalist sentiment was not enough to keep a sprawling empire together, he was courageous enough to revive the slumbering bugaboo of a protective tariff; but his bold plan thus to lay an economic foundation for the empire by the inauguration of preferential tariffs for the dominions and colonies cost him his place in the Government.

It was at this juncture that his son, Austen, became Chancellor of the Exchequer, technically a higher position than the father had ever held and one that the son was again to hold under Lloyd George's second coalition government. His budgets of 1904 and 1905 were noteworthy only for the absence of revolutionary features; it was not until his second tenure of the office that he cautiously began to put his father's fiscal doctrines into effect, reducing by one sixth the duties levied upon articles of general consumption imported from British possessions overseas. The principle of imperial preference was thus to become a fiscal policy from which even the Labor Government of Ramsay MacDonald was not wholly able to depart, and which has been strongly supported by the present Chancellor, Winston Churchill.

The abrogation of free trade principles, wherever they affect adversely the empire's development, is the keystone of Austen Chamberlain's political creed. We may say that tariff-protection was inevitable in a war-torn world, in which each country leaned toward economic self-sufficiency because it feared an international conflict. But this may be only another way of praising the foresight of Joseph Chamberlain and the common sense of his son. The effect of our own Fordney-McCumber Tariff on British tariff policy has been to accentuate if not accelerate the trend to imperial preference.

In a large sense Sir Austen is a social reformer and as such he has sounded the reveille of democratic conservatism in Great Britain. But his conception of reform differs widely from the socialistic conception. In theory the socialists' object is 'without regard to tradition or the future, to give immediately everything to all.' In practice, the theory is made to fit the formula: 'To give as much as possible, in as short a time as possible, to the greatest possible number of people.' Sir Austen's tenet drives a wedge in between these views. He says, in effect, 'To give as much as possible, to the greatest possible number of people, with due regard to tradition and the future, in proportion to their contribution to the national prosperity.' In other words, since the government is a spending agency, there can be no money for social reforms until British trade produces it, and, in his opinion, the surest way of promoting British prosperity is by development of the empire, which can best be accomplished by a system of protective tariffs.

An understanding of his outlook on the domestic scene is imperative to a comprehension of the aims of his foreign policy. This was, perhaps, most strikingly brought out at a recent session of the League of Nations. No one, the writer thinks, would call Sir Austen Chamberlain an enemy of the League; yet there is obviously a limit to his friendship, and that limit is the wide-flung frontiers of the British Empire. 'Not even for this great League of Nations,' he said with characteristic bluntness, 'will I risk the disruption of that smaller but older League of the British Empire.' Strange words and nasty medicine for the League to swallow; but a clear-cut statement of indisputable veracity. No wonder his enemies incline to regard him as a die-hard Tory.

What are the aims of British foreign policy as expounded by Sir Austen? It is, of course, only possible to give a generalized answer. His fundamental aim is, by protecting the security and freedom of action of the empire, to stimulate trade on the soundest lines possible, and thereby to increase imperial prosperity. That is the basis of his every effort in international relations. It is the ultimate object of every foreign

Photo Wide World

BEFORE LOCARNO

BRIAND OF FRANCE, Lady Chamberlain, and Sir Austen Chamberlain awaiting the German members of the famous boat party on Lake Maggiore that led up to the Locarno Treaties, Sir Austen's greatest contribution to European stability.

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minister. But it is a policy that is not always apparent and not always understood. Like the empire itself it contains a host of contradictions. Locarno, for example, was the outcome of a desire for stable Continental conditions predicated upon the assumption of a beneficial effect on British trade. Again we see the son still carrying on the father's principles in his foreign policy.

DURING the whole period of Sir Austen's tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship, the continent of Europe has been in a state of political and economic flux. There has been little stabilization and a good deal of Machiavellian intrigue in foreign affairs. The background has been the tragedy of war, the privations and dislocations of peace. The future has been clouded by doubt, jealousies, fear, suspicion, and all too little faith in the attitude of any nation. To accomplish anything in such an atmosphere has required not merely sound judgment but stern realism — and Sir Austen is a realist who does not mince his words.

When he was Foreign Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's first Cabinet, he soon became convinced that British interests at large were best to be served by acting as mediator on the Continent. The greatest obstacle to progress at that time was the unhealthy state of Franco-German relations. If these could be improved, if the outstanding difficulties could be removed, if Germany should be allowed to take her rightful place in the great family of nations, the result could hardly fail to aid Britain to regain her lost markets; for stabilization and normalization on the Continent must surely increase its buying power. To this end Sir Austen was willing to pledge Britain's credit and support in order that the Continent might, in return, buy British goods; and to this end the British envoy in Berlin was instructed to open negotiations with the German Government. The indirect object was to meet French fears concerning security and at the same time give Germany a breathing space to set her own house in order. It was suggested that Great Britain might guarantee both nations against unprovoked aggression by either. The outcome was the Locarno Treaties.

It would, of course, be a grave injustice to others to give Sir Austen all the credit for the part played by the British at Locarno, for Ramsay MacDonald had an important rôle in the negotiations during his ministry, which was sandwiched in between Mr. Baldwin's first and present administrations. But the lion's share of the praise, so far as Britain is concerned, belongs to Sir Austen.

Similarly at Geneva Sir Austen has kept clear of that finesse which so often marks the utterances of the politicians in Westminster. Realizing that the British Empire is, in many respects, a contradiction in terms, he has been frank to a degree, sincere and firm, dealing solely in the 'cold language of reality,' as one observer put it. Sir Austen, unhappily, speaks with little wit; he indulges in no subtlety, either of humor or of sarcasm, but drives to the point in well-measured words not lacking in the force of logic. Take, for example, his attitude toward the many plans for outlawing war, such as the Polish scheme for League intervention in case of a conflict. He bluntly told the delegates that Britain could not pledge the use of her armed forces in disputes when her interests were not affected. He made the point even clearer. He informed the delegates that no Government in London could receive a mandate from the Dominions to embroil the empire in disputes completely divorced from its interests. To do so, he said, would be to imperil the empire itself by running the risk of sowing seeds of discord and misunderstanding within its frontiers. The argument was decisive: the League knew where Britain stood and therefore knew also where it stood itself.

SIR AUSTEN'S attitude, however, is by no means universally defended in England. Even in the Conservative Party there has been some frank criticism of his policy and his outspoken exposition of it. If the Conservative Party were more reactionary, Sir Austen would be a Liberal; as it is, he is a much needed leaven. He stands essentially for industrial reconciliation and social progress at home and for peace and commercial improvement abroad.

At home the Conservatives have not been too successful; abroad Sir Austen has had a struggle to maintain peace. But it is difficult to deny that he has weathered the squalls with remarkable success. If he has been purely nationalistic in his outlook, as he indeed must be, his attitude has been tempered with a strong support for all those international ideals calculated to serve the welfare of the British Empire and therefore, according to Sir Austen's ideas, of mankind. Strong as his support for international comity is, his belief that Anglo-American understanding is the foundation of world peace is even stronger. Strongest of all is his conviction that the British Empire has still its most important work in front of it, work destined to be an imperishable monument.

Both as a statesman and a politician, Sir Austen may be regarded as the flower of the House of Commons, one of those democratic blossoms that age has not withered. Nobody would think, to look at him, that he is much past fifty. His voice is still firm and resonant, his eye steady, and his honor unsullied by the faintest breath of scandal. He can look back at a long and useful career in the public service that few men have equaled and fewer still have surpassed. If he is not coruscatingly brilliant, he has qualities of farsightedness and common sense that more than compensate. If he had done nothing else than lay the foundation stone of the Locarno Treaties, that service to Europe would alone establish his claim to distinction.

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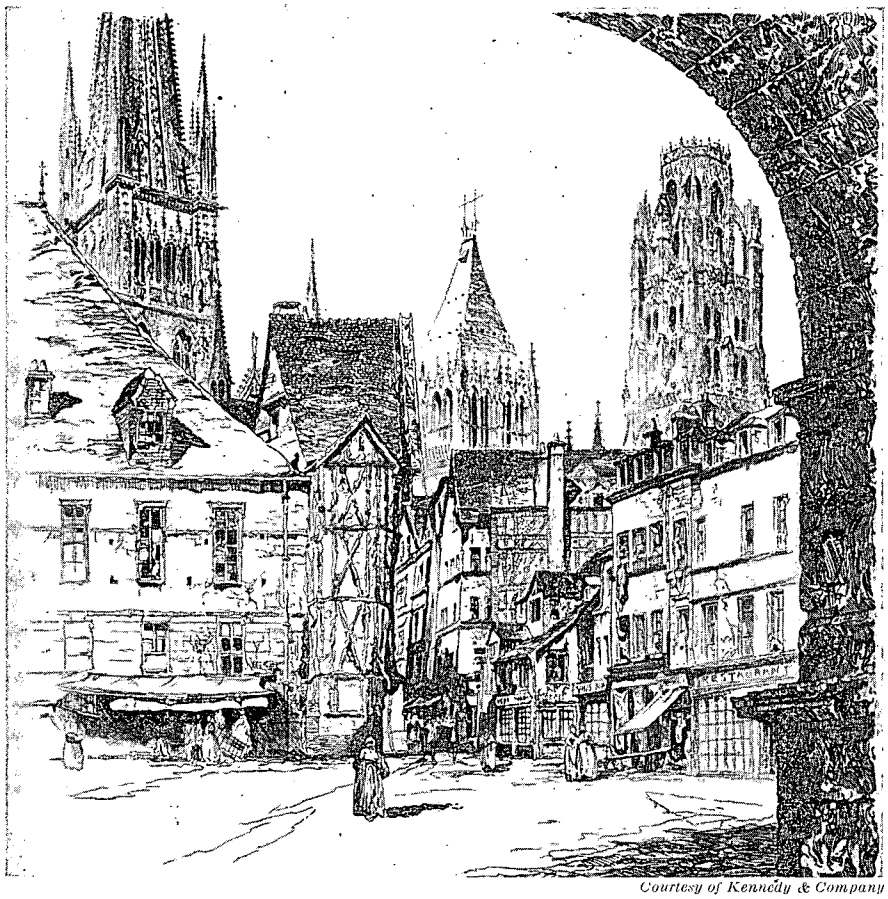
A Gourmet's Tour of France

By G. B. Stern

Author of the *Matriarch* and *Debonair*



Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

OLD CORNER, ROUEN

From an Etching by John Taylor Arms

When I was traveling in Brittany for the first time, a good many years ago, I met a middle-aged man who had traveled widely in France, and who seemed eager to spray my tourist ignorance from the fountain of his experience. He sat beside me at mealtime in our hotel at Concarneau, and showered information about the many places he had visited, and the reasons why I, too, must visit them.

All of these reasons were gastronomical; and I, by no means indifferent, even in those days, to the pleasures of the table, was nevertheless faintly shocked by such a materialistic point of view. I was caught in the rainbow spell of Concarneau, with its brilliant multi-colored sails, gathered in a vivid fluttering bouquet in the harbor by day, and floating out softly, one by one, through the rich clear sunlight of the evening; its blue mist of fishing-nets, the *filets bleus* for which Concarneau is famous, stretched out to dry along the masts, or slung over wires erected for that purpose on the shore. I was enchanted by the sound of wooden sabots clattering ceaselessly along the stone-paved jetty, and by the sight of the bright orange and rust and blue canvas of the fishermen's clothes. I was even enchanted by the inescapable smell of fish, and the overpoweringly unhealthy fumes that rose from the harbor at low tide.

From the bright web of this enchantment I listened, slightly repelled, to my companion's information and advice. 'You must not miss X,' he would say, emphatically, 'for at X, at the Grand Hotel, they will give you the most perfect dressed crab obtainable, I really do believe, throughout the world. And from X — yes, it would be just possible in the day — you can hire a car and drive to the little village of Y, where, at the village inn, they have a cook — well, just ask for river trout, which will be caught for you from the stream on the other side of the road, and you will see why I tell you that, if you go nowhere else in France, you must undoubtedly go to Y.'

I realized that this man carried a mental map of the localities he had visited, which must have resembled the map I have just discovered in my *Guide Michelin*. This map is headed 'La France Gastronomique,' and although not much more than three inches square, it has been compiled, M. Michelin tells us anxiously, with the utmost care. It is divided into provinces with dotted lines, and instead of bearing the names of towns, rivers, and similar unimportant geographical data, it is sown with terms of such rich promise as *truites saumonées*, *fromages de brebis*, *pâtés*, *escargots*, and the like. Such a map, I perceived, existed in the mind of my gourmet friend, as he turned an eager, exploratory palate toward the yet unproved inns of Brittany. Such a map, I am far from being ashamed to say, now exists in my own mind also; and it is this map, temptingly pictorial, which I shall do my best to reproduce in this article for other unashamed gourmets.

Whether my condition of scenic uplift was indeed too high for me to pay much attention to the food I ate, or whether Breton menus are a little too monotonously fishy to be memorable, I cannot say. Whatever the reason, there are few gastronomical pictures in my memories of that part of Brittany, except rows of tiny, strongly-flavored sardines standing on their tails round Concarneau, and some crabs and lobsters, and the fresh tunny-fish which we used to see carried out of the boats every morning, glittering monsters, with round distended bellies, each one fetching, we were told, a quite incredibly high price. There occurs also the memory of a delicious dish of *petits pois*, eaten on the veranda of the Grand Hôtel at Beg-Meil, and of my friend murmuring to me that he thought the cook must have sat up with them all night, to have achieved such smooth perfection.

Brittany's comparative blankness on my gastronomical chart is amply compensated for by Normandy's plenty. My most grateful memory is of the changeless old town of Honfleur, with its beautiful wooden church, and narrow mediæval houses packed close around the harbor. Yet it was not in Honfleur itself, at the adequate but unexciting Hôtel Cheval Blanc, that I received my gourmet's due; but a few kilometres outside the town, at the Ferme Saint-Siméon, Côte de Grace, which is painted in very bright colors on my visionary map. It is a genuine old Normandy farmhouse, standing withdrawn from the

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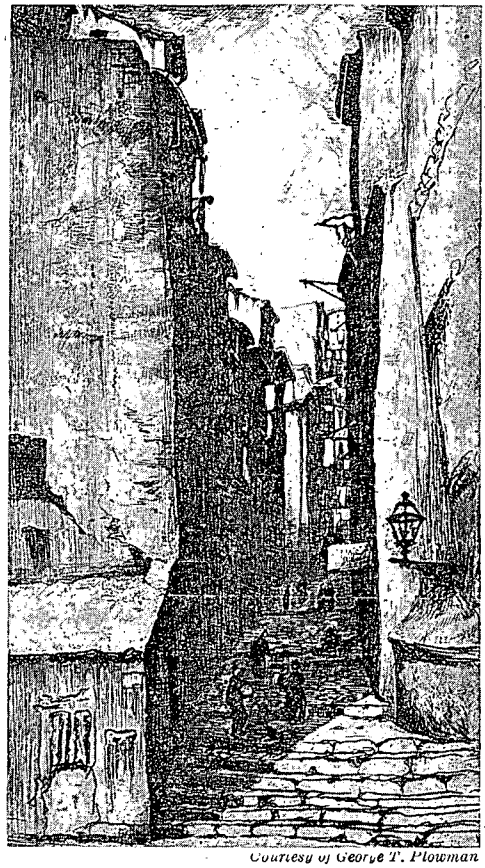
road, among the grass and trees; and from the back of the house are those incomparable views of the mouth of the Seine for which the Côte de Grace hilltop is noted. M. Brodelet, the proprietor of the farm, is an aristocrat and an artist among innkeepers, and *Poulet Saint-Siméon*, served with an excellent tarragon sauce, is a dish that should not be missed.

At the little fishing village of Villerville, midway between Honfleur and Trouville — and midway, also, in its mingling of native and acquired characteristics — I first made the acquaintance of *fromage à la crême*, or *fromage blanc*. This delicious cheese is served in platefuls like very thick cream with sugar, and is only slightly sour, having a faint fresh flavor like that of strawberries. Here also, at the Hôtel des Graves, mussels, gathered on the shore at low tide, were a favorite dish. They were served hot in a large bowl, sprinkled with chopped parsley; and though I approved of their delicate flavor, I ate sparingly, fearing ptomaine consequences. Two Frenchmen of the commercial traveler variety, who sat one day at the table next to mine, did not fear consequences of any sort: tying their table-napkins firmly round their necks, they proceeded to empty the bowl between them, and, at the end of ten minutes or so, sent the waiter for basins of water and fresh table-napkins, whereupon they thoroughly cleansed themselves before passing on to the next course!

In Normandy, at any rate in Calvados, you must, of course, drink cider, which is treated, by those who manufacture it, with precisely the same reverence that a vintner accords to the best wine. The ordinary draught cider is rough and not particularly agreeable, but the best of it is bottled and kept for many years, with excellent results. Very good old cider is to be had at the Hôtel de la Biche, at Evreux, which you must visit, even if you are not a cider enthusiast. Truly, a magnetic cook is worth more than rubies, to a hotel proprietor.

A visit to Caen, in search of tripe haloed by an ancient culinary tradition, may prove disappointing to all but already hardened tripe-lovers; to me, these pallid entrails tasted much the same in Caen as they are wont to do anywhere else. The town is sufficiently interesting, and there are several good restaurants; but its proximity to the fashionable coast resorts has made it prink too self-consciously. Bayeux and Lisieux are both, in my opinion, more attractive. L'Hôtel de France et d'Espagne at Lisieux, where Charlotte Corday stayed shortly before assassinating Marat, is excellent both as to kitchen and cellar.

The gourmet in Normandy will naturally visit Rouen, and will there, perhaps, eat *canard rouennais*, or *canard au sang*, a dish so excellent that it is better not to spoil one's enjoyment of it by inquiring into the manner of the duck's death. He may purchase, also, a stick of *sucre de pommes*, that beautiful clear red sweetmeat of a rocklike consistency, which, lacking a sledge-hammer, I once attempted to stamp into edible fragments on the floor of my bedroom at the Hôtel de la Poste. My heel went through the protective newspaper, and bits of pink sugar stuck to the soles of my shoes and were trodden into the hotel carpets. However, perhaps they are used to that in Rouen, where *sucre de pommes* is a speciality of the town!



Courtesy of George T. Plowman

MARSEILLES
FROM AN ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

Since it is obvious that I cannot continue to unfurl my gastronomical chart province by province, in the limited space of this article, I must be content to perform a series of arbitrary leaps over the surface of the map of France, alighting wherever I can recall a particularly luscious dish or local speciality. My first descent, then, is at Beaugency, where a picture of a fat partridge, on my mental chart, calls to mind the *terrine de la maison* which I once ate at the Hôtel de l'Ecu-de-Bretagne, under the domineering guidance of a ferocious, but none the less sagacious head-waiter.

Then to Tours, where a visit to the château, if visiting châteaux be a hobby of the gourmet in question, may be combined with meals at two excellent Touraine restaurants, Buré and Martin, where simple French bourgeois cookery — including such local excellencies as *andouillettes*, *grenadins de veau*, and *rillettes d'oie* (said to be the favorite dish of Rabelais) — is to be had at its best.

I cannot pass over Pouilly-sur-Loire without alighting to taste another bottle of local wine at the little Hôtel Neuf, where I drank it once on a frosty morning of late September. *Pouilly* 1906 and 1911 were the dates I tasted; the older was the better vintage. *Pouilly*, however, is a wine that travels well, and can be properly appreciated away from its native town; with *Vouvray*, it is another matter. I had never really known the meaning of the word 'delectable,' till I drank a dry *Château Moncontour* 1920 at the town of Vouvray itself. It actually tasted of sunshine and spring flowers, that hackneyed description so often applied to wines that are merely light and white; and it was far more exhilarating than even the most talented champagne. At Vouvray you drink your gold sitting at a little table in the garden of the Hôtel du Pont-de-Cisse. And afterwards you sing!

I passed through Vouvray and Pouilly-sur-Loire on my way to Burgundy, and at the Hôtel de la Poste at Beaune, I have a distinguished memory of *Poulet au Chambertin*, with a gravy full of the most delicious surprises, accompanied by a bottle of *Chambertin* 1919. Here, also, may be eaten *Minstère* cheese, which is like a superior form of Camembert, and which brings out the flavor of Burgundy as no other cheese can do.

It was at Mâcon, at the Hôtel de France et de l'Angleterre, that I have my finest experience of that king of all kingly wines, *Romanée-Conti*. We arrived at this hotel one chilly autumn day, a party of four, very tired after an early start from Beaune, very cold, and more than ready for lunch. Then we learned that we could not have lunch for at least another half hour after the time we had assembled for it, since summer time had officially ended the night before, and we had forgotten to alter our watches. For this last unkind stroke of fortune we were inclined to blame, not Heaven nor the Government of France, but the proprietor of the Hôtel de France et de l'Angleterre.

When lunch arrived at last, however,

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our sense of injury was dispelled. We began with a wonderful *terrine de perdreaux*, and followed it up with pike, excellent as only pike, properly treated, can be. We had already acknowledged that pike had claims to the gourmet's respect at Beaune, where we had been served with a similar dish, and had wondered at the ignorance which everywhere regards it as a coarse, inferior fish, save in some parts of Ireland and, as we now discovered, in Burgundy. At Mâcon it was cooked and served with consummate skill, and our growing belief that we were eating from the hands of a great culinary artist was confirmed by the dish that followed — partridge, served with cabbage, slices of sausage, small rolled sausages, and potato balls. It was a cheerful, homely dish, bourgeois and fully flavored; and coming on top of the delicate *terrine* and the even more delicate pike, it proved beyond doubt that the cook's genius, manifested casually at this luncheon, was by no means accidental.

The French cooking of the early part of the meal was succeeded by a typically Teutonic sweet course, which, announced on the menu as *tarte de la Maison*, proved to be a Viennese *Aprikosentorte;* and there was another delicious *torte* — this time chocolate and nut — with the dessert. So that we were more thrilled than surprised when a huge blond Viking, our *patron*, bowing at the side of our table in response to my compliments, murmured in my ear that the cook was his son, taught by himself, and that 'himself' had been for ten years the chef of the Kaiser Wilhelm!

In this imperial atmosphere we drank, that evening, the imperial wine of France, a 1919 *Romanée-Conti* and found it all that the most perfect of Burgundies could ever be. May all good gourmets go likewise to Mâcon, and fare as well!

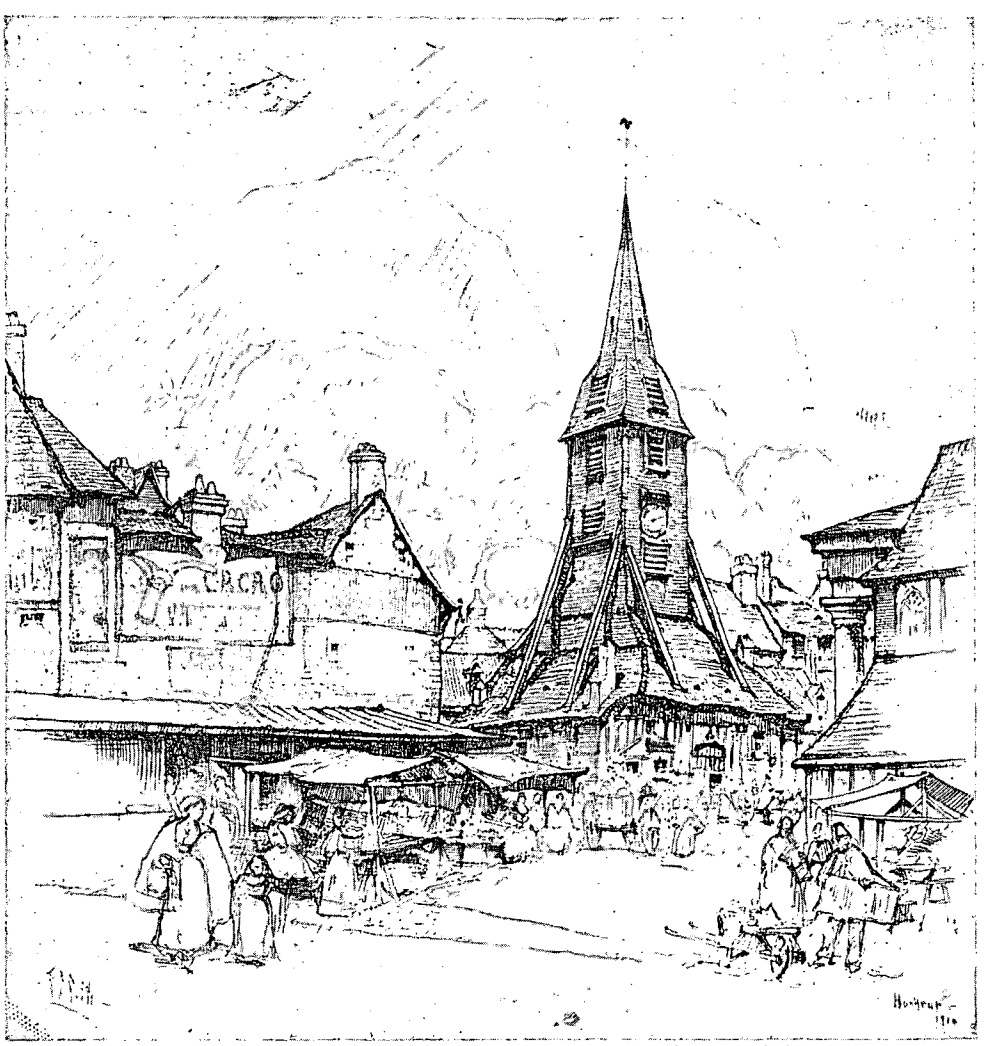
To the east of Burgundy lies Savoy, where, as in so many mountainous districts, the cooking is of a specially localized character. Annecy stands out on my map as the town where, at the Hôtel Beau-Rivage, I ate *civet de lièvre*, a Savoyard speciality — actually a very rich jugged hare. The Hôtel de France at Chambéry has one of the best kitchens in Savoy. One should order their fricassée of chicken, prepared according to an ancient Savoyard recipe; their *quenelles de veau*, and *gratin de pommes de terre;* above all, one should insist upon drinking their *fine*, 1857, surely one of the most exquisite old brandies in existence.

Mushrooms and fungi of all kinds characterize the cooking of Savoy, especially the delicious honey-combed *morille*, which comes up in the springtime, and is very much sought after by the gourmet. The small *cèpes* grow here in the woods, but these are properly a speciality of Bordeaux; and it was there, at the Restaurant Chapeau-Rouge, that I ate *cèpes bordelais* in all their perfection, cooked in olive oil with chopped parsley and garlic, according to the recipe of that house. At the more famous Chapon-Fin at Bordeaux, which we also visited, the cooking was certainly masterly, but the personal treatment was inclined to be haughty, and I felt, for the first time, the real meaning of the French idiom, '*de haut en bas.*' Their *fraises de la maison*, however, little wood-strawberries covered smoothly with an eiderdown of cream that tasted faintly of almonds, I can remember with slow, sensuous veneration.

The wines of the Bordeaux district are apt to prove a disappointment to the connoisseur who wishes to drink claret at its best in the land that gives it birth. In the first place, the wine waiters of that region seem singularly devoid of reverence, and I have often had to watch an expensive wine being roughly handled. Further, the best wines do not seem to find their way into local cellars, so that I have drunk a better *Château Margaux* 1899 in Monte Carlo than any I was able to discover in the Médoc neighborhood. The best claret I drank in Bordeaux — indeed the only one of high merit — was a *Château Ausone* 1906, again at the friendly Restaurant Chapeau-Rouge.

The vineyards of Château Ausone are at Saint-Emilion, that high ramparted town built in strata up the gray face of a rock, where patches of vines grow among the buildings and the ruins in unexpected places — even in the churchyard! The poet Ausonius is said to have lived here, and to have given the château its name; and certainly Saint-Emilion looks old enough, with its troglodyte church carved out of the living rock.

At the Hôtel des Gourmets, we sampled the *specialités* of Saint-Emilion — little milk-white macaroons, with a delicious flavor, and small crimson peaches; and by the end of lunch I had convinced myself that the hotel was appropriately named.



Courtesy of Frederick Keppel & Company

SAINTE CATHERINE, HONFLEUR
FROM AN ETCHING BY ERNEST ROTH

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At Saint-Emilion one borders on the old province of Périgord, and I thought regretfully of the historic French names which are now dying out: Gascogne, Aquitaine, Périgord, and giving way to the unfamiliar official names of the new departments. Périgord is famous for its truffles, those inexplicable underground fungi, of which the method of cultivation reminds one of Nature's most tantalizing secrets. I must admit, however, that when some scientist discovers the way to grow truffles when and where the grower pleases, and we are no longer dependent for our supply on dogs and pigs, and on men who can locate them by some occult gift, some of their fascination for me as a rare edible will be gone. Périgueux is noted also for its *pâté-de-foie-gras*, and geese are reared in large numbers in the neighborhood for this purpose. Geese add greatly, I find, to the pictorial value of a landscape, giving it that fairy-tale aspect which I have noticed in traveling across the plum-colored Hungarian plain, with its brilliant patches of tall sunflowers.

I have eaten both truffles and *pâté-de-foie-gras* at the Hôtel de France in Périgueux, but my memories of the town are not so joyous as they ought to be, for on my only visit I was suffering from a touch of sunstroke, so that I greeted my favorite delicacies with almost as much dislike as the celebrated Montélimar nougat, advertised so glaringly along every road within a fifty-mile area of its birthplace, that it seemed incredible, when at last we sampled it, that in our school-days we actually liked the sticky white stuff!

In the bottom corner of my *carte gastronomique* lies Provence:

'Ravioli, olives, garlic, bouillabaisse,' states M. Michelin simply, within his dotted lines; and to these I add my personal memories of the wines of the Rhône, of a certain luncheon at Châteauneuf-du-Pape, and of the *brandades* for which Avignon is noted. My first acquaintance with *brandade* was made at the picturesque little Restaurant au Printemps at Villeneuve-les-Avignon — one of those humble *al fresco* inns where the breathless realization of first-class cooking is added to a wide view of the soft plains surrounding the white Palace of the Popes, and of the nursery-rime 'Pont d'Avignon', spanning the silver streak of the river. It was lobster *brandade* which caused me to rejoice on this occasion, a sort of smooth mousse of the fish, served in patties of flaky pastry. Later, I tasted cod *brandade*, disguised to an even greater perfection of creaminess, at the Restaurant Lance in Avignon.

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

LE RESTAURANT

A Modern Touch in an Etching by Hermine-David

Of the Rhône wines, the most famous after *Hermitage*, is *Châteauneuf-du-Pape*, distinguished by its traditional gunflint flavor; and at the town of Châteauneuf-du-Pape itself I ate one of the most soul-satisfying meals of my career as a gourmet! The mênu consisted of: *pâté de lièvre*, embraced by red jelly; flaming *écrevisses à l'Américain*, in cognac sauce; roast partridge; *aubergines farcies;* and Roquefort cheese. With this surpassing luncheon I drank a white *Châteauneuf-du-Pape*, 1922, which was excellent, and a still more excellent red *Châteauneuf* of 1911 — the best, indeed, that I have ever tasted. These emotional experiences took place at the Hôtel Bellevue, an inn kept by two retired acrobatic dancers, whose organization and enthusiasm deserved a perpetual claque.

Bouillabaisse must, of course, be eaten at Marseilles; and, unless the gourmet has a fancy to explore the ancient and often disreputable inns of the maritime quarter of the town, he cannot do better than order it at the Restaurant de la Réserve. *Bouillabaisse* is a sort of mixed fish broth, made with practically every kind of fish that makes up the ordinary catch of a Mediterranean fisherman — sole, red and gray mullet, *dorade*, whiting, prawns, lobster, crab, and the big *loup-de-mer*, which last is apt to disagree with some unlucky individuals, while it is perfectly harmless to the majority. The fish is cooked in a casserole with white wine and a variety of flavoring ingredients, such as saffron, lemon, onions, bay leaves, and tomatoes. The pungent result is, to my mind, horrible!

With *bouillabaisse* at Marseilles, I think I can most fittingly fold up my *carte gastronomique*. I have not sung lyrics over the little crooked legs of frogs, because it strangely happens that I find the very sight of their crookedness distasteful; I have not gone into ecstasies over *cassoulet de Toulouse*, because I have never been to Toulouse. I have attempted no more than to perform the good office that was once performed for me — unappreciative, alas, and inattentive! — by my gourmet friend at Concarneau, as he sat at my elbow and insisted frantically that I must visit the little village of Y, and have fresh brook trout cooked for me by that genius of the kitchen at the village inn.

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A Prison in Spain

A Vivid Account by a Well-Known British Writer of the Worse than Mediaeval Conditions Which Prevail in the Prisons of Southern Spain

By Stacy Aumonier

From the *Fortnightly Review* (London)

THE winter before last I spent four months in the South of Spain; most of the time up in a little villa in the hills at the back of the city of Malaga. Three or four times a week I had occasion to go into the city, and I could neither ride nor walk there without passing the municipal prison. I don't know how it is, but even now, although I never went inside it, the sight of that prison still haunts me, and I believe it always will. It was a formidable looking structure. Most prisons that I have seen have been tucked away out of sight or entirely hidden by outside walls, but about the prison of Malaga there is something intimate and menacing. It is set down right in the heart of a densely populated, squalid neighborhood, and, in spite of its utterly impregnable appearance, its circumference is patrolled night and day by soldiers armed with carbines. I have always been interested in prisons and questions of prison conduct and reform, and I have been all over several English prisons. When, therefore, I found myself in such close and frequent proximity to this Spanish prison I felt a great desire to inspect it. But I have to confess that after three months' endeavors I failed. This was particularly galling, as I knew that certain people had managed to get over the prison, and I have no doubt in my mind as to how they did manage it. Spain is a democratic country; that is to say, anybody can have anything — if they have got enough money to pay for it. I found, however, that there was a strong prejudice against my visiting the prison for two reasons — (*a*) I was English; (*b*) I was one of 'these writing people.' And one influential resident, who had done his best to get me permission, told me confidentially that 'the authorities were, as a matter of fact, a little ashamed of the prison.'

This statement only excited my interest the more, and although I never succeeded in entering it, I gathered so much information about it that in the end I began to think that I really had. And my vision of it was further accentuated by the strange story an Englishman told me. He was the only Englishman I met who had been inside the prison, and his description was all the more valuable in that his visit to the prison had not been of a voluntary nature! As he is still a highly respected resident of Malaga, I will not mention his name, but for the purposes of narrative I will call him Mr. Collins.

Mr. Collins is the managing director of a big red ochre works in Malaga. He is a very tall man, well over six feet, with a dominating personality; one of those men who bang on tables and monopolize the conversation in whatever company they happen to be. Incidentally, of course, he speaks Spanish fluently.

Well, one evening in June — this must be four years ago — Mr. Collins was driving his car homewards. He had just reached the outskirts of the city when he had the misfortune to knock over a young girl. He stopped the car and jumped out. Finding that she was rather badly hurt and unconscious, he picked her up, put her in the car, and drove her to the hospital. Having handed her over to the authorities, he produced a card and was about to depart. An official, however, appeared, and with many apologies said that he must request him to wait for a little while. He was shown into a small room, and he heard the key turn in the lock! Nearly forty minutes elapsed before the door opened again, when the superintendent of the hospital himself appeared, accompanied by an inspector of police, and two civil guards! The superintendent was courtesy itself. He made every kind of profound apology, but explained that by a law of Spain Mr. Collins would have to be detained until the hospital doctors certified that the girl was out of danger. There was no doctor in the hospital at that moment who was qualified to give any such certificate. In other words, he regretted to say that Mr. Collins would have to go to the municipal prison until some higher authority released him.

There being nothing for it, Mr. Collins offered the use of his car, which was gladly accepted, and so he drove himself to prison, accompanied by the three officers of the law. Having garaged the car close by, he was taken before the governor. The governor of the prison was even more courteous than the superintendent of the hospital. He gave him a cigarette, and apologized profusely for all the inconvenience and discomfort the prisoner might be put to, but he explained that the laws were very strict. He was not empowered to treat one prisoner differently from the others, however distinguished they might be, or however fleeting the nature of their visit.

However, after a little more discussion he agreed that certain small concessions might be made in the case of a *caballero* of such high social standing as Mr. Collins. He would not, for instance, insist upon him spending the night in one of 'the cages.' He might sleep alone in the central patio. He might even have a bed sent in from a hotel. He could, of course, certainly have his meals sent in

STACY AUMONIER, the author of this account of conditions in a southern Spanish jail, is perhaps as versatile a figure as exists in contemporary British journalism. He began life as a decorative designer; in 1908 he became a 'Society Entertainer,' presenting his own character sketches and impersonations. In 1913 he began writing and has ever since been contributing articles to the British and American magazines. He has written a number of novels, of which the best known is *Heartbeat* (1922). About the only art which Mr. Aumonier has not practised is music.

From his article here reprinted it is obvious that all is not for the best in Spain under the rule of the mild-tempered dictator, Primo de Rivera, the subject of a biographical sketch in last month's LIVING AGE.

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from a hotel. If he desired it, he might make use of the telephone in the office, although the governor made it quite clear that the use of the same could make very little difference. The prisoner must inevitably spend the night in the prison, for, having once been admitted, he could only be released on the order of one of the three leading magistrates of the city, and God in heaven alone might know their whereabouts at that time of night. Mr. Collins was duly thankful for these privileges, of all of which he availed himself. Having given instructions about his bed and his dinner, he turned to the telephone, and after considerable difficulty he got through to one of the chief criminal lawyers in Malaga, whom he fortunately knew, and who had worked for him in certain matters regarding his own business. He explained the matter fully to him, and, after making urgent representations for prompt action, he hung up the receiver and placed himself at the disposal of the prison authorities.

It was then that he learnt the meaning of the governor's reference to 'the cages.' The prison was built, like most Spanish and Arab buildings, round a central patio. In this case the patio was just a prison yard in an indescribable state of filth. It was by this time past ten o'clock, and the prisoners had been shut into their cages for some time. There were six of these cages, each holding fifty prisoners. A 'cage,' indeed, was the only name that could have been applied to them. They had three solid stone walls with no windows, a stone ceiling, and a stone floor. The fourth side was a thick iron grille, with a padlocked iron door opening on to the central patio. Collins said that the night was intensely sultry and, he was glad to say, fairly dark. He wandered around the patio and peered into the cages, but the smell emanating from them was almost overpowering. He felt intensely grateful for the privilege of sleeping in the open. After a time, feeling a little emboldened by his sense of security from actual contact with his fellow prisoners, he went up to one of the cages and called into it. An idea had occurred to Mr. Collins. He wondered whether by chance a fellow countryman might be in one of these poisonous holes. After a minute or so he said that he saw three or four weird figures advance toward the door of the cage. They were all stark naked. He spoke to them and asked whether by any chance there happened to be a poor devil of a Britisher among them. He found it extremely difficult to get them to understand him. He discovered afterward that the majority of them were gypsies, or they spoke some patois far removed from Andalusian. Moreover, owing to their confinement and the vile nature of their treatment, they were either mentally deficients, or little removed from animals. They stood there scratching themselves and jibbering at him. He learnt also that the prisoners in these cages are given nothing in the way of mattresses. They sleep on the stone. If one has money, he may buy a mattress when he goes in, but it is a doubtful advantage, for the mattress has a way of attracting all the vermin in the cage, and after a week or two it almost walks away from him! The food is so inadequate that the prisoners would starve to death but for outside charity. In the yard is one water tap for the 300 prisoners, but no means of having a bath. A man may be there for years without having a bath or a change of linen, and you have to remember that in the summer the thermometer frequently registers 112 degrees in the shade! There is no discrimination between the prisoners; a youth and first offender is herded into the same cage with hardened criminals and moral degenerates. There are priests connected with the prison, but they only appear in the gallery above the yard, and offer up prayers and solemnize masses. They never mix with the prisoners, who are left almost entirely to their own devices. In an English prison a convict may ring an electric bell and insist upon seeing the governor, or the medical officer, or some high official, if he considers that he has a grievance. Needless to say, these conditions do not prevail in an Andalusian prison. Once in prison there is no appeal. No one takes any notice of you. Without money or influence you may languish there for years untried, or with your sentence undetermined.

Mr. Collins was aware of this, and on that fetid night in June it was not surprising that his imagination was stirred by the possible sufferings of a fellow-countryman. And within the hour his misgivings received a dramatic endorsement.

His question at the fourth cage was followed by mysterious jabberings. At the end a little gray-haired man was pushed forward. He was an Irishman. Collins said he had never seen so distressful and pathetic a sight. The little man was nearly out of his mind. He cried and was hysterical, and strained at the bars of the cage like a wild animal, calling out to Collins to save him. When Collins had managed to calm him a little, he told his story.

He was a merchant seaman, and he had arrived at Malaga exactly a year before. There had been two consecutive days shore leave, and on the second day (a Sunday) he had got drunk in the Alameda and had struck a civil guard. The latter, or a colleague of his, had immediately hit him over the head with the flat of a sword. The next thing he was aware of was waking up in this prison. That was a year ago. He had had no trial. He had asked for the British Consul, but no one took any notice of him. He knew no Spanish and none of his fellow prisoners knew any English. There he was, and there he would probably have been to this day, but for the accident of Mr. Collins knocking a girl over in his car. Collins, of course, was very moved by the seaman's story, and promised that, if he were allowed out himself — and on that sinister night he was beginning to have creepy misgivings — he would do all in his power to secure the sailor's release.

His personal apprehensions, however, were quickly dissipated. His knowledge of the language and the character of the people, his social position, and covert suggestion of goodness knows what bribes had their effect. Within an hour he was fetched by the guards and taken to the governor's room. There he found not only the governor and his friend the criminal lawyer, but one of the chief magistrates himself!

Forms were signed. There was considerable saluting and congratulating, and then Mr. Collins was allowed to return home to his wife and family.

He kept his word, and during the next few days these same magic enchantments were brought to bear in the cause of the old sailor. Within a week he was released, a passage was found for him, and he was on his way back to Ireland. But even his haphazard trial was not without a comedy side quite characteristic of this extraordinary land. The same counsel was employed, and Mr. Collins agreed to act as interpreter. He arranged beforehand with the sailor what he was to say. But when he got into the box, the poor old fellow lost his head. So upset was he with his year's agony, he became abusive and foolish. He swore, for one thing, that he never struck the guard, but as he had done so on a Sunday afternoon, when the Alameda was crowded with people, Mr. Collins thought it advisable to translate this in his own way, and to this day Michael O'Bane probably does not know what a plausible story he told in the witness box at Malaga. How he had seen the guard advancing toward him armed with a sword. British policemen do not carry swords. He did not know he was a guard.

(*Continued on page 159*)

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Persons and Personages

The New Prime Minister of Greece—The Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons—A German Admiral—The President of France

Eleutherios Venizelos

In the classic isle of Crete, a bald-headed, white-bearded old gentleman, looking very much like a college professor on vacation, sighed and put away his Thucydides. Eleutherios Venizelos, founder and savior of modern Greece, had made up his mind that he must give up his favorite study; that he must go back to Athens; that he must do over again the work that he had already done twice before. The gravity of the situation into which her jarring politicians and fickle population had manœuvred the unstable Greek Republic, he said, 'obliges me to reconsider my former decision not to return to the political stage.' In August, a few weeks after this momentous decision, a sweeping victory at the polls gave him the support of 234 out of 250 deputies in the Chamber. Venizelos came back to rule once more the little country which he had piloted through the perils of three wars, whose territory he had doubled, — and whose rising power he had seen crippled and destroyed after his domestic foes had driven him from power.

He returns to power from Crete — Crete, where he was born; Crete, which he freed from Turkish rule; Crete, where he first came into contact with the Great Powers (under the shellfire of their warships); Crete, to which he retired to study Thucydides four years ago, when he thought his work as a statesman was over.

Though his life work began in Crete and though it once seemed likely to end there, he is not of Cretan stock. His family originally came from Sparta. Venizelos is thus doubly bound to his country's classic past — first to the land which bred the sturdy heroes of Thermopylae; then to the little island that Homer wrote about. Educated as a provincial lawyer in the days of Turkish rule, he was drawn into politics — which for patriotic Cretans in the days of his youth meant revolutionary plots. 'I became a revolutionary by profession,' he once observed, 'and a lawyer at intervals.' There were years of plotting, a revolution which the powers tried to help the Turks suppress, and then a partial victory. Crete was autonomous; but their late Turkish masters still were able to prevent the Cretans' longed-for union with their fellow-Greeks. Venizelos decided to shift his base of operations, knowing that sympathy awaited him. In 1910 he landed at Athens. Greece accepted him. That same year he became Prime Minister. Three years later, at the close of the second Balkan War, he succeeded in bringing under Greek sovereignty not only his native Crete but Salonica and southern Macedonia as well.

When the World War came, he quarreled with King Constantine, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, set up his own government, helped to expel the King and to bring in the armies of the Allies. When the War ended, he went in person to the Paris Peace Conference, matched wits with the keenest political minds of the century, won for Greece the rich city of Smyrna and its hinterland. He had accomplished a national ambition. He had gained the foothold in the ancient Greek lands of Asia Minor which modern Greece had coveted for a century.

But it is the tragedy of Venizelos's life that, endowed with talents equal to those of the statesmen of the greatest Powers, the volcanic politics of his tiny country give him no hope of attaining commensurate results. King Constantine had left a strong Royalist party behind him. There were plots, counterplots, devious political manœuvres. In 1920 Venizelos fell from power. The King came back, and the great statesman, who had done so much for his little country, went into exile. King Constantine, ambitious for military glory, pushed his armies too far into Asia Minor, met with defeat, and his troops were driven literally into the sea by the victorious armies of the new Turkish Republic. Asia Minor was lost.

In this hour of disaster Venizelos came again to the rescue, conducted the peace negotiations, repaired as best he might the disaster others had wrought. But he did not reënter politics. Though he was ready, as one of the foremost diplomats of the modern world, to aid Greece in her hour of need, he preferred to remain abroad. But when in 1924, after King Constantine's death, his son, King George, was forced to leave the country, Venizelos did return to power for a little while, until the failure of his health left him unable to deal longer with the complexities of Greek politics. Then for the second time he retired, announcing that he would devote himself thereafter to his beloved Thucydides.

Greek politics became a fantasmagoria of cabinets which rapidly succeeded each other, of dictatorships, revolts, plots, punctuated by gory executions. Then gradually out of this chaos order began to return. Greece gave signs of being weary of political unrest, of willingness to settle down, though the elections of 1926 showed only a somewhat wavering allegiance to republican forms of government. Last May Venizelos returned to Athens, declaring that only by his presence could Greece be saved from a *coup d'état* on the part of one of the two parties which stand at opposite ends of the political scale — the Royalists or the

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Eleutherios Venizelos

Who, like Napoleon, returns from an island to rule his country once more.

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Anarchists. At first he avoided office and tried to work through other men's cabinets. This August, after a sweeping victory at the polls, he became Premier himself, formed his own cabinet, and at the age of sixty-four entered on his third period of power.

He has seen ten revolutions and has taken part in eight. He would like to go back to Crete with its roses and its olive trees and the buried palaces of the ancient kings at Cnossos. But if republican Greece is to have done with puppet monarchs, and opera-bouffe dictators, and the unending turmoils they occasion, it must have a stabilizer. Venizelos has come back to power to steady this most mercurial of states.

Thucydides has waited twenty-four centuries. He will have to wait a little longer.

The Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux

ON November 1, 1928, Rodolphe Lemieux will be sixty-two years old, and will have completed his sixth year as Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons at Ottawa. His occupancy of this difficult office has been so successful that it is commonly said in Canadian party circles that a change of government would in no wise endanger his continuance in office. This bespeaks a remarkable man.

Rodolphe Lemieux is a native of Montreal, where his father held an unimportant office in the customs service. M. Lemieux is another illustrious instance of the rise to eminence in Canadian public life of a man whose ancestry was undistinguished. Recent Canadian history is replete with such examples, — Sir Lomer Gouin, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Sir Wilfred Laurier. All these men had humble beginnings and rose through their own ability to the highest positions in the gift of their country.

The Speaker of the House of Commons was educated at a small diocesan college and at Laval University, that great institution of higher learning which deprives Harvard by two years of the honor of being the oldest north of the Rio Grande. M. Lemieux entered the law and practised in Montreal with one of the best known firms of the city. He was, in his early thirties, considered so brilliant that he was made an instructor in the Law Department of the University, and wrote two books which still hold their place in Canadian jurisprudence: *De la Contrainte par Corps* and *Les Origines du Droit Franco-Canadien.*

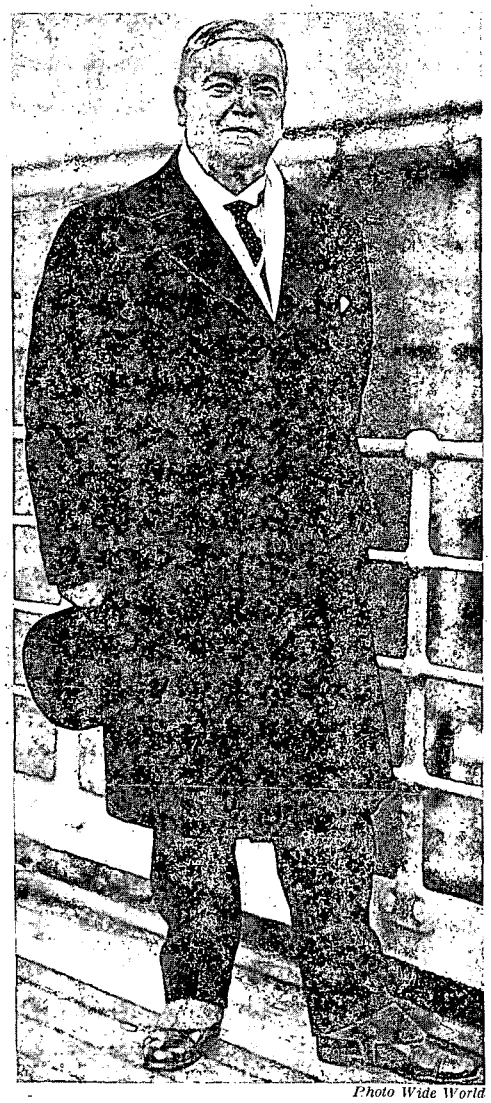
It is characteristic of the type of which M. Lemieux is an example that he should have married the daughter of one of the most distinguished men of his day, Chief Justice Sir Louis Jetté; so also have the men previously mentioned married women of high social position. This has had a salutary effect on Canadian Social life. Whatever crudeness, whatever lack of social grace may have remained from their humble origins, these 'new men' of Canada have quickly sloughed off from contact with a society as polished as any on the continent.

The Speaker's first political success was gained in the County of Gaspé, which forms a peninsula on the southern shore of the St. Lawrence River just where the River widens out into the Gulf. He has sat as the representative of Gaspé in the Canadian House of Commons almost continuously ever since this first election in 1896. Gaspé is, naturally enough, a somewhat primitive and exceedingly inaccessible part of the world, judged by some standards. It takes a whole day's ride on a fairly fast train to go from Quebec to Percé, the county's most important town. When M. Lemieux first campaigned in Gaspé, there was not a railroad in the county and he had to go from town to town over incredible roads in a rough buckboard which threatened to collapse at every step of the horse.

In the Canadian political system, as in the British, the foundation of all office is a seat in Parliament. M. Lemieux has for many years had a seat, if not from Gaspé, then from some other county in Quebec. His official positions have been of every nature and have invariably brought him honor and distinction. In 1902 he was made an Assistant Crown Prosecutor of the Montreal district; in 1904, Solicitor-General of Canada, and in 1906, Postmaster-General in the Cabinet of Sir Wilfred Laurier. It was during this ministry that he was sent on two missions abroad which required the greatest tact for their successful issue. In 1907 the Canadian Government was anxious to limit the number of immigrants from Japan. It delegated Rodolphe Lemieux to be a special envoy to the court of the Mikado, to arrive at the necessary understanding, and yet to retain the friendship of the Japanese people. He was highly successful in this delicate mission. Without incurring the least enmity for Canada in Japan, he arranged a limitation of immigration fully as rigorous as any ever demanded by the United States. The next year he went to England and persuaded His Majesty's Post Office to lower the cable rate to Canada, thereby facilitating the problems of countless Canadian business men.

What is the Honorable Rodolphe Lemieux's outstanding characteristic? It is difficult to find an answer. He has a brilliant mind, exceptional executive power, a charming personality. Yet his real greatness does not lie in any of these. Perhaps it is in a rare combination of qualities, indicated by the fact related at the beginning of this article, namely that if the Conservative party should come into power, it would wish to retain him as Speaker of the House. He knows how to be both tactful and yet immovably firm. He can reconcile almost any differences and send away the disputants, each feeling that he has had justice. It was this ability which, in 1922, enabled him to accomplish what no one else would have undertaken to do. He persuaded the French Government to cede permanently to the Canadian Government that little piece of France known to the world as Vimy Ridge, in order that an appropriate memorial might be erected to the Canadians who laid down their lives in the battle fought there.

This was the crowning achievement of a life devoted to reconciling differences rather than attracting public attention.



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THE HONORABLE RODOLPHE LEMIEUX

THE SPEAKER of the Canadian House of Commons about to leave on his annual trip to France

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Admiral Scheer

ON May 31, 1916, the German High Seas Fleet, under command of Admiral Scheer, steamed out from Kiel, where it had been blockaded for two years by the naval forces of Britain, and engaged the enemy. Challenging its manœuvers was the greatest assemblage of naval strength the world has seen, beside which the Spanish Armada would have looked like a fleet of fishermen's rowboats.

At two in the afternoon, the German advance flotilla opened fire on an advance formation of the British fleet; before night, the entire strength of the Kaiser's fleet and the pick of England's were in the throes of the Battle of Jutland, which the Encyclopædia Britannica has seen fit to describe as 'the greatest naval battle in history.'

The fighting lasted all night and into the middle of the next day. During a large part of this time, the British fleet managed to keep itself under the protection of a bank of fog lying off the Danish coast. Through the whole night, therefore, the German gunners could see nothing of their enemy except flashes of gun fire coming now from one, now from another part of the fog, and the flare of an explosion when a German shell or torpedo found its mark. The German commander, manœuvering his vessels in the open sea to the west, strove to offset his adversary's advantage of concealment by a series of brilliant tactical movements which, incidentally, had never before in naval history been accomplished in actual battle. Whether he won or not is left for the reader to judge. In any case, at the end of twelve hours of firing, the German fleet was able to withdraw and return to Kiel; the British losses in tonnage were twice those of the Germans — 120,000 to 60,000 tons, in round numbers, — and British casualties exceeded German casualties. But though the Germans may have won a tactical victory, the strategic advantage remained with the British. For the German fleet was never able to sail out in force again, and the high seas remained clear of all enemy vessels except submarines, making possible the steady flow of reinforcements and supplies which ultimately enabled the Allies to win.

At last America is to learn how the titanic struggle looked from the deck of a German warship; for late this autumn Admiral Scheer himself is coming across the Atlantic to do what so many of his fellow Europeans have done before him — make a lecture tour of the United States. For a few months the Teuton veteran will stand behind the speaker's table on brightly lighted platforms — instead of on a swaying bridge — and tell Americans how a great naval battle is fought.

Scheer, after passing through a period of early training that was much the same as that followed by any young German aspirant to naval honors, — save perhaps for helping to put down a native uprising in East Africa and receiving a decoration therefor — received his first command in 1901, when he was thirty-eight. Soon after, he was placed at the head of a torpedo-boat flotilla. From these smaller ships he was graduated in 1907 to be master of the battleship *Elsass* (Today it is the French who proudly give one of their ships that name!). Two years later he was made Chief of Staff of the High Seas Fleet. Then followed rapid rise through the Ministry of Marine to a Vice-Admiralcy and finally, in January 1916, to his appointment as chief of the German High Seas Fleet.

Three months later came the Battle of Jutland. Although he emerged from it as an Admiral, at the time of the battle itself Scheer was only a professional sea-fighter who had begun to be known, perhaps, in higher German naval circles, but who was not even a 'name' outside restricted official groups. Conditions under which public service was carried on in Imperial Germany differed greatly from those prevailing in the United States. In Germany, there was no 'pitiless publicity' surrounding official life, similar to that which often falls to the lot of many public officials in this country. Under the protecting cover of 'silent efficiency,' innumerable men spent their lives in government service, sometimes doing highly important work, but never illumined by the spotlight of public attention unless sheer chance happened to bring them into it. Admiral Scheer was one of these. His fate differed from that of most of them only in that he happened to be in a position of high responsibility at a moment when the heavens fell.

Americans will see him to-day as a man of medium stature, his jaw set sternly, his face clean-shaven save for a stubbly moustache, his body vigorous in spite of his sixty-five years. His eyes, so those who know him say, rivet the attention of the stranger. Fellow officers have called them 'fascinating.' In the navy, he was known for his 'correctness' (to be pronounced emphatically, the r's rolled with gusto). He is severe — and as severe with himself as with others. He has plenty of physical courage: throughout the battle of Jutland he remained on the bridge of his flagship, preferring its exposed position to the protection of the commander's turret near by, where his range of vision would have been hampered. He is a German fighter of the old régime.

Only a year ago, Count von Luckner, German naval raider, made a swing around the American coasts in his own fighting sloop, landing at many ports and addressing gatherings of American business and club men. Admiral Scheer comes as the second outstanding enemy figure of the War to undertake to crash the gates of our country. That such proceedings are possible, scarcely ten years after citizens of the two nations were trying to kill as many of each other as they could, illustrates how far the United States has gone, in this short period, toward forgetting war hatred. It does not mean that Scheer has renounced any one of his beliefs of pre-Armistice days. On the contrary. His entire naval life was lived under the command of the Kaiser; he was a human part of the German System; he believed in German Right and German Might; and, to judge from recent utterances, he has not for a moment lost faith in the old traditions. Listen to him addressing a gathering of veterans of the Imperial Navy at Berlin in August, when he lamented the fact that the German Foreign Ministry 'did not seem to approve' President Hindenburg's recent public reiteration of Germany's innocence of war guilt. 'Will it always be thus?' asked the Admiral. 'No, I am firmly convinced that honor and pride are not dead among us. Your large attendance at this gathering attests it. . . . Above all, remember the bright traditions of the German people, who have always held the dominant place among the nations. If you are actuated by these sentiments, then will our people be master of our fate!'

Gaston Doumergue

IN the Spring of 1917, just before the machine guns of the Russian Revolution began to sputter in the streets of Petrograd, a French High Commission arrived in the old Imperial capital. At its head was a short, gray-haired, cheerful Southerner named Gaston Doumergue, who represented a France still hopeful of persuading the failing Russians to gather their forces together and fight as France had counted on them to fight.

Several young Russian liberals, who stood midway between Tsarism and Communism, were asked to dinner to meet Doumergue. The little French commissioner, a sturdy bourgeois of old provincial stock, placid and soft-spoken, contrasted strangely with these worried,

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excitable Russians. They wanted an immediate revolution, moderate but involving the Tsar's abdication, to forestall the upheaval of the masses that many were predicting. Doumergue, who came from a country familiar with revolutions, counseled patience.

'Patience!' cried the irritated Russians, misunderstanding him. 'We have had patience for three hundred years!'

'I said *patience*, not *resignation*,' answered the little Frenchman quietly. And this ready reply, with its apt distinction between the two words, typifies the Frenchman who, though his unostentatious capability has brought him to the Presidency of the Republic, has never forced an issue unnecessarily, never allowed himself to be hurried, never lost his good humor or his poise.

Gaston Doumergue has been patient. His rise from the sleepy Southern village of Aigues-Vives in the Department of the Gard, where vineyards slope toward the Rhône, to the Élysée Palace by the Seine, has been a quiet, unhurried progress. He practised law for five years in the old Roman city of Nîmes near his home, before the wanderlust took him first as a magistrate to the rice-plains of Cochin-China, France's far-eastern colony on the Gulf of Siam, then as a special justice to Algeria. In 1893, when he was thirty, his southern friends in Nîmes sent him north to Paris to represent them in the Chamber; and by 1914 he had behind him a twenty-one-year record of unobtrusive service to his country, as Minister for the Colonies, Minister of Commerce, Minister of Education, and Premier.

When he fell from the Premiership in the Spring of 1914, largely because he was one of the few who saw which way the European wind was blowing and had backed the three-year military training law against popular opposition, he went off to the Austrian Tyrol for a vacation. War came while he was climbing in the Pink Dolomites; and Premier Viviani telegraphed him to come back and take first the Foreign Ministry, then the Ministry of the Colonies, where his experience in Cochin-China and Algeria helped him through the task of assuring France's war-time supply of colonial troops and raw materials.

In January 1924 he was elected President of the Senate. Then, the following June, his unexpected chance came. The Left Bloc in the Chamber was at loggerheads with the Nationalist Bloc, and President Millerand, an impatient Nationalist, took sides, as no French President should. They hunted this violator of traditions from the Élysée Palace, and Parliament met in the Chateau of Versailles to choose a successor who could be counted on to refrain from such offenses. After one of the most exciting sessions in French republican history, during which Doumergue was the calmest man present, they elected the little Southerner President of France — because they had confidence in him as a traditionalist, a conciliator, a peace-lover, a man of patience.

To-day, after four years as President, with three years still to serve, he is sixty-five years old: a dapper little gentleman of compact build, alert in his movements, with short, iron-gray hair above a high forehead, a brush-like gray moustache, and twinkling eyes. The rigid routine and the guard to which he is subjected irk him, and twice a week at noon he is allowed to slip away to his bachelor apartment in the Avenue Wagram, where he lunches with a few friends, sips a liqueur, and smokes a quiet cigar before he is whisked back to the Élysée Palace again. Incidentally, he is France's first bachelor president, a fact which allowed the whole nation to chuckle when a fish-wife in Carcassonne, who happened to have married another Gaston Doumergue, put up a sign above her stall: 'Buy your fish from Mme. Gaston Doumergue.'

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GASTON DOUMERGUE

HE WEARS the cross of *Grand Maître de l'Ordre de la Légion d'Honneur*, a decoration and an office reserved for the President of the French Republic.

In France, as in most countries governed through a responsible ministry, the President is likely to be overshadowed by figures who exercise a more real power, such as the Prime Minister and the Minister of Foreign Affairs. It is for this reason that during the recent signing of the Anti-War Pact in Paris, the names of Briand and Poincaré were blazoned before the newspaper public in great letters while Doumergue, in the background, contented himself with exchanging rubber stamp telegrams of congratulations with President Coolidge. Under such circumstances, people tend to forget Doumergue the politician, who has served his country quietly and capably for thirty-five years and whose presidential speeches are models of fluency, effectiveness, and moderation. They see only Doumergue the individual, who in the social phases of the presidency has achieved a popularity almost without parallel in French history. No one can resist his charm of manner, his humor, his cordial Southern speech. They say that once when Queen Mary of England visited Paris while Doumergue was Premier, he offered her the wrong arm to take her to dinner, and was corrected by his chamberlain. But as he rushes about his capital, laying cornerstones, attending receptions, perspiring in a frock coat and top hat but always smiling, everyone melts before his '*Profondément touché*,' '*Infiniment touché*,' which has become as famous in France as Roosevelt's 'Deelighted' was in America. They call him '*L'homme qui rit*' and 'Smiling Gastonnet.'

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The Carlisle Experiment

A Lively Discussion of and Report Upon a British Effort at Drink Control Through Public Ownership of Public Houses

By Ernest E. Williams

From *The National Review* (London Conservative Monthly)

IN 1916 some 10,000 Irish navvies were dumped upon the neighborhood of Carlisle for the construction of the Gretna munition works. They were paid more money than they had ever seen; they were worked hard; they drank hard. The police and the publicans of this quiet country town and district were unable to cope with the problem. The Liquor Control Board saw the occasion for exercising the dictatorial emergency powers conferred upon it by Parliament. Whether the exercise of those powers in the manner in which they were exercised would have solved the problem of reducing the navvies to sobriety is open to grave doubt — probably nothing much short of prohibition would have been fully effective — but the opportunity for making the test never, in fact, arose; the advent of the Control Board synchronized with the departure of the navvies. Yet, having made its arrangements, the Control Board dug itself in, and has continued its occupation, as a Social Experiment, ever since.

THE introduction into the House of Lords of a Bill to provide for the extension throughout the country of the Carlisle experiment in State public-houses makes that experiment once more a matter of topical interest. I have just refreshed my early impressions by a second visit. That was necessary in any case, if one was to obtain a first-hand impression of Carlisle as it is to-day, for the earlier visit was in 1916, some six months only after the advent of the Liquor Control Board. Then the experiment was in the raw. There had been little time for remodeling; the terms of transfer even had not been finally settled; the disturbing conditions of the war overshadowed everything; and the Control Board was more occupied with the imposition of restrictions upon drinking than with any other aspect in the case. Yet another aspect was in view. Lord D'Abernon, the Chairman of the Board, had imbibed the True Temperance Association's policy of public-house improvement, and had essayed to put it into practice at the beginning of his reign at Carlisle. The converted post-office — the Gretna Tavern — was already before the public as a model of the improved house; but for the rest, little change had been made by October 1916. A year or two later Lord D'Abernon asked me to go again, when I should see, he said, vast progress; and I promised to do so, but the occasion did not come until 1928, when those in control had had twelve years in which to develop their experiment. And that is a sufficiently long time to justify a definite judgment on the work, more especially since there has been every reason for rapid development — access to unlimited funds, freedom from the restrictions of the licensing laws, the stimulating searchlight of public interest.

I wondered what I should see. I had heard and read a prodigious amount, and believed only a modest proportion of it; for I had long since learned that Carlisle is one of those places, or institutions, where the visitor finds what he goes to look for. The contemptuous supporter of 'the Trade,' the fanatical enemy of 'drink,' however served, the enthusiast for 'disinterested management,' the believer in anything State-run — all come away from Carlisle confirmed in the faith which animated them before going to it. In my own mind I was just wondering how it would strike me.

And so on various occasions I sallied forth, in no particular direction, gazing at the exteriors of the public-houses, and — at decorous intervals, for to go even into a State public-house means ordering a drink — at the interiors of some of them.

Among them was the Apple Tree Inn. This hostelry is new, built on the site of an old public-house and adjoining demolished buildings. Neatness is a word which occurs to the observer of its exterior. I went upstairs, to a sort of smoking-room. There was a bar in it, but a notice requesting the customer not to have his drinks there sent me shuffling away. A smiling damsel emerged from behind the bar and came across to my seat.

'You are not a Carlisle man?' she queried, with a note of accusation in her voice. I blushed and acknowledged my shame.

THOUGH the Eighteenth Amendment of the United States Constitution is not likely soon to be repealed, the federal enforcement law (Volstead Act) may be earlier modified. With any such modification certain features of the so-called 'Carlisle System' may be considered as worthy of adoption.

The Carlisle System, or 'Experiment,' involved an effort by the British government at drink control through public ownership of the public houses. It was initiated in 1916 under circumstances stated in the accompanying article and has since continued. A movement is now under way to secure the enactment by Parliament of a measure which would extend throughout Britain by local option the 'Carlisle System.' The author of this article, Mr. Ernest E. Williams, examines and discusses the Carlisle Experiment in a manner sure to arouse interest in the States, where anything concerning the regulation of liquor traffic by the public authorities challenges widespread public attention. Just at this time the various phases of prohibition are coming in for especially keen consideration as the foremost issue in a presidential campaign.

It should be here stated that it has been suggested, with what truth we know not, that Mr. Williams is, for some mysterious reason, 'too friendly' with the Brewers or the Trade to present an impartial survey of the matter. The reader will, therefore, be alert to discern whether bias is indicated by the tone of the paper, characterized by a correspondent of *The Observer* (London) as ingenious and subtle propaganda against public ownership and operation.

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'This is our model house,' she said, and her smile showed that she regarded it as a satisfactory model. It therefore behooved the visitor to note the surroundings with care.

What I first noted was a spacious apartment, surrounded by dark paneling, dotted with dark-hued chairs and tables to correspond, the gloom lightened by a blue carpet and white or cream-washed walls over the paneling, and flowers here and there on the tables. This at first glance was pleasing. But a second and more critical survey awoke the feeling one has on looking at a similar scene in a theatre. Superficially the *tout ensemble* was effective; looked at more closely it turned out to be rather shoddy. This was a pity. It was 'spoiling the ship for a penn'orth of tar.' I recalled the real oak and the real artistry I had seen in more than one public-house in private ownership — such as the Cross Guns at Birmingham or the beautiful paneling of the tea-room in a little Devonshire village house, the Seven Stars at King's Kerswell — and it seemed as odd as it was disappointing that this State institution, with its unwanted profits available for good work, should have lowered itself to cheap imitation; for the wood was not oak at all, and the staining did not make it look like oak, but like a creosoted fence.

A glance round the room gave rise to another and more serious criticism. There was nothing to do but drink — no suggestion to occupy in any other way the leisure to which the visitor was invited, no newspapers or magazines, no provision for games, no opportunity for music (such as the piano which had figured at the Gretna Tavern) or wireless, no writing-table or materials for writing or telephone, no display of cigarettes or tobacco or sweets. Food may have been obtainable, but there was nothing in the room to bring the opportunity to one's notice. But the presence of such things as these is just what marks the improved public-house — a place of general refreshment and entertainment. It is not enough to provide a theatrical imitation of a country-house smoking-room, and give the patron nothing to do but drink beer and whisky. True, I have come across a similar misconception of the function of the improved public-house under private ownership, where, however, there was the difference that the houses were really beautiful. But the State in its model house should manifest more regard for the public service. It should remember that in the Regulations issued under the Act which established the Liquor Control Board power was given to provide 'such entertainment or recreation for persons frequenting the premises as the Board think fit,' including even 'postal and banking facilities.' The State management should bestir itself, and use its imagination to provide this entertainment and recreation on a more generous scale.

I FOUND this poverty of refreshment illustrated in another house at which I called. It is a well-built house standing back from the road on the outskirts of the city, and it advertises a putting-green as its particular attraction. The hour of my call was a little after lunch-time — not the time when the average temperate individual wants to go on drinking alcoholic fluids, but particularly the time when coffee appeals; and I did appeal for that beverage, but the attendant informed me that they could not supply my want. There was nothing, therefore, left but to drink whisky. But surely this is wrong. A public-house exists to supply the varied reasonable requirements of the public. Moreover, the supporters of State management use as their principal argument for the transfer of public-houses to the State the assertion that in brewery-owned public-houses the sole desire is to push the products of the brewery; and here is a State public-house doing the same thing! Where, however, coffee is supplied, it is good. At one house — the Albion Tavern — in the morning, I was served with as palatable a cup as a man could wish for. But the Management controls some two hundred houses.

There does not appear even to be reasonable variety in the malt liquors supplied. Twice I tried to get a glass of stout. At one house bottled stout, which I had not asked for, was brought; I don't know if it was of the State brewery's manufacture or not; the other house informed me that they had no draught stout. On two or three occasions on which I drank the ale supplied, I was not impressed, but perhaps my palate is not educated. As to the whisky, a Scotsman in my company, while admitting it was drinkable, said it would not be called whisky on his side of the border. Perhaps that was racial prejudice. But it behooves the State, if it supplies a beverage at all, to supply the best quality; the British Empire has a reputation to maintain.

The note of the Carlisle public-houses is best expressed by the phrase 'decorous drinking.' The system is criticized for the very small amount of food consumed in the houses (see last year's Report of the Public Accounts Committee and the searching examination of Sir John Sykes), but I don't attach much importance to that. There are other good reasons besides eating for visiting a public-house. It may well be that in a country town like Carlisle, as in the mining centres, the habit of men is to eat at home and drink away; and that habit may easily account for the disappointing food supply returns in Carlisle. It does not, however, account for the lack of variety in refreshment, nor for the absence of other forms of entertainment. At Carlisle, just as much as in the country generally, there is emphasized unduly the drinking function of a public-house; there is the suggestion that the public-house is just a place in which to drink alcoholic liquors — only Carlisle says: Do it decorously. That decorousness is almost amusingly illustrated in the exteriors as well as in the interiors of the houses, which are neat and tidy, but so decorously, so unnecessarily drab. I have been told that Carlisle is known in the north as Merry Carlisle. To one coming from the south the appellation does not rise to the lips as the unique descriptive phrase. It may fit the people — and, indeed, one seems to detect a pleasant cheerfulness about the city's inhabitants beyond what is customary — but the phrase hardly applies to the city's buildings, and the State public-house architects have certainly not added, as they might have done, to the aptness of the phrase. One thinks of the beautiful inns which give charm to other towns; and the contrast with the State type of public-house architecture at Carlisle — the exteriors of preëxisting inns have been extensively changed by the State management — is displeasing. One is reminded of a respectable middle-aged lady visiting a public-house, anxious not to be observed, and dressing herself in a particularly prim and retiring fashion for the purpose.

All this may sound critical to the point of unfriendliness, but it is not meant so. Let me remove the impression by rebutting some of the criticisms which I have heard and read *ad nauseam*. Stories are told of the drunkenness rife in Carlisle, for which the State system is by innuendo blamed. During my perambulations of the city I did not see, inside or outside the public-houses, a single person in a condition even remotely approaching insobriety. But that is not saying very much to-day. It is rather difficult to find drunken people anywhere now; the few that are left seem to hide themselves behind the steering-wheels of motor-cars. I might be told that I did not see Carlisle on a Saturday night; it is Saturday night which the critics of Carlisle habitually select for their visits of detection. But anything seen on a Saturday night is dis-

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counted by the fact that everywhere there is more drinking on Saturday night than at any other time in the week, and mere noisiness on such occasions is apt to be mistaken for drunkenness. It is true that Carlisle does not stand where a State Control city should stand, to justify the supporters of the system, at the head of the country's towns in the matter of sobriety, as illustrated by a low ratio of drunkenness convictions; Carlisle is, in fact, somewhere about midway. But there is really not much importance to be attached to these figures. Prosecutions for drunkenness may be an index to the vigilance or otherwise of the police as much as to the habits of the population. Then, again, the most sober town may find its police-courts busy owing to incursions of rowdy visitors. Drunkenness prosecutions in Carlisle are much fewer than they were before the war; but so are drunkenness prosecutions everywhere else. The upshot of these various considerations is that the State system at Carlisle neither promotes nor discourages temperance. Temperance is a negligible factor in the problem. Advocates of extension of the system must rely on some more solid reason for their proposal.

IT IS alleged against Carlisle that patrons of its public-houses do not get good service. As to the variety and quality of the refreshment provided, there is substance in the allegation, particularly if the standard for comparison is, not the existing provision elsewhere, but the provision which a State organization, setting itself upon a pedestal, ought to make. But it is sometimes alleged that the personal service in the Carlisle houses is bad, that the attendants are 'disinterested' to the point of inattentiveness and discourtesy. That allegation, so far as my experience goes, is an unfounded libel. I have never seen such cheerful, courteous service anywhere as in the Carlisle public-houses, and the women in charge seem thoroughly interested in the success of their work. I noted one small but significant illustration of the interested disinterestedness of the attendants. At one house a man with me was supplied with a glass of beer. A minute or so afterwards the girl came back with another glass and whisked away the first. On being asked why, she said she did not think the beer looked quite bright enough in the first glass, though my friend had made no complaint, either by word or look.

It will be gathered that there are lessons to be learned from Carlisle. The Trade has something to learn — not much — because, as the many and increasing instances up and down the country show, when the Trade starts improving its houses it does something very much better than anything Carlisle has produced after its twelve years of experiment; but in respect to the ordinary unimproved public-house the Trade may well take a lesson from the neatness and cleanliness of the Carlisle houses — the provision of ample seating accommodation, the absence of garish decorations and advertisements. But the State management at Carlisle has much to learn from the Trade; and the sooner it betakes itself to a study of the Trade's improved houses the sooner will it establish itself as an institution worthy of support. That there should be this need for the State, with all its advantages and its lack of necessity to make a profit, to go to the Trade for lessons at all is the deadliest criticism against State management as at present conducted.

But criticism must go deeper. In the Carlisle area and the one or two other areas in Scotland the State has acquired a monopoly. That is not good. If private ventures and State ventures were running side by side in a spirit of friendly emulation, the public would surely be better served; and the readmission of private enterprise is the most reasonable solution of the question as to the continued maintenance of the Carlisle system.

BUT it is now proposed to extend the system. That is the big question which bothered the Southborough Committee, whose report last year jibbed at advocating extension; but one or two municipalities are flirting with the idea, and the Liquor (Disinterested Ownership and Management) Bill now before the House of Lords is designed to extend it throughout England and Wales in all areas which can be induced to vote for it. Is that worth doing? It will not encourage temperance, and temperance reformers can put out of their minds any idea that it will; but that doesn't matter very much, for sobriety is being encouraged by all sorts of other factors. There are those who favor extension, and who call themselves temperance reformers, whose real purpose is to smash the trade, out of which they have made a kind of bogey; but these people and their friends might usefully remember that the machinations they attribute to the Trade, and which are absurdly exaggerated, merely represent the defensive action of people who have been, and are being, relentlessly attacked. The Trade's political activities could be checked without extinguishing the trade: it could be achieved by ceasing to harry and threaten it. As to the profits made by the Trade, it may be — I think it should be — that we should work for social conditions under which no one will make any profit in any public service; but in the meantime there is no more reason why profits should not be made by those who provide alcoholic refreshment than by the purveyors of non-alcoholic beverages or any other commodity or service. And on the question of profits, care will have to be taken that State public-houses in their turn are not run for profit-making purposes. That is a real danger. The experience of Russia, of Scandinavia, and now of the Canadian provinces, affords an effective warning.

If something like Carlisle is desirable throughout the country, it must be something also which is unlike Carlisle. It must be something which will avoid monopoly, and it should be something in the nature of a local rather than a State business. Certainly the national State is not the appropriate body for managing the domestic industry of public-houses. If they are to be in the hands of any kind of public body, the municipality is quite large enough for the purpose.

The origin of the Carlisle experiment was essentially repressive, its purpose being to check an abnormal outbreak of excessive drinking; but the determination of the public-house problem, in these sober days, needs to be approached from a quite different angle — the standpoint of how best to provide an important public service. The drab reticence of the Carlisle houses and other features — above all, the system's monopolistic character — reflect the original purpose, which still warps and hampers the system's development. One is prompted to suggest that, instead of extending this curious Carlisle experiment, it would be better to begin *de novo*, and think out from the appropriate viewpoint the right methods, which may turn out to be entirely different.

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The World Looks at Al Smith

By Jesse Isidor Straus

Overseer of Harvard University, New York Merchant, Recently Returned from a Five Months' Tour of England, France, and Italy

EUROPEAN interest in this presidential campaign seems to be keener than in any other in recent years. There is constant questioning of the traveling American, and by classes of people who surprise one. The press apparently senses the anxiety of readers to learn something of the characters and policies of the candidates. Even in the French dailies, which to us are woefully lacking in news both domestic and foreign, our campaign is given unusual space. On reflection, one realizes why.

We are today the leading nation of the world, financially, economically, commercially. Envied and abused, or admired and praised, Europe has more to seek from us than ever before, except during 1917 and 1918. That need was urgent and imperative, but there would be an end to it. Today the need is equally urgent, though of different character. It will, in all probability, continue for years. Many questions that we regard of purely domestic concern, tariff, immigration, prohibition, the Kellogg treaty, vitally affect the rest of the world.

In the platforms of the two principal parties we ourselves can discover little difference. Each party condemns the efforts and accomplishments of its adversary, and makes vague promises. In the traditional names, the foreigner finds no clue to policy. If one explains that the Republican party bears some resemblance to the Conservative party of his ken, and the Democratic to the Liberal, the continental queries what gradations there are from right to left, and the Briton seeks for the liberal tendencies in the Conservative platform. He fails to find them, and in the explanation that the Republican party is stand pat, reactionary, he is mystified that the twentieth century will tolerate toryism. Despite keen intellectual interpretations of our political and economic philosophy, from Bryce to Siegfried, which the present writer opines receive greater and more interested attention in America than in the countries of their births, comprehension by and large of our problems is as superficial as is the constantly repeated accusation of our failure to understand theirs.

And so the following excerpts from the European press, though catering to an unusual interest in our present campaign, evidence, as did those quoted by Mr. Willcox in the September LIVING AGE, failure to appreciate essentials.

From the Passing Show, London

AL SMITH IN BRITISH EYES

DAVID WILSON, the British caricaturist who depicted Mr. Hoover in last month's LIVING AGE, tries his hand on the Democratic candidate.

THE continent of Europe has discovered Al Smith. His life, his personality, his policies, and his prospects of success are being eagerly discussed in all newspapers; for the man who may stand at the helm of the American government during the next four years is a man in whom Europeans necessarily feel a lively interest.

Inevitably there are some amusing errors. The nickname Al is a serious puzzle to some writers. *Il Popolo d'Italia* rechristens him 'Albert Smith,' and *Le Correspondant* describes him as 'Alexander Smith, of the Saint Tammany Association,' explaining learnedly that he is 'the best governor that the great *city* of New York has ever had.' *La Tribuna* (Rome) refers to him casually as 'il *senatore* Smith,' and *Cyrano*, a Parisian weekly, describes him as one of President Wilson's 'collaborators' at the Peace Conference, which — let us charitably hope through a misprint — it dates in the year 1914!

The better informed writers of the European press deal at length with Governor Smith's political record and his remarkable personal history. 'Al Smith has proved an astute administrator of the greatest state in the Union,' says an editorial writer in the London *Star*, 'and possesses the magnetism of a Roosevelt and far more practical common sense than a Bryan. Smith is a far stronger opponent than the Republican Party likes to admit.'

'It is his peculiar strength,' asserts the London *Times*, 'that he combines a great record of progressive legislation, not only with outstanding efficiency, but with an instinct for the sane limits of Government action.'

'M. Alfred Smith, Governor of the state of New York,' according to *Le Temps* (Paris), 'is the kind of self-made man, who by a prodigious exertion of will power, intelligence, and furious hard work has fought his way to a political position of the first rank in his country.'

'It was not deemed possible,' says the *New Statesman*, London labor weekly, 'that a Roman Catholic could be nominated by one of the great parties as a candidate for the Presidency; it was believed to be almost equally impossible for a candidate to come out of the newer immigrant communities which, during the past thirty years, have come to be a most important element in the life of the great cities. The notion that a President, or even a serious candidate for the presidency, could spring from the East Side of New York City would, to the great majority of Americans, have seemed merely fantastic. Alfred E. Smith is such a candidate, the first of a new order.'

'Al Smith is recognized by friends and opponents alike,' it continues, 'as a politician of a new kind. He is sincere and outspoken, singularly free from the "bunk" of American politics, and, what is more remarkable still, an administrator of great talent and energy. The best tribute to Al Smith is the general praise he has won as a scientific reformer of the government of New York, revealing thereby an interest in the craft of administration such as American students of politics do not expect to find in the affairs of any state. To this character and record, Al Smith adds an original mind and vital personality which makes him the most popular figure in American public life.'

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'The popularity of the Governor of New York,' says the *Journal des Débats*, 'is due quite as much to his character, his record, and his personality as to the qualities of an excellent organizer and administrator which he has constantly shown. That the origin of Monsieur Alfred Smith is very humble is certainly an advantage in a country where — except in New England — a man is esteemed for what he is and what he has done, and where people are always glad to learn that success has come to a man who has deserved it "amid equality of opportunity for all."'

In the view of the *Manchester Guardian* he is 'an example of that rarest kind of public man — the politician who combines all the popular arts with a fine gift for the tasks of government.'

'Mr. Smith may best be described,' according to the London *Sunday Times*, 'as a Roosevelt born without Roosevelt's early opportunities. Born among the poorest of the poor in the slums of a pitiless city, he has hewed his way upwards just as Roosevelt would have done. At every stage of his advancement he has justified the confidence of "the plain people." He has shown himself one of the best governors New York State ever had. A great popular leader, he is nothing of a demagogue and still less of a mischief maker. Our own Labor men would probably stand aghast at his moderation and essential conservatism. A great political manager, he is neither tied to, nor is he the product of, any "machine." He is his own master as few men in American politics have ever been. But what makes his nomination a really remarkable event in American history is, partly, that he is the first son of the streets to be put forward for the office, and partly that he is a Roman Catholic.'

PRESS comment on the Smith candidacy throughout Europe shows great interest both in his ancestry and in his religion. In Vienna, the Socialist *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, blissfully unaware that President Coolidge is the first New England President since Chester A. Arthur, explains to its audience of presumably class-conscious proletarians that 'for the son of an Irish workman to become President in the Capitol at Washington, hitherto always sacred to the money-aristocracy of the New England states, would in itself be a kind of American revolution.'

The religious issue is openly discussed — on the whole, perhaps, more frankly than in the United States and without any shame-faced evasiveness; for Europe has never made any bones about mingling religion with its politics. Practically every country has its clerical party, frankly labeled as such. The London Catholic weekly, the *Universe*, says bluntly that 'Governor Smith will be handicapped in the election by Anti-Catholic prejudice, which is very strong in many parts of the country.' In Turin, Father Filippo Robotti, a young Dominican priest who has just returned from America, has given *La Stampa* an interview in which he points out that Mr. Hoover — whom he calls 'Hower' consistently throughout the interview, — is 'the first Quaker who has aspired to the Presidency, and Smith is the first Catholic who has advanced his candidacy. There is no questioning the fact that the twenty-five million Catholics of the United States sympathize with Smith and that he will get the great majority of their votes.' Racial questions, he thinks, will also enter into the balloting.

IN Paris, the *Journal des Débats* still remembers and attaches great importance to the Smith letter in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in April, 1927, which, it says, displayed 'great argumentative strength and unusual eloquence.' 'This letter had such a resounding effect upon American public opinion that thousands of people in every state in the union, who had at first been either prejudiced or hostile, became devoted adherents of the Governor of New York.'

Le Temps agrees with the *Journal des Débats* as to the importance of the *Atlantic Monthly* letter. 'The argument most used against him,' it says, 'is that, since he is a Catholic, it would be difficult to place him at the head of a country where Protestant influences wholly preponderate. But Monsieur Smith has himself given such assurances on this subject that the Catholic religious authorities have felt it necessary to disengage themselves entirely from his candidacy, if not to combat it.' This opinion agrees entirely with that expressed by M. Bernard Fay in last month's LIVING AGE.

'His membership in the Catholic church,' says the *Manchester Guardian*, which is not given to prejudices, 'is in itself a challenge to the solid Democratic South, which is one of the strongest Protestant regions in the world.'

The distinguished Italian historian, Guglielmo Ferrero, writing in *El Sol* (Madrid) says: 'For the first time a Catholic is a candidate for the Presidency of the United States; that is, of the most Protestant republic in the world. For the first time there are citizens who will or will not vote for Mr. Smith because of his religious beliefs. And there is something even more extraordinary: the first Catholic candidate represents the Democratic party, which in North America corresponds with what in Europe we call the Party of the Left, the Party of liberalism and the masses, in contrast with the Republican party which is conservative and represents the privileges of the wealthier classes.'

AMERICA'S experiment with prohibition has been watched from the beginning with lively interest throughout Europe. It has given rise to much unfavorable comment, especially in the wine-producing countries whose exports have suffered in consequence. Governor Smith's well-known desire for a change in the Volstead Act is therefore the subject of much comment. 'Everybody agrees that Monsieur Al Smith's accession to power will see the end of prohibition,' says *Cyrano*. The *Daily News* (London) is sure that Governor Smith's famous letter 'can only mean modification of the prohibition law.' 'If elected, he will modify it if he can,' says the London *Observer*.

Although most foreign editorial writers refrain from specific prophecy as to the outcome of the elections, a number of them allude to the factors making for a Democratic success. Sometimes they contradict each other. Thus the *Journal de Genève* believes that 'the growing economic depression works in favor of Monsieur Smith,' and that he could win against any Republican candidate except Mr. Hoover; whereas in Paris the *Journal des Débats* holds the opposite view: 'There can be no doubt that the choice of Monsieur Hoover as presidential candidate by the Republican convention has greatly improved Democratic chances of returning to power on the sixth of next November.' The London *Times*, never hasty in committing itself, observes simply that 'it is impossible to say what are the chances of Mr. Smith's being elected as President. If he can rely on the South being solid in his favor, his chances are good indeed.'

The uncompromisingly Conservative *Daily Telegraph* concludes a lengthy leading article with the observation that Governor Smith, as 'the most popular candidate that has come forward since the days of Roosevelt, may bring about some startling changes on the electoral map of the United States.' The *Manchester Guardian* attaches great importance to the support of Mr. Owen D. Young and Mr. John J. Raskob. 'These two names carry immense weight with the business public of America,' it says, 'and there can be no doubt that in securing them at the outset of his campaign Governor Smith has done the one thing calculated to make the Republicans look upon him

(*Continued on page 160*)

Next Month: 'The Contrasting Foreign Policies of Smith and Hoover'

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Motion Picture Propaganda Against Latin America

A Vehement Protest that all the Villains are Latin-Americans in North American Films

By Alberto M. C. Fournier

From *Nosotros* (Buenos Aires Critical Monthly)

YANKEE political propaganda as expressed in moving pictures has interested me for many years, and I have already made many speeches about it. Writing to-day in Syria, far from the West, far from my South American homeland, I see the evil growing day by day. Even here in Beirut, in Damascus, in Jerusalem, I can see once more the damage that is being done by the United States with its policy of methodically discrediting Latin America by means of that excellent medium for the diffusion of ideas, the motion picture.

As a means of propaganda, the cinema has left the press and the theatre far behind. If a newspaper in New York, in Paris, or in Berlin publishes an important article concerning a foreign nation, no doubt it will be read by a great many Yankees, Frenchmen, or Germans; and, if it has great political or economic interest, it may possibly be reprinted or commented upon by a few newspapers in other countries, in which case it will be read by a really considerable number of persons. But such reprinting is rare, for outside of the United States the press is a strictly national affair and newspapers and reviews in general do not cross national boundaries. International affairs interest the European press only when they apply directly to one particular nation. The cinema, on the other hand, is not national at all; neither frontiers nor languages offer any barriers to prevent its being understood by the diverse peoples of the world; for the cinema is essentially international. It penetrates to every country and to every hamlet, reaching the heart of the peoples of the earth from America to Oceania.

When a foreign newspaper publishes an unpleasant article about another country, the press of the nation unkindly alluded to hastens to correct the author, to reply to him, or to protest angrily, as the case may be. If the alien newspaper continues its attacks, the offended people ordinarily vent their indignation by organized meetings of protest, and the governments intervene.

In a theatre, when a play which wounds the pride of a people appears, especially if the author is a foreigner, the audience protests, hisses, and, if this is not sufficient, hurls missiles at the actors. The next day the whole press takes up the affair and attacks the manager, the author, and the actors who have dared to offend patriotic sentiment or the customs and traditions of the nation.

'AS A means of propaganda,' points out the author of this article, 'the cinema has left the press and the theatre far behind.' Furthermore, the cinema, in its pictorial effects, speaks a universal language which all peoples understand.

Whether, as charged by our author, the moving picture is being deliberately employed by the enemies of Latin America to misrepresent her moral and civic standards, her ideals and civilization, or whether it is that without any such purpose the villains of the movies are selected from types with which fiction and melodrama for several generations have been familiar, the reader is left to decide.

But what happens if the criticism, the jibe, the insult, is made by means of the cinema? The affront must then be very violent indeed before it arouses the public or the press. Since one does not ordinarily applaud a film, neither does one show dissatisfaction; and indignation is therefore not easily expressed. Perhaps the darkness of the moving picture theatre influences the crowd and makes collective enthusiasm or indignation less likely. And yet the cinema, with its veiled calumny, its insidious insults, does more harm than a newspaper article or a play.

THE United States of North America has made every effort to appear before the nations of the world as the protector of the new nations of Latin America. It makes no difference if history gives the lie to the United States' claims to disinterestedness or to its rôle of protector — which, by the way, does not exist. It makes no difference if those who believe in the Right lament unreasonable and arbitrary intervention by the United States; for Europe, which ignores all problems that do not affect her directly, nevertheless believes in this tutelage of the United States. Worse still, the Europeans and many of their badly informed rulers even suppose that the Latin peoples of America hold their northern neighbors in humble veneration.

Arbitrary intervention, violation of the most sacred rights, has not been enough. The United States of North America knows that Latin Americans are beginning to realize what is happening; that their indignation is growing; that, now they have reached their majority, many South American republics are well known in Europe; and that the game the United States is playing will hereafter be increasingly difficult. It is therefore high time that the United States should discredit these new nations before the world in order to keep her hands free and be able to follow her own desires.

The Yankees have therefore made a formidable political weapon of their ponderous moving picture industry. If they had used the press to discredit us, there would have been an immediate and violent protest. The theatre is useless for this purpose, because their playwrights do not interest the rest of the world. But by means of the cinema the Yankees are reaching all the peoples of the earth. They can picture us as they wish to foreign nations; and, to the worthy citizen of the United States of North America, a Latin American is almost always a villain and a Mexican a scoundrel.

The United States conducts this campaign to discredit Latin America with great prudence and cleverness. The propagandists never tire the public with too much repetition. Because of the adroitness with which the campaign is carried on, and because of the

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well-planned cuts which are made in the films when they are shown before South American audiences, many might consider this Yankee propaganda quite innocuous. This is not true. It is when one is far from home, among the peoples of Europe or of the Orient, that one gains a true appreciation of this moving-picture propaganda; for abroad, films of this type are run without any cuts whatsoever, and with captions which accentuate the intentional exaggeration or falsification in the picture.

I MIGHT cite many examples, but to avoid tiring the reader I will give only three.

In Genoa I saw a film entitled *Tango Trágico*, a story the scene of which was laid in Argentina. It is hardly necessary to say that our women were all hard-boiled or that most of the men were either bullfighters or cowboys. And the story itself? It was a drama of hatred and of blood, and included the following monstrosity. A pretty, passionate Argentine girl was accused of a crime. I do not remember exactly what that crime was, but I do know that it merited the odium of a whole city. The indignant people seized the guilty young woman. Then, 'in accordance with an old custom of the pampas,' said the caption, the rioters, in the presence of the unmoved police officials, bound the arms of the defenseless girl together, tied their victim to a cart, and dragged her through the streets of the town, stoning her and lashing her with whips. This 'old Argentine custom' did not leave a very good impression of us with the audience. I heard two women say: 'What a land of savages!'

When I last went to Damascus, I saw another film which I had previously seen in Nice and which provoked gales of laughter. This was a farce which began by showing very clearly the geographical setting of the story. It was Chili. A map of South America appeared on the screen, and on it an arrow indicated a little island close to the Chilean coast, just where the city of Valparaiso stands. In the film this island was called Paraiso. They had dropped only one syllable.

There in Latin America, in our sister country of Chili, a Yankee citizen, weak and timid, performed remarkable acts of valor. The city and its inhabitants were presented as living in the most abject squalor, which prepared the audience to jeer, when the citizen of the United States of North America defeated, with the aid of a gigantic savage, a whole army of filthy, barefoot, cowardly men.

The audience laughed aloud and commented contemptuously upon the picture. A French official who was seated beside me said to his companion, when they saw the map and the name of the island: 'This takes place in Chili.' A little later his friend added: 'Certainly a most miserable country.'

Has this film been shown in South America? Possibly; but, if so, they certainly suppressed the map and changed a number of the captions, since otherwise our offended dignity would scarcely have allowed the showing of the picture.

Yet I recall the exhibition in Vienna not long ago of a film which I had also seen in Buenos Aires when I was last there; and I remember that an Argentine audience witnessed the insult to Latin America which it contained without further signs of disgust than a few hisses. In this particular film the dignity of the Latin American nations fared so badly that when I left the theatre I fled to a café and wrote an article in which I said, among other things:

'The moving picture theatres of Buenos Aires are showing at this time a film whose effect cannot fail to be unfortunate. This is its plot: Two North American companies are fighting for the rights to rich petroleum deposits in a Latin American republic. In the process of the struggle, the political and economic life of this neighboring republic is disrupted. One company obtains the favor of the President of the republic by promising him a loan, while the other company sends agents and money to incite a revolution by which a scoundrel who is willing to concede them the desired privileges is to be raised to power. The revolution is declared; but the management of the company friendly to the President also sends an agent. This emissary, as a citizen of the United States of North America, intervenes in the insurrection and replaces the deposed President at the head of his government.

'It is obvious that this North American product of the cinematographic art is delightfully ingenuous. Its plot, as well as its treatment, its captions, and the words placed in the mouths of the characters all indicate an eagerness to bring the superiority of the North Americans into high relief. Some of these captions, translated literally from the English, are extremely significant. When the President of the republic is returned to power by the Americans, he says to his friends with satisfaction, "The knightly and worthy North American citizen has brought us peace and order." (It must be remembered that it was another North American citizen who intrigued against the constitutional President.) Later in the film the North American citizen falls in love with the President's daughter and the following words are thrown on the screen: "And he falls in love with her because the North American education that she had received made her acceptable to him."

'Let the reader reflect upon the significance and the importance of these captions, which immediately precede or follow scenes in which the Latin Americans are shown as greedy, disloyal, cowardly, boasting, lazy, grotesque mulattoes, and he will understand why the North American people, proud in their greatness, hold us in such low esteem.'

TO THESE examples selected from many films, I will add one which I witnessed in a motion picture theatre just outside the walls of the Holy City of Jerusalem. In that film, as in hundreds of films of Yankee origin, all the villains turned out to be Mexicans, all the cowards Spanish Americans, and all the traitors citizens of the republics of Central or South America.

It is hardly necessary to add that there is also an infinity of films in which the villain, the spirit of evil, is frequently a Latin American and is shown to be such by the name given him, or by his clothes, which are supposed to be typical simply because they are in rags, or because they make him look like a bogus bullfighter. And, as if this were not sufficient, the nationality of the villain is often indicated in so many words. Even the isolated appearance of such hateful characters in the films with their nationality made obvious has its importance; for it ends by influencing the popular imagination to the point where people believe that the weakness of these characters is typical of the nations from which they come.

If the peoples of Latin America are really as bad as they are made to seem in the Yankee films, why scoff at them? Why do the Yankees mistreat their younger brothers and shout their defects from the house tops? If the United States of North America take seriously their mission as heaven-sent protectors of Latin America, they should be the first to prevent jeers and insults and to show that, though we may have our defects, we are worthy of respect and capable of progress. If they know us only as we are made to appear in the films of their capitalists, the Yankee people are quite right in despising us and in justifying any kind of intervention which will enable them to conquer these Indians and mulattoes who dare to oppose the supercivilized and cultured Yankee people.

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Le Petit Journal
Le Matin
LE JOURNAL
L'AMI DU PEUPLE
Grand Quotidien de Doctrine Politique et d'Information
Le Droit des Femmes
SONT-ELLES CAPABLES DE L'EXERCER ?
LE BUDGET AU PILLAGE
La vedette Jenny Golder se suicide
Les assassins de Mme Lemoine sont arrêtés
Le scandale du monopole des kiosques va-t-il cesser ?
Le Petit Parisien
LE FIGARO
L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

MASTHEADS OF THE PARIS PRESS

THE LEADING PARIS PAPERS are shown surrounding *L'Ami du Peuple*, M. Coty's new venture in journalism, while underneath is *Le Figaro*, M. Coty's first newspaper, which he still owns. The title of *Le Petit Journal* is printed in flaming red ink; all the others are in black.

A French Hearst

How François Coty, the Wealthy Perfume Manufacturer, Is Alarming the Regular Paris Press with His Ultra-Conservative Half-Cent Newspaper, 'L'Ami du Peuple'

By Sisley Huddleston

Paris Correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*

From the *New Statesman* (London Liberal Weekly)

FRANCE, like England, has her newspaper problem. There is now raging a battle which is more interesting than the battle of the Rothermere Press and the Berry Press for the provincial evening newspapers. It raises as many issues as the trustification of the British sheets. In another place I lately expressed my admiration for the French journals as compared with those of England. They are infinitely richer in their contents, despite their smaller size, than the corresponding organs on the other side of the Channel. They deal with political, literary, artistic, historical, archæological, and other subjects, at such length as would appall the well-trained British editor. They have some pretensions to being intellectual, even when they are intended to appeal to the chauffeur; and they pride themselves on the quality of the writing even when they are designed for the concierge.

Nevertheless, the French Press has many defects. I will not go into the matter of its financial relationships, but they have been ruthlessly exposed on various occasions. What chiefly concerns me is the apparent lack of independence that characterizes the leading newspapers. I dare say this is true of the Press of every country — that is to say, of the orthodox Press. There are occasionally fierce campaigns against governments and governmental propositions, but they are rare enough to give them the value of 'stunts.' For the most part newspapers have fallen into the easy way of depending on official information respecting any topic on which there is an official point of view. No longer is the Press a rival authority. It has been effectually brought under control. During the war the censorship was instituted, and, although it has been abolished, its ghost somehow continues to direct the newspapers. The method is not harsh. On the contrary, it is friendly. It treats the reporter and the editor well. The journalist has been taken into the confidence of Ministers and diplomatists. He is invited to become 'one of us.' He is given news and views in the most pleasant social manner. As he is a busy man, all kinds of devices to save him time and trouble are adopted. At the Peace Conference the art of the 'hand-out' was brought to perfection. I remember that for my part, after a short experience, I resolutely stayed away from the 'dope' parties. The process has gone on, and it may be that France is by no means peculiar in having a 'spoon-

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fed' Press. 'When father says turn, we all turn' — that was the amusing catch-word employed a score of years ago against the tariff reformers who were converted by Joseph Chamberlain. It might well be the motto of the ready-made newspapers to-day.

IN PARIS there are five newspapers which enjoy a virtual monopoly. They are *Le Petit Parisien*, *Le Journal*, *Le Matin*, *L'Écho de Paris*, and *Le Petit Journal*. They are the Big Five. To be sure there are many minor newspapers which have a special purpose. Sometimes they are comparatively powerful. There is, for example, *Le Quotidien*, which began by proclaiming its complete freedom from the usual influences, but after a crisis appears to have settled down to the customary forms and is an ordinary Radical organ. *L'Action Française* is not a newspaper at all in the accepted sense, but a daily pamphlet. *L'Humanité*, the Communist paper, like its Royalist confrère, stands apart. Then there are a considerable number of polemical sheets, usually with small circulations, representing this or that politician, or this or that political group. In addition there is the popular evening newspaper, *L'Intransigeant*, and the more ponderous *Le Temps* and *Le Journal des Débats*.

Now all these newspapers — and, indeed, the chief provincial newspapers which have great importance, but which generally take their lead from Paris — have agreed that it is impossible to publish a newspaper in these days for a lower price than twenty-five centimes. These five sous, translated into English money, amount to a halfpenny. It seems indeed to be a reasonable figure. Certainly the French newspapers are much smaller than the British newspapers, but if one goes back to pre-war days it will be observed that, while the French newspapers have in reality maintained their former price, the British newspapers have doubled their price.

The Big Five, which have some sort of working understanding with regard to publicity, ordinary and financial, manage (with one possible exception) to pay their way handsomely. Many of the others are more or less openly subsidized and do not aim at profits — at any rate directly. But even a newspaper which is frankly published at a loss, for propagandist or other purposes, does not venture to undercut the others. At least this was true until the appearance of *L'Ami du Peuple*.

L'Ami du Peuple is sold for two sous. How is it done? How is it possible to give away six or eight pages of printed matter for less than a farthing? The newspaper proprietors rose up in arms. Naturally they would not, so far as they could prevent it, allow *L'Ami du Peuple* to share in the proceeds from publicity — and to a large extent they could prevent such participation. Nor would they allow the two-sous paper to be sold to the public if they could stop it. At first it seemed as though they might stifle *L'Ami du Peuple* in its cradle. There is one newspaper distributing agency which enjoys a monopoly. It ranged itself with the existing newspapers and declined to handle the new organ. Moreover, if the ordinary newspaper-seller, in shop or kiosk, obtained *L'Ami du Peuple* from other sources, he would find that his general supply of papers dried up. In short, the boycott of *L'Ami du Peuple* appeared to be complete. Yet it has survived.

This is because its proprietor is an exceedingly rich man who has defied the newspaper owners and distributors, and has organized his own service, presumably at enormous expense. It is necessary that I should make it clear that *L'Ami du Peuple* does not resemble in the smallest degree the revolutionary organ whose name it has usurped. It has nothing in common with Marat's publication. On the contrary, it was founded to combat Communism. M. Coty, the well-known manufacturer of perfumes, already possessed *Le Figaro*. He there indulged in long diatribes against the supposed Bolshevik menace, and generally took up an ultra-Conservative attitude. But *Le Figaro* is a somewhat select newspaper with a restricted circulation. M. Coty was not satisfied with his convinced conservative *clientèle*. He wanted to touch the people. He wanted to be a missionary to the masses. Hence the founding of *L'Ami du Peuple* at two sous.

Liberal-minded persons could hardly be expected to sympathize with M. Coty. Yet liberal-minded persons do sympathize with him and take up his cause with fervor. *L'Ami du Peuple* can be obtained in the most curious places. If it is barred from the newspaper shops and kiosks and station stalls, many volunteers have come forward to sell M. Coty's sheet. Thus my own bookseller, who is an advanced Radical, takes a great pile of *L'Ami du Peuple* every morning and displays it in his doorway. For the small profits which he earns he must lose much time and money. One of his assistants, instead of selling books, is perpetually occupied in taking two sous. Almost everything in *L'Ami du Peuple* is contrary to his views, but he regards himself as engaged in a fight for the Freedom of the Press. The cobbler in the side-street puts a heap of *L'Ami du Peuple* and a money-bowl just outside his shop. Then there are scores of men paid to sell the journal at every busy corner. One of them told me that he sells five hundred every morning. Altogether the boycotted newspaper, it is calculated, must have a circulation approaching the half-million mark. There has been nothing like it in my experience of the Press.

I CANNOT honestly say that *L'Ami du Peuple* is particularly interesting in itself. I do not find it outspoken. I do not find that it shatters any traditions — except that of price. Still, I can understand the enthusiasm of those admirers who believe that the Press monopoly is being broken down. The French are always keen about principles, and they would be glad to see M. Coty win. Yet it must not be supposed that the newspaper owners have no case. They have a very plausible case. They issued a manifesto in which they expressed their own principles. They urged that the commercial price of a newspaper in France could not be fixed under five sous, and if the agreement of newspaper owners on this point was broken by an undercutting proprietor, the most terrible consequences might follow. Any rich man would be able, by the simple process of spending his money, to impose his views on the community. That would be a danger for democracy. Let newspaper owners start fair from the same financial line. Let the public then be free to choose. Why, if M. Coty's claims were admitted, there would be nothing to prevent, say, the German Government from starting a newspaper (through intermediaries), at one sou, and, by political and intellectual 'dumping,' from putting the French papers out of the field, and impregnating the French population with German ideas! There would be nothing, except lack of money, to prevent, say, the Bolshevik Government from Bolshevizing the whole of France by an uncommercial Press. (In parenthesis I would remark that foreign money has sometimes flown into French newspapers, but the point of the newspaper owners is that, at any rate, foreign propaganda has hitherto had no advantages in the shape of a cheaper Press.)

The Big Five and the rest, therefore, in their appeal to the public, also take their stand on the principle of a Free Press. To this M. Coty vigorously replies. He affirms that such newspapers as the *Petit Parisien* make large profits, and by figures tries to show that five

(*Continued on page 158*)

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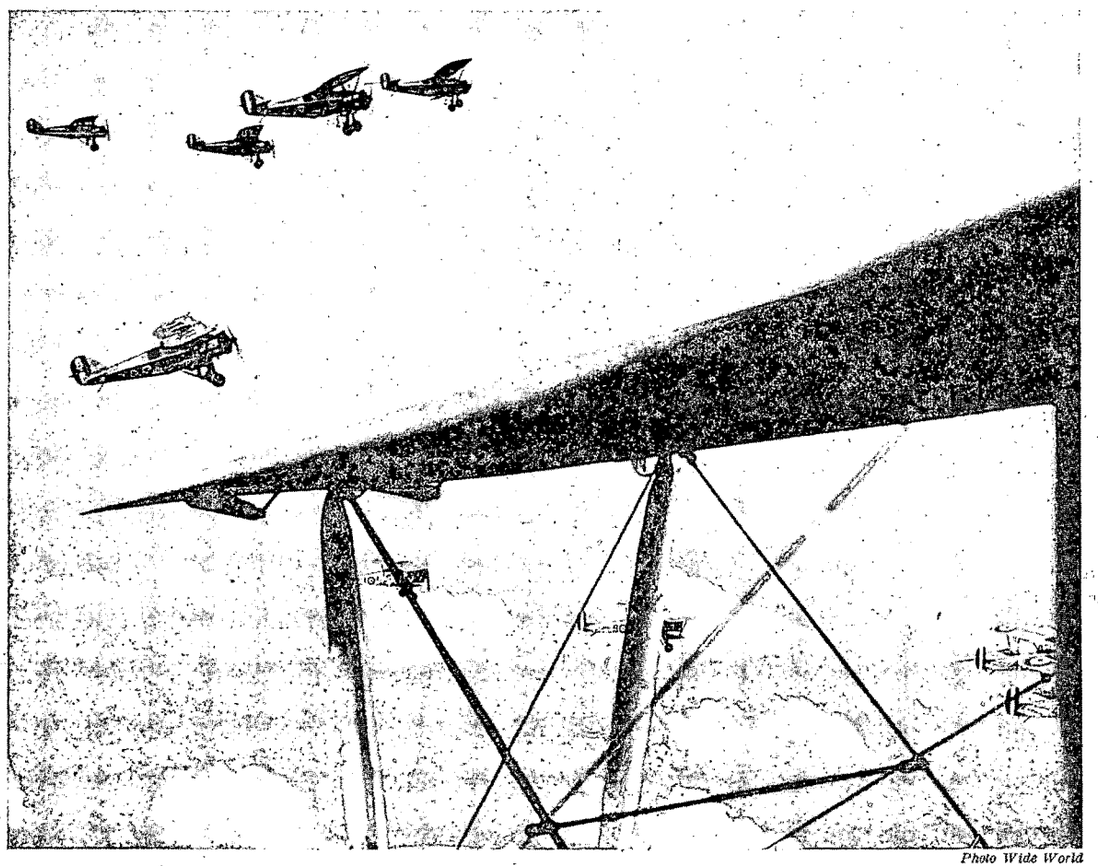

Photo Wide World

OFF TO MEET THE ENEMY

HIGH SPEED single-seaters of the defending 'Westland' forces ambushed above the London clouds to await 'Eastland's' attack.

The British Air Manoeuvres

A Lay Observer Finds London Impossible of Defense Against Aërial Attack

From the *New Statesman* (London Liberal Weekly)

THE air manœuvres — mostly over London — this week should certainly have served to stimulate the imaginations of Londoners regarding the wide possibilities of air attack in the next large war in which we may be involved. But whether they have produced upon the mind of the man in the street exactly the impression which the Air Ministry would like them to have produced may be doubted. Millions were able to watch the fast swooping of the defending forces upon the 'enemy' bombers, but naturally the bombers always appeared to survive unscathed. There were three over Kingsway within an hour of the 'declaration of war,' and a few minutes later seven more. They were both attacked in turn by a flight of nine fighting planes and eventually flew away. Not one was 'brought down in flames.'

This, of course, is accounted for by the circumstance that we were witnessing peaceful manœuvres, and not the real thing. Still the fact remains that there were (theoretically) those great loads of bombs vertically above Kingsway. One or two of the bombers might perhaps have improved the spectacle by simulating nose-dives when attacked, but it is doubtful whether even that would have afforded very much comfort to the man in the street. A bomber, neatly brought down — as most of them no doubt will be adjudged to have been by the umpires — over London would presumably bring its bombs with it; and so for each pair or trio of enemies destroyed there would probably be a few hundred dead Londoners. It may be better — it probably is — to have ten bombs dropped in one place than to have one bomb dropped on each of ten places, but calculations of that kind, however sure, afford but cold comfort to the onlooker with a bomber over his head. He tends to take a non-technical view of the subject and cannot easily appreciate, still less enthusiastically applaud, the efforts of those who are defending him to bring down upon him ten bombs all in a lump, even though they may be accompanied by three dead Frenchmen or three dead Ruritanians.

Making all possible allowances for the inevitable limitations of mock fighting, the outstanding fact from the spectator's point of view was that a considerable number of heavy bombers got over the very heart of London without being attacked at all. They were attacked only when they were already there. In this fact there is, of course, nothing to surprise the student of air-warfare because he already knew that

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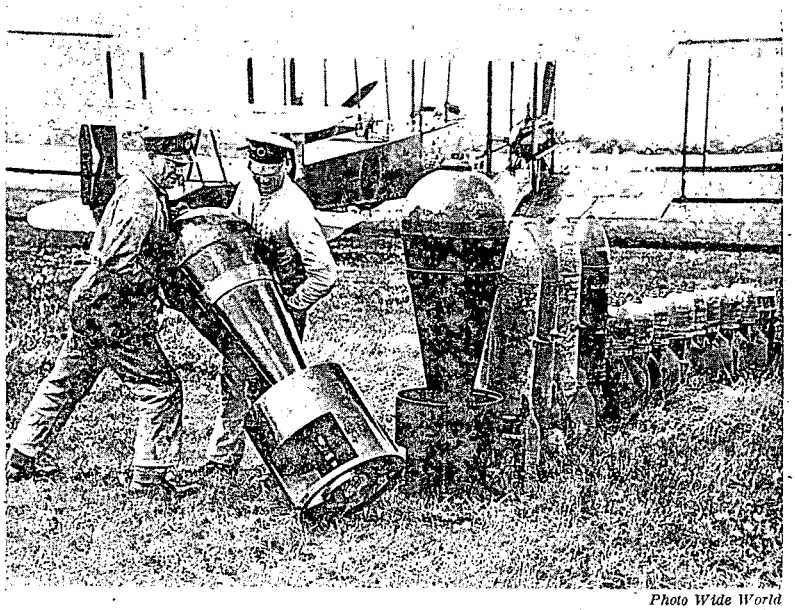

Photo Wide World

THE MUNITIONS OF WAR IN THE AIR

A FEW OF THE BOMBS which were carried over London during the mimic air raid. Some weighed more than a quarter of a ton.

the problem of effective defense against attack by air is at present quite insoluble. This week's exhibition has served mainly as a great public demonstration of that insolubility.

Evidently there is not the slightest reason to suppose that these air manœuvres, though they may have afforded valuable experience and even new knowledge in other respects, will be found to have made any appreciable contribution to the solution of the essential problem — which is, how to prevent high explosives or poisonous gas bombs being dropped on London at all. It is just possible to conceive some form of defense. It is possible, for example, at least to imagine the invention of some electrical apparatus which would put all magnetos out of action within a given area, or rather, a given volume of space, and so prevent æroplanes entering that area. But that would be a rather wild effort of the imagination, having no basis upon anything that we know at present of wireless electrical forces. Besides, it would probably not be very difficult in that case to invent another form of ignition for petrol engines analogous to the direct form of gas ignition which used to be used for gas engines.

It is evident, therefore, that the problem of defense against air-attack cannot be solved by present-day physical science. It is a tactical not a laboratory problem, and tactically it is quite impossible to imagine a satisfactory solution. In the case of London, the area to be defended is from 70 to 100 miles in circumference, and the attack may come at any altitude from one mile to five miles high — with plenty of clouds to hide behind. A considerable proportion of any bombing force, especially if it is scattered in formation, is sure to get through any cordon; and even if our defense were so well organized as to make it almost certain that no enemy pilot would get away alive, that would only ensure that none of the enemy bombs would be wasted on fields or open spaces.

From all this it would appear, in the first place, that no system of defense is of much use if it does not prevent enemy æroplanes from entering the London area at all — which would seem to be quite impossible; and consequently, in the second place, that we are approaching this serious problem from an altogether wrong angle. The old maxim that the best form of defense is attack would seem to apply here with greater force than ever before in any form of warfare. If London is to be protected against attacks from the air, it must be protected by attacks delivered elsewhere, preferably, of course, upon the enemy's air bases, but at any rate at as great a distance away as is possible. It will not be usefully protected by the shooting down of giant bombers over Kingsway and Whitehall.

Actually, of course, we have to make up our minds to the fact that it is impossible to devise, and as far as we know will always be impossible to devise, any effective defense against air raids whether by day or by night. Every great city in Europe is in the same position. It is easier, naturally, to defend smaller cities, easier to defend Paris than London or Cologne than Paris, because the bomber's mark is smaller, and he may, with luck, be driven away before he can reach it. But with a huge area like London there is no reasonable hope of that. In any serious attack a certain proportion, and probably a large proportion, of enemy planes are bound to get above the metropolitan area, and once there can by no means be prevented from unloading their bombs somewhere and somehow. Heavy casualties could in such a case be avoided only by an unthinkable flight *en masse* into the country. Short of that, London's best means of defense would probably be a large increase of the Fire Brigade, and a special organization designed to meet the dangers of poisonous gas. When war breaks out with any neighboring Power, London will certainly be bombed with incendiary bombs, or gas bombs, or high explosive. No aerial defense force will, it is clear, be able to prevent that. All we can hope for is to limit the damage as much as possible and to be in a position to inflict even more severe damage upon the enemy. This conclusion may be a brutal one and is certainly in all respects unpalatable; but how is it to be avoided? We must face the facts sooner or later, and this week's mimic warfare seems to afford a good opportunity for facing them at once.

The central fact is, as we have said, that there can be no such thing as effective defense against an air raid

(*Continued on page 160*)

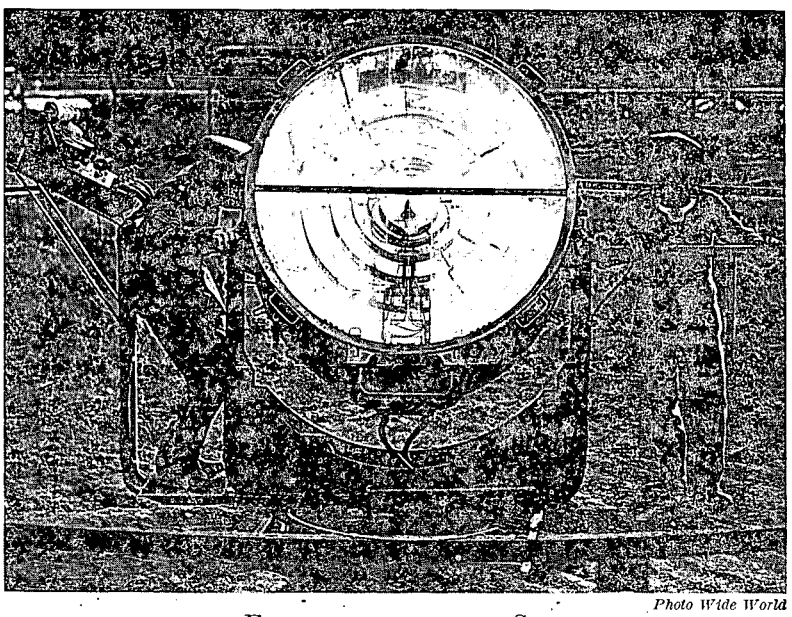

Photo Wide World

FLOODLIGHTS FOR THE SKY

ONE OF THE GREAT searchlights turned on the raiding bombers as they attacked the British capital.

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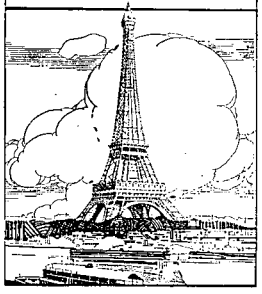
Metropolitana

Paris Reacts to the Tourist — Jazz on Brussels Radios — 'Tragic Wives' in Singapore — The Temperamental Taxi-Drivers of Madrid — A Moscow Chief of Police — The New Road That Leads to Rome — Vienna's Brown-Robed Capuchins — Gentlemen of the Night School in Berlin

PARIS



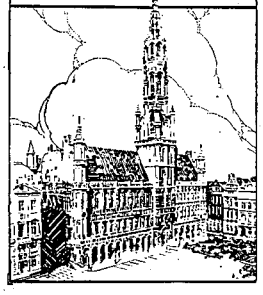
AMERICANS who visited Paris this summer and fall had the doubtful honor of forming part of the greatest influx of foreign tourists the French capital has ever known. While official figures are yet to be published, unofficial predictions, made by persons ranging from the happiest night club proprietor to the most disgusted private citizen, are unanimous in saying that the final figures will be the highest ever recorded — far higher than last year. The 1927 record was high enough to satisfy most Parisians — a total of nearly two million holiday makers among whom, strangely enough, both Britons and Spaniards, with 833,531 and 415,000 respectively, greatly outnumbered Americans, with 225,000.

In general, Parisians are pleased and proud to see their city full of visitors from abroad, but there are a few whose welcome does not exclude a touch of jealousy, especially since foreign tongues are so freely spoken on the boulevards, and since signs and notices in many stores and resorts have for some time been appearing in both French and English. The proprietor of one Montmartre establishment, less acquiescent and perhaps less successful than his fellows, has given a hint of this feeling by putting up a sign: 'French spoken here.' And during one evening on the Boulevard St. Michel, for instance, an interested observer noted that out of the first hundred promenaders who passed him, only twelve were speaking French.

There is an unusual admission of a *fait accompli* in the fact that the Paris newspaper *Excelsior* has printed a whole article for the sole benefit of these visiting hordes. It is a full consideration of the old question of how to tip in Paris. Recognizing that this problem is a major annoyance to most inexperienced travelers, especially in the case of hotels where ten per cent for tips is not automatically included in the regular hotel bill, the French newspaper states the following simple rule: If your bill is one thousand francs, your tip should be one hundred. Of this, you should give the dining room waiters forty-five francs, the valet or chambermaid thirty francs, the hall porter twenty-five francs. 'Tourists who tip according to this schedule,' adds the article, 'will be protected against overliberality inspired by fear of undertipping.'

Another event which may be pointed to by those not completely in sympathy with the tourist invasion, as a direct result of the presence of hundreds of thousands of foreigners in Paris, is the promulgation of a new traffic regulation by the famous Prefect of Police, M. Chiappe. This is designed to curb the blowing of motor horns between one and five in the morning by having automobiles slow for crossings rather than honk; and since these are the hours during which taxis may be seen scurrying up the broad Boulevard Raspail carrying foreign visitors away from an evening in the Latin Quarter, the new law is believed to be directed mainly at them. It will be appreciated, however, by anyone who has tried to sleep on a summer evening in Paris, with the windows open and a half thousand taxi horns playing limping arpeggios in the street below.

BRUSSELS



TO Belgians, whose ears have been attuned for four centuries to the clear, melodious bells of the carillons of Brussels, Bruges, Antwerp, or Alost, the jerky syncopations of Tin Pan Alley seem an insult and an abomination. This explains why, when the resident of Brussels sits down before his radio to tune in on *Radio-Belgique*, his home station, as every patriotic Bruxellois should, he has been growing more and more annoyed. For the sum of his irritation is expressed in the words, 'Too much jazz.'

Why, one may ask, does he work up such a rage over the infelicities of his local station, when he is set in the center of a sea of invisible waves that swirl across Europe, and at a turning of the wrist can tune in on programs from three Paris stations, news reports from Toulouse, bed-time stories from London, organ music from Berlin, symphony concerts from Holland, Poland and Czechoslovakia, or even a physical culture lesson from Sweden?

The answer may lie in Belgian character. The Belgian likes home goods, and means to have them fit his tastes. If they fail to do so, he protests. And protesting against radio programs in Belgium assumes all the delights of being agin' the government, for broadcasting is a government monopoly.

'Jazz, jazz, nothing but jazz!' cry the exasperated Bruxellois listeners-in to M. Vanhoet and M. Tellier, who are in charge of *Radio-Belgique*, the big Brussels station, which holds the government broadcasting license. 'There ought to be a law.'

'Exactly,' answer M. Vanhoet and M. Tellier in unison. 'And that law is pending. If you help us pass it, part of the tax which it will set on receiving sets will go to pay broadcasting expenses.'

Otherwise, they explain, *Radio-Belgique* is too poor to keep symphony orchestras for long periods, with good musicians priced at $1.40 an hour. In Vienna there are symphony concerts to be broadcast from a dozen big cafés, but not in Brussels. In Denmark, the government subsidizes the broadcasting stations to the tune of $300,000 a year, but not in Belgium. *Radio-Belgique* actually has to pay a round sum in cash to get so much as a military band from the Defence Ministry. So the station is reduced to getting cheap music, which is jazz.

But, ask M. Vanhoet and M. Tellier, in the disarming way of monopolists the world over, is it as bad as it sounds? Three hours of jazz out of thirty-eight broadcasting hours a week — the actual count — should not be such a strain. Isn't it possibly pure misfortune that makes the Bruxellois, every time he sits down in his slippers for a pleasant evening before the dials, turn to something by George Gershwin or Irving Berlin?

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SINGAPORE

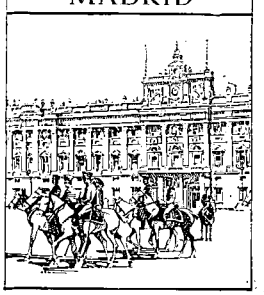
'A CITY of tragic wives' is what the London *Daily Express* called Singapore recently, in an article which raised a storm of protest in this East Indian metropolis. The women of the city, according to the *Daily Express* writer, are 'fretting away an exile's life in the hottest city of the British Empire.' Their tragedy is supposed to be the tragedy of idleness, of heat, and of gossip; they are forgotten wives, whose husbands are engaged in making and unmaking fortunes. Women have nothing to do but sit listlessly all day long on hotel verandas; and the city, said the London newspaper, is 'a Chinese puzzle of marital tangles.'

Only a short time after the *Express* article reached the East, the 'tragic wives' began to receive scores of clippings from mothers and aunts in England, asking 'What about it?' The response was immediate. Singapore, in spite of its laughter, was indignant. The newspapers were full of protesting editorials and letters. The *Straits Times* suggested charitably that if the writer of the 'ridiculous article' had ever been in Singapore, he (or she) had undoubtedly succumbed to one of the minor handicaps of life in the East, liver trouble. A correspondent who signed herself 'Happy Wife' wrote a fiery letter to the same paper, making the point that Singapore women were placed in an awkward position, since all their relatives in Britain thought they had at last discovered what life was really like in the Far-Eastern city because they had read it in cold print in a Home Paper. And a Singapore wife with poetic tendencies ridiculed the whole business in rhymes more ironical than metrical:

> Look at their wrinkles and pity
> Their listless, monotonous lives.
> Products of Singapore City,
> Haunting-eyed Singapore wives.
>
> See them abroad in the morning
> Listlessly poking through shops,
> Generally all of them yawning,
> Drooping whenever one stops.
>
> After their tiffin returning
> Home for a stifling sleep,
> Fitful and hot, head a-burning.
> (Women of England, please weep!)

The upshot of the matter seems now to be that the author of the disturbing article is completely squelched, and all his allegations proved absurd. One thing, however, gives deeper significance than is at first apparent to such baseless attacks in the press. In many British Oriental possessions, there is a section of the native population that has never become finally reconciled to rule by Europeans, and is always ready to seize upon the slightest aspersion on the character of white women as a basis for attacking the white administration. The natives' process of reasoning, to those who understand Eastern mentality, is simple. They argue that if white women flaunt themselves in hotels and restaurants or behave in general as the *Daily Express* article alleges, it is not a reflection on the women, but upon the weakness of their menfolk. And if men are incapable of ruling their own women, by what right do they seek to rule another nation? A race of imperialists cannot afford to have its subject peoples asking questions like that.

MADRID



SPAIN'S capital has long been famous for its noise, no small part of which has been produced in recent years by the incessant honking of old-style, hand-blown automobile horns in the streets of the city. But the Spaniards never seemed to mind; and consequently everybody here has been much surprised by the sudden issuance of a new municipal traffic edict intended to moderate this long-accepted and long-endured nuisance.

It was, however, according to observers, a very necessary edict. Big private automobiles give little difficulty; their horns are generally deep and rich in tone, designed to give a dignified warning to the pedestrian without making him jump — or, as the Spaniards say of taxis, to pluck the chicken painlessly. Taxis are different. Their horns are sharp and annoying; their chauffeurs are not only no less impatient than those of other cities, but also far more temperamental.

When the Madrid taxi chauffeur is gay, from his horn emerge quick sharp honks, timed to the beat of the latest Charleston. When he is angry, he grips the bulb of the horn as if it were the trigger of a machine gun, sets his teeth, and rushes forward, emitting blasts that seem designed to blow the dray that blocks his passage completely off the street, as well as break the ear-drums of bystanders. It makes no difference whether he is in a broad, empty avenue or in the crowded Calle d'Alcalá, whether he is in the middle of a block or at a crossing, whether it is day or night; he keeps honking all the time. Since in case of an accident the judge always asks him whether he had blown his horn, some suggest that this is his way of making certain that he will always be able to answer yes. Others, more worried, point out that such indiscriminate, incessant blasts end either by confusing pedestrians and other drivers, or by forcing them in despair to disregard auto horns altogether.

Thus far, however, the new edict has had no noticeable effect. Traffic policemen are either unwilling or unable to reprimand offending drivers; the horns are just as loud and just as disturbing as heretofore. Old Madrilenos take this as a signal to regret the days when horse-drawn cabs predominated; for hack-driver's shouts, though rich in invective, are limited in range. Many are resigned to the present situation, pointing out that, after all, Madrid is the only great European capital where no reprimand greets the very late home-comer who chooses to wander through the streets singing at the top of his lungs; and that the Dictatorship may have suppressed many Spanish liberties, but not the liberty of noise.

MOSCOW

AN illuminating, if humorous, commentary on life in Soviet Russia's capital is contained in the following report of a Soviet police officer to his chief, published in the Moscow semi-official newspaper *Izvestia*.

'I have the honour to inform you that during my tour of duty on the night of the 11th to the 12th instant nothing of any importance occurred except that you yourself, the Chief of the Militia, being drunk, came back to the office at three a.m., accompanied by a small orchestra of wind instruments. You ordered me to accompany you into the record-room, where you took three bottles of wine, which you carried into your office.

'You then ordered me to release all the prisoners, which I did, and you took eight of them into your office, where you made them watch you drink the three bottles of wine, to the accompaniment of music, and made them congratulate you on your birthday. You then gave orders for the prisoners to be locked up again.

'Afterwards, despite the exhortations of myself and comrade Manleff, you struck us several times in the face. Afterwards, you were sick and fell asleep.'

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Police officers under the old régime in Russia had something of a reputation for enjoying themselves, as well as for ruthlessness. Communist police officials apparently have their little pleasures also, if on a smaller scale appropriate to the modesty of life under the dictatorship of the proletariat.

ROME

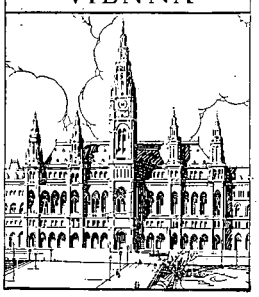
THE roads that lead to Rome are undergoing a recrudescence of their old splendor. This fall a new highway will be opened from the capital to Ostia, a highway hailed as a model for the future and a glory to the people whose fathers taught road-building to the modern world. One of the 'labors of Hercules' of the Fascist Régime, *La Tribuna* (Rome) calls the new *Via del Mare;* a road to be in all ways worthy of its renowned ancestors; a work which will astonish and delight all Italy.

For centuries the narrow *Via Ostiense* has led the way to Ostia, the port at the mouth of the Tiber where, in 300 B. C., the Roman Republic planted her first colony. Ostia was the harbor of the imperial city and shared her pomp and her decline. Through the Dark Ages it was a stronghold, and in the ninth century stood impregnable to the Saracen invaders who there met a final defeat. In the sixteenth century a turn in the channel of the Tiber left it abandoned, a malarial, marshy waste, and such it remained till about a hundred years ago, when extensive excavations were begun. Now Ostia has a flourishing village, and is, next to Pompeii, the best example in Italy of an ancient Roman town.

A year ago, Il Duce, with Prince Potensiani, Governor of Rome, drove over the *Via Ostiense*, and noted carefully its narrowness and bumps. The Dictator envisioned there not one smooth highway, but three — a motor road, flowing like a river of asphalt, flanked by two tree-shaded avenues for more leisurely vehicles. The project was immediately adopted, and for the last year the Roman road-builders have been at their tradition-hallowed work.

The new *Via del Mare* is double, consisting of a motor road some thirty feet wide and a carriage road twenty feet wide (the extra carriage road is not to be begun till work is finished on the first two). It starts in Rome just below the Church of San Paolo and will run, straight as a Roman road should, a distance of sixteen miles to the sea. At Ostia itself, improvements are under way. The Rock, or fortress built by Gregory IV in 830, is being restored; handsome villages are going up by the roadside; and there will be an abundance of neat stations, to supply gasoline to the motorist as he takes his Roman holiday.

VIENNA



WITH their long beards, their brown hoods, and their flowing brown habits, the Capuchin friars, only permanent offshoot of the religious order founded by St. Francis, are still familiar figures in the streets of Vienna. Always a mendicant order, at the height of their prosperity they boasted thirty thousand members, and their influence was felt everywhere in Europe. But begging has of late years been less profitable as a means of support than it formerly was. To-day membership in the order has fallen to about 12,000, scattered among the nations, of the world, though the largest number remains in Central Europe. Lately the Austrian capital, though still buzzing with the aftermath of gay festivities of the Schubert Centenary, found time to watch the Capuchins commemorate their four hundredth anniversary with ceremonies impressive by their very simplicity.

Monsignor Seipel, the bald-headed priest who is Chancellor of the Austrian Republic and who divides his busy life between Church and State, attended. He had considered the occasion of sufficient importance to warrant his preaching the Festival Sermon himself. Perhaps, in thus deciding to lend by his presence a certain official character to the proceedings, he recalled the services that the Capuchins had rendered the city of Vienna in the past. For it was a mendicant Capuchin who, on a winter day in 1683, stood before the army defending the city against the Turks to bless them and utter a stirring prayer; whereupon the soldiers of Austria sallied forth to gain a victory for which the Capuchins received full credit.

The commemoration ceremonies themselves took place in the Capuchins' own church. Unlike many Catholic ceremonies, this service included no gold or silver ornaments or vessels, no fine silk upon the altar. Chalices, monstrances, and censers were of humble pewter, as befitted friars whose vows of poverty have earned them the title of 'the poorest of all the orders.' Monsignor Seipel himself spoke quietly, in conformity with the simplicity of the surroundings and the democratic ideals of the Republic which ten years ago threw overboard the glittering pageantry of Empire.

But by a startling coincidence and the strange irony of fate, in the crypt over which the Chancellor stood while making his memorial address, lay, as they had lain for centuries, the gilded coffins of all the Hapsburgs of the past.

BERLIN

SEVEN thousand of Berlin's street car conductors are going to night school to learn how to be polite to passengers, a fact from which it is possible to elicit a very double-edged moral. Enthusiasts will regard it as indicative of an intense desire on the part of the street railway company to inculcate the principles of courtesy; whereas scoffers may conclude that it is so hard for conductors to be polite, that they have to go to school to learn.

The 'politeness teachers' in the night schools, however, are not very much worried about the morals to be drawn from their experiment. They are busy enough with the task of teaching their bewildering variety of pupils. For in their classes are graybeards who have grown old with the guttural German equivalents of 'Tickets please,' and 'Watch your step!' on their lips, side by side with youngsters still new enough to be proud of their brass buttons (the love of a uniform is more deeply inculcated in the German than in any other human being). And, of course, the middle-aged predominate here as they do in most groups of wage-earners.

Here are some of the precepts which the conductors have to learn:

'Always be courteous. At times be suave and diplomatic. Never forget that passengers are human beings and not just packages of freight.

'Remember your passengers' nerves may be jumpy. Perhaps they have had business worries, a bad night's sleep, or a cup of cold coffee for breakfast.

'There are occasions when it is better not to hear, not to see, and not to answer back.

'Don't be disturbed if you find that the passenger himself needs a lesson in politeness. It is your place to show common sense and discernment.'

There is much in the course of their

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daily toil to tax the patience of the conductors. The traveling German, even when he is traveling only from one end of his own city to the other, is not always the easiest person to deal with. Then there are the thousands of tourists who arrive in the summertime, few of them speaking any German, almost none of them speaking good German, — still less the somewhat complicated dialect of the '*jut einjeborner*' Berliner — and yet all trying to find their way about. In addition to these, as the Census Office has just announced, there are 96,000 foreigners permanently living in Berlin, and all doing their bit to complicate the lives of the street car conductors.

The conductors' trials will not be alleviated by the arrival of the innumerable visitors certain to be attracted by the approaching '*Berlin im Licht*' demonstrations, which is intended to show what light, and plenty of it can do for a city.

It is the result of a concerted effort to advertise Berlin by the combined use of gas and electric light. From the twelfth to the eighteenth of October, public buildings, churches, railway stations, private homes, automobiles, bridges, and even aircraft are to be elaborately and ingeniously illuminated. The inhabitants of one street have promised to provide special illuminations of their house numbers, and there are to be formal competitions in the illuminations of show windows.

The electric companies have placed 900 *Scheinwerfer* (Searchlights) at the disposal of the city authorities, and huge gas-torches will flame before the statues of Stein and Hardenberg on the Dönhoffplatz. All this is the triumphant climax of a movement to brighten up Berlin which began last April. As the night life of the city migrated gradually westward, the older centers of night life and even the beautiful districts around Unter den Linden and the government offices began to take on a dreary appearance after dark. The shop-keepers, the officials in charge of government buildings, and even the Soviet Embassy, therefore, agreed to keep all windows lighted until one o'clock in the morning! The Brandenberger Tor, through which, in the old days, only the Kaiser was allowed to pass, was fitted with two enormous searchlights. And now, Berlin, having first decided to shine, has made up its mind to outshine everybody else.

The Razor-Edge

By Wilfrid Gibson

The *Nation and Athenæum, London*

So, life was walking on a razor-edge
Above a seething crater! Well, if he
Could keep his balance, doubtless presently
He would get hardened to the agony
That every step now cost him: and yet why
Keep walking? He, at last, might reach a ledge
Where he could rest in some security;
But was it worth the price? Would it not be
Better to leap to quick death in the crater,
Than to crawl in slow anguish hopefully,
Merely to tumble in exhaustion later?
Yet he kept on; and when he reached the ledge,
Repined that he must quit the razor-edge.

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Some Recollections of Joseph Conrad

By Ernest Dawson

From the *Fortnightly Review* (London)

I WELL remember the day when I first held in my hand, almost warm from the press, *Lord Jim*, which has remained, for me, a favorite among Conrad's works. I had just returned to England on leave after a spell of duty in the East, and this was my first Conrad book, though I had read a short piece of his somewhere. That afternoon, seated in a London garden, I heard the rigging of the old training-ship at her moorings in a northern river, humming the breathless song of her youth at sea, and saw the hateful scene of the abandonment of the *Patna* by her afterguard. Before the next morning I had been in Singapore with Marlow, had met, with him, the French lieutenant in the Sydney restaurant, and, with Jim, paddled up to Patusan.

I used to visit W. E. Henley, then living at Worthing. We talked one day of *Lord Jim* and *Youth*. Henley, who had never met Conrad in the flesh, remarked that Conrad was 'about due;' he had the idea that any writer of promise (and Conrad was obviously that, and more) ought to pay him the compliment of a visit. 'Yes,' said Henley, 'Conrad is a Swell: he is a *damned* swell; you know, I sometimes think Conrad is the *damnedest* swell we've got. Would you like to meet him?'

My answer was given with an alacrity comparable to that with which, as a schoolboy, I replied to a benevolent uncle who asked if I would like to go to the play, and the matter was then and there arranged. Conrad was known to inhabit a farmhouse a few miles from Sandgate. At Sandgate lived Mr. H. G. Wells, who was of the band of 'Henley's Men.' In the manner of an affectionate Pontiff, Henley wrote to Wells, and bade him invite me for a week-end and 'have Conrad on tap.'

In due course Wells (whom I had never seen) sent me a friendly note of invitation, and received me with much kindness at his queer but comfortable and convenient house. On the Sunday, after luncheon, Conrad arrived in a dogcart. The day was rough, and he wore a peaked cap of maritime cut, which, with his jacket and trousers of stout blue cloth, gave him somewhat of the aspect of a pilot. Apart from details of costume, you knew him quickly for a sailor; as quickly for a *sahib*. He stood an inch or two below middle height, but never looked small; his square, high breadth of shoulders and short neck gave an impression of compact power. His face was sallowish, the skin weathered and puckered round the full dark eyes by habitual staring into the night or over the brightness of the sunlit sea. The hair and clipped, pointed beard were wiry and almost black. He wore an eyeglass, which he seldom used; when he did screw it into his eye, the effect was slightly incongruous. I never saw him use any other aid to vision, though in reading he held his book nearer his eyes than is usual with persons of normal eyesight. In some portraits of him, notably in the admirable 'Ulysses' etching by Muirhead Bone, you get that effect of a steady watching look, the gaze of sailors and shepherds.

He smoked almost incessantly and always cigarettes; at that time he rolled them for himself. He used a handsome old amber smoking-tube which had belonged to a distinguished and adventurous uncle, probably 'Mr. Nicholas B.' (that great-hearted veteran) of *A Personal Record*.

Conrad and I forgathered, that afternoon, upon some geographical turn of the conversation, over maps; it happened we were both map-lovers. But he and my host had much to say to each other, and my part was mainly a listening one. Conrad's personality impressed and fascinated me. I watched him drive away into the squally evening, handling the dogcart like a man steering a dinghy, and I wanted him for a friend.

THE Pent Farm, to which I paid my first visit soon after, was a typical Kentish flint-built farmhouse, of some antiquity. In approaching it, you left the road by a sudden dip under an overhanging bank. A mile beyond, The Pent, a great whale-backed hill, lent some shelter from the south-westerly winds. Bluish-grey like rocks, the farm buildings were inconspicuous, but if they had not been there you would have missed something. The work of men's hands had been

Courtesy of Kennedy & Company

JOSEPH CONRAD READING

FROM AN ETCHING BY MUIRHEAD BONE

'IN READING he held his book nearer his eyes than is usual with persons of normal eyesight.'

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fashioned by time and weather to seem a part of nature. Probably a house of some sort had stood there since farming began in England.

A place like this is much more than a pleasing bit of landscape. An ancient farm is a legible record of ordered life and of work faithfully done, a monument of peace and patience and effort, the effort, for one simple and vital end, of uncounted generations of men. Such a place gave good holding-ground for the anchor of Conrad's heart, and he loved that home of his.

Upon the lintel of the main door was inscribed a distich, written by Walter Crane:—

> Want we not for board or tent
> While overhead we keep the Pent.

There was a short paved walk, sheltered and pleasant for a writing man to use in damp weather, and known as the Quarterdeck. Along one side of the farmyard ran a noble old barn, with lofty doors and a roof like a cathedral, full of dusty sunlight and dusk shadow, a George Morland effect.

Yes, Conrad loved his home, and took pride in it as if he had built it. In showing it to me he said, 'In London I should have to live in an ordinary sort of fifty-pound house just like another next-door, but here, you know, I could ask the Prime Minister to dine and sleep!' I do not know if any Prime Minister or dignitary of that kind ever did visit the Pent Farm, but if so he would have fared excellently well. For the house with all its service and affairs was under the direction of one whose skill (as Conrad put it) 'for many priceless years added to the sum of his daily happiness.' He wrote the Introduction to *A Handbook of Cookery* in humorous vein, but never more truly or sincerely. Many beside the readers of that modest and useful little book, all who in Conrad's home were privileged to know its author, recognize the truth of these words, and know that the world owes much gratitude to that gracious and gifted woman.

The family was completed by one small boy and one dog. The boy usually wore the white working dress of a blue-jacket, and busied himself with engineering models and toys. He was the titular owner of the dog, his inseparable companion, who bore the name of Escamillo — a fitting name, for his aspect was stagey, if not operatic. His ancestry was a permitted subject of speculation, but he had belonged to Stephen Crane.

Courtesy Kennedy & Company

JOSEPH CONRAD LISTENING TO MUSIC
FROM AN ETCHING BY MUIRHEAD BONE

CONRAD'S manners were courtly. The word is used without any implication of stiffness or formality. Into the Kentish farmhouse, the London lodging, or the charming house and garden at Bishopsbourne, he always seemed to bring a breath of the Great World. His talk might be of the sea, of gliding through the silence of warm, dew-drenched tropical nights, of brave hours when everything above deck hummed to the sweep of the monsoon, of rivers or of ports, the towering, glooming African forest or the shadowy jungles of Malaya; he would seem quite at home against these backgrounds, and you felt that he would seem equally at ease amid rich uniforms and the silken pomp of palaces. This was because his main interest was ever in the hearts and souls of men; scenery and accessories had their value, and he depicted them in writing with unsurpassed fidelity and skill, but whether the action passed upon sea or land, in a jungle hut or in a throne-room, the secret springs of it were his real and abiding concern.

His knowledge of English, literary and colloquial, need not here be praised. But those of his readers who heard him speak were continually surprised because he could not utter two words in English without betraying that it was not his mother tongue. And there were certain words which he, so to speak, declined to learn. One very odd example was the

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word *vowel;* he transposed the 'v' and 'w' sounds, so that it became *wowvel;* I have been told that he would even write it so. He pronounced *used* as two syllables, something like *usit.*

In conversing, he often dropped into French for a sentence or two. Oftener still, he used a phrase of French apparently without knowing it. Quite commonly he would address one as *my dear*, as a Frenchman says *mon cher.*

The very wealth of his knowledge of our language, with its slang and familiar idioms, made these quaint lapses sound doubly whimsical; his talk thus gained a singular individuality, and it might be said that he spoke English with an un-English grace. His taste was unerring; he must have had many of his early lessons in the vernacular from the fo'c'sle, yet one never heard him use a 'vulgar' expression.

HE HAD read much of English history and memoirs, and of the best fiction in the language, but, I think, not much poetry. Classics apart, the power of enjoying the poetry of any language other than one's own is probably very rare.

His attitude toward what he did not care for, in literature, was often curiously inimical, or, at best, slighting. I once quoted some lines of *Andrea del Sarto,* and, as one does, added 'Isn't that how it goes?' To which he answered indifferently: 'I don't remember: to be more truthful, I don't know; I do not know my Browning.' Another time he was criticizing a story deliberately written in the *New Arabian Nights* vein, and said: 'Ah, yes, I dare say it is very good of its kind; I don't know my Stevenson at all well, but ——*ought to do much better than that!*' Which seemed to me almost blasphemy.

His preferences and antipathies were very strong and very definite, but it was not easy to predict his views of the work of writers who were his contemporaries; they were often (it must be said) colored by personal feeling. Wells and Henry James were of his friends, and he spoke of their books with enthusiasm; there were others, of even equal fame but not personally known to him, whose work he preferred to ignore. The writing of others, to whom much lower seats have been allotted but who were his friends, had his warm approval. Having said thus much I must add that nothing, not even friendship, which meant so much to him, ever made him condone or tolerate what seemed to him bad or insincere work. His foible was endearing, for it was bound up with loyalty, and whatsoever fault may be found with him as a critic of others' work, no man was ever a sterner judge of his own.

His friendships with other men of letters mostly dated from the time when his own reputation was still to make, and I think they must have been begun by the volition and acts of those men, for I cannot 'see' him making first advances. In those days he resembled a *de jure* sovereign, sure of his rights, but with his claim to the succession not yet before the world, and he was proud to the verge of arrogance. The tacit claim of Henley, poet, critic, veteran editor, and beloved master of men, to homage from the newcomer, Conrad merely ignored. Assuredly, if Scott or Stendhal, or Dickens or Flaubert (or, for that matter, Marryat or Fenimore Cooper) had risen from the grave, he would have paid that homage, but it was not in him to vail his topsails to a contemporary.

His delight in Dickens dated from his boyhood. Of other (English) novelists of the past I can remember hearing him speak of two only, the two sailor-authors just mentioned. He had a whole-hearted admiration for both, especially Cooper. We all love the gallant Marryat; most of us have loved the good Cooper; they provided noble entertainment for two nations. But I take leave to think that if Marryat's father had put him into the Army, and if Cooper had written only his fine epic of the backwoods, these two would never have darkened the doors of Conrad's Pantheon. Yet, when all is said, seamanship is an art.

There is little doubt that French literature made a stronger appeal to Conrad than English. He had the highest reverence for Flaubert; I have heard him declaim admirably a sonorous passage from *Julien l'Hospitalier.* Maupassant, Flaubert's great disciple, he admired for his technique. Stendhal he ranked very high; the only book he ever lent me was *Le Rouge et le Noir.*

In the other arts he was not much interested. I have seen a pleasing sketch by Muirhead Bone, 'Conrad Listening to Music,' but I never heard him speak of music, or heard any in his house. My memory is empty, also, of anything said by him about pictures. For him, as for many others, a picture was a record of its subject; just that and no more. Yet some rough pencil sketches of his which I have seen prove at least that he had some appreciation of the difficulties of pictorial art and some power of drawing. If the subject had charm or interest for him, and the record seemed accurate, he liked the picture. In the study at Bishopsbourne was a large eighteenth century engraving of the Old Harbor of Marseilles; it was not a meritorious work, but he liked it. Readers of *A Personal Record* know how and why he loved that harbor; indeed, to this day it is a romantic scene. He was also fond of a large photograph, which hung in the hall, of a full-rigged, frigate-built ship, with painted ports, every stitch set and drawing in a breeze just strong enough to keep her moving and no more.

He did not often talk about his books, but he liked to recall the circumstances and diverse places in which some of them were written. *The Nigger of the Narcissus* (affectionately *The Nigger*), which seemed to be his own favorite among his works, was begun during his honeymoon, I think in Brittany. He told me how *Almayer's Folly,* begun in Malayan ports and seas, was, *longo intervallo,* taken up again during weeks and months of enforced leisure while a steamer, newly built for the French-Canadian emigrant service, lay alongside a wharf, a place of pilgrimage for financial gentlemen (in silk hats) from Paris, and a Sunday show for Rouen citizens; how it was continued in lodgings in the Vauxhall Bridge Road, in the upper reaches of the Congo, in a Geneva hospital, and other improbable places.

WHEN I used to visit him after my long absences from England it seemed to me that time changed him very little. He grew thinner with the passing of the years, and his hair gradually became streaked with grey. The quasi-nautical style of his dress was abandoned, and he adopted what tailors call country clothes, often wearing leathern gaiters, though he seldom walked. During the War riding breeches, with polished leggings, carried some suggestion of uniform.

Our evening talks while we sat smoking, between supper and bedtime, are among the pleasantest recollections of my life. He was a delightful host, for he made you feel his own interest in all you said or did. His was a profoundly sincere nature, and he was in nothing more sincere than in this. He had that great gift, the talent for friendship. During the four-and-twenty years of my personal knowledge of him he rose from obscurity to fame, and his fame grew continuously. We were separated by great gulfs of space and time, and letters between us were few, yet, when we met, it was as if there had been no separation. I have known no other man who could so easily and naturally pick up such threads. The meaning of this will be best understood by Anglo-Indians, and those others whose life in their own country is measured by months and their absences by years. There are few who, like Con-

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rad, not only look for and welcome the home-comings of the exile, but almost succeed in making him forget that he has been away. Fewer still, perhaps, would do this if their own lives had, in the interval, undergone changes of magnitude, including a notable rise in fortune and the achievement of a great figure in the world. Through all comings and goings and all changes Conrad was faithful, and remained always in sympathy.

Once, in Canterbury, when we had been looking at the cathedral, he said, 'You know I often forget that I am not an Englishman,' and in this as in all else he was sincere. He loved England (all that that name stands for, not just Canterbury, or London, or the countryside of this small island) more and better than many do who bear the name of Englishmen. His love sprang partly from a profound admiration of what, very loosely, may be called the political side of the national genius. An aristocrat by temperament and conviction as well as by birth, he, whose family and friends had been persecuted, plundered, exiled under a stupid and brutal bureaucracy, knew the English theory of political liberty as much more than a rhetorical phrase. It is now a habit with natives of this favored realm to speak of their rulers at best indulgently. Conrad, the Pole, on the other hand, whole-heartedly believed in British governance, especially in British diplomacy and foreign policy.

He was immensely gratified when, late in the War, the Admiralty permitted him to serve in an armed vessel 'made up' as a Norwegian brig, in the North Sea submarine hunt. I have no space to tell here the tale of this adventure, a tale which he related with an almost boyish glee. They had 'no luck;' U-boat commanders had grown extremely wary; but, like a good fighting man, he bore no malice. When, a year after the Armistice, I came home and met him, he spoke temperately and with a marked absence of bitterness. 'In a very few years,' said he, 'we shall walk arm-in-arm with them again. It must be so, and it will be right.'

I had a meal with him in town on the day of his return from America; he was in fine spirits, delighted with his trip. Thanks to the kindness of his American friends (of whom he spoke very warmly), and their well-judged planning of the tour, what might have been a severe nervous strain had been, in fact, a refreshing holiday. The visit had also, I understood, been very successful from the financial point of view.

That was in the summer of 1923. In the autumn I spent a night at 'Oswald's,' and we played a game of billiards and had what was to be our last talk, for I went abroad again, and when I returned in the following year it was only a few weeks before his sudden death.

I WAS of the little company that, on a changeful August day, followed his mortal part to the grave, among pines and cypresses, a little without the walls of the gray, red-roofed historic city. One looked almost for a naval guard; at the least one looked for some corporate representation of the sailors of England. With all his fame he was proud to be a master mariner; the simple marine honor, the flag spread upon the coffin, might well, it seemed, have been rendered to this seaman at his voyage end. But the sea wind from the Downs, sighing through the trees of that green place, fluttered no flag, there was no symbol or emblem of his calling at that sailor's burial. Only some three or four elderly men who, by their appearance, perhaps were seafarers; shipmasters, it may be, whose voyaging was over. There was a little party of writers and journalists, among them, his white hair streaming in the summer breeze, one whose noble elegy, 'Inveni Portam,' appeared a few days later.

'And so' (wrote Cunninghame Graham of his friend) 'we left him with his sails all duly furled, ropes flemished down, and with the anchor holding truly in the kind Kentish earth, until the Judgment Day.'

Not the world of letters only, but the wider world of men and women, is much the poorer for the passing of Joseph Conrad. For, as the Dean of Canterbury (who, I think, knew him only through his books) has said, 'If one quality more than another may be singled out as the special theme of his writings, it is honor, fidelity, loyalty to trust. . . . A great and noble-minded man, a prophetic man, a man led by the Spirit.'

Sonnet in the Manner of Christina Rossetti

By Maurice Baring

From the *Saturday Review*, London

My soul is like a garden overgrown,
My heart is like a dead pomegranate tree,
A woodland grove bereft of minstrelsy,
A nest from which the birds long since have flown.
I have exchanged sweet Manna for a stone,
And bartered freedom for captivity;
I have forgone my birthright; now have I
Nor right nor wish to call my soul my own.

Yet if I saw you passing in the street,
And you should look at me as once before,
I think the sun would shine for me once more,
And Autumn turn to resurrected Spring;
And I would leave behind my leaden feet,
And feel the impulse of a soaring wing.

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Paul Valéry Takes a Walk

An Intimate Description of a Modern Literary Lion and his Foibles

By H. Lucius Cook

I HAVE never met Paul Valéry, but even an American can hardly pass the summer in Paris without hearing anecdotes of one of the most talked of literary men in France. One evening I was sitting on a terrace chatting with a young French university student. He began bemoaning his approaching vacation in Haute Savoie. Paul Valéry had recently come to spoil the spontaneity of life in the delightful rural community where my friend had passed his happy childhood summers. Valéry visits a friend whose estate borders that of the family of the student. These neighboring families are intimate, and often dine together. Hence my friend knows Valéry. I could not help questioning him on his aversion to a vacation in such excellent company, and here is what he told me.

Such a gloriole surrounds Valéry that silence reigns whenever he approaches, everybody waiting eagerly for whatever profound statement he may let fall. Whenever he is present, the dinner is a bore. Nobody speaks. After a long, almost unbearable silence, Valéry says, 'I had a fine walk to-day.' Everybody listens greedily to these long awaited words, looks at his neighbor, smiles approval, and then waits for what the great man will deign to utter next. Silence again thrills the room until Valéry finishes another course. If the domestic delays in bringing this, Valéry may be moved to utter, 'I found the water in the lake too cool for a swim to-day.' After these gracious words, a gentle, general murmur of approbation from the assembled guests glides into silence, which continues until the end of the meal. No conversation is possible unless Valéry speaks. One is there only to listen to him. Nothing matters but him, and what he says; and this consists of platitudes.

But by that evening, word runs in the village that Paul Valéry has had a fine walk, and that he found the lake water too cool for a swim. Many villagers approve this wisdom, and forbid their children to begin to bathe for another week. Then all the good people congratulate each other on the presence in their midst of a great man and profound philosopher.

But one, much wiser than the rest, ventures that no doubt a subtler meaning underlay his words; that he was talking poetry, and deep philosophy. His walk was probably an excursion through starry fields of crystal thought, where none but he is advanced enough to enter. That is why he lapsed into silence after saying he had had a fine walk. He could conduct the others no further than the gate. He could only say that he had spent some time in starry fields of crystal thought. His silence indicated that none had followed him nor could follow him within.

Courtesy Harcourt, Brace & Company

PAUL VALÉRY

FROM a woodcut by Zadig.

BUT how about the water in the lake?' another asked. And the wise one answered that it was far from him to be able to sound the depths of all of Valéry's meaning, even when it was only a matter of lake water, but that the great man might have meant almost anything. For example, he might have meant that after his fine walk in the starry fields of crystal thought, which he had just been reviewing in his mind during the silence at dinner, the material world in which we are immersed offered too cold a reception to give him pleasure on his return, and he therefore begged his friends to refrain from further conversation, so as not to chill the ardor of his mental excursion. Or he may have meant that at the end of his walk through the starry fields of crystal thought, he came to a great lake whose secrets were impenetrable even for him. And when he added 'to-day,' he may have meant that he will soon be able to bathe in this lake, and give us the results of his experience. It was no doubt an announcement of a new book he is about to write on some great subject that even he himself cannot tell us about until to-morrow.

Then all the villagers applaud, and write their friends that Valéry is about to give the world a new book in which he expounds a new philosophy.

My friend once applied for the position of secretary to Valéry. He was recommended by Valéry's best friend. He was not even considered for the position, however, because Valéry wanted no one he knew for secretary, nor anyone with any intelligence. He wanted no one who would make suggestions to him, criticize his work, or even understand it. A mere machine, it seems, suffices for a secretary.

I do not know whether Valéry has written anything on how to choose a secretary, but perhaps one can be pardoned for not having read everything the great man has written, when he is so fearful of imparting something for nothing in return that it is reported that even his best friend pays enormous prices for a single copy of his limited editions, receives only type-written letters from him, signed by a secretary, and has paid for every signature of Valéry that is in his possession.

My friend was once present at a large reception given to Valéry by some three hundred of his friends when he returned from a speaking tour in Germany. These good people anticipated the difficulty that foreigners must have had in understanding the lectures of a man who is so great he is understood only with difficulty by his own countrymen speaking his own language. When asked by them how he had been received in Germany, he replied that he had been acclaimed everywhere as cordially as he is acclaimed in France, which led him to believe that the Germans understood him quite as well as did the French.

Thus Valéry takes a walk, and his words of wisdom reach even America, because a French university student makes fun of a great man who has for his own motto, '*Je me moque du Monde.*'

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A Marriage of Convenience

In Austro-German Union a Disturbed Frenchman Sees the Nuptials of a High-Bred Lady and a Powerful Parvenu

By Ludovic Naudeau

Rome Correspondent of the Paris *Temps*

From *L'Illustration* (Paris Illustrated Weekly)

EUROPE was startled this summer by what was universally greeted as a tremendous outburst in favor of political union between Austria and Germany (*Anschluss*), occurring during the Schubert festivals in Vienna and commented upon in our September number. In the accompanying article a practised French observer of Central European affairs, who now makes Rome his base of operations, takes the Vienna demonstrations as the starting point for a reconsideration of the whole *Anschluss* problem. He shows how Austria's position in European cultural life must affect her destiny, either as an independent state, as a part of Germany, or as the nucleus of a United States of Europe. He points out Austria's weakness, and how it can be turned to her own advantage. He tells why he thinks the Vienna demonstration was strictly 'made in Germany.' And he gives a clear notion of the attitude to be expected from the chief actors in future moves: Seipel, the priest who is Chancellor of the Austrian republic; Seitz, Vienna's Socialist mayor; Breitscheid, German Social-Democratic leader; and Loebe, the President of the German Reichstag who is called 'the traveling salesman of Pan Germanism.'

ONE NEED not go far afield in order to witness events which are of the greatest importance in the evolution of the human race, and which may have a decisive influence on the future of France. Within our own frontiers, we have the problems of the density of our population and our power to resist future attack. And at our very gates, in the heart of Europe, lies a great whirlpool of nationalistic ambition, of racial unrest, of peoples in ferment — all motivated, perhaps unconsciously, by the thirst for power.

If one admit that the existence of a programme is not in itself a serious matter, so long as it is sure to be a long time before that programme can be carried out, then spectacles such as that occurring in Vienna during the Schubert festivals need not be considered in an ominous light. The German Government certainly does not desire to force matters. Other problems, much more urgent than the accomplishment of the *Anschluss*, or Austro-German union, at present demand its attention. In Berlin officialdom there are many, including the Social-Democratic leader Breitscheid, to assure us that the *Anschluss* is very much of a long-deferred affair.

BUT the statesman worthy of his name does not follow a piece-meal foreign policy. In his heart of hearts he is not content to postpone consideration of a threat whose potentialities he understands. He is worried when he realizes that this threat is being carefully nurtured and stimulated by good people who protest that they are actuated only by harmless sentiment. And it is just this hypocrisy on the part of the German ruling classes to which one may rightly take exception. At the same time that they claim not to take seriously the idea of an Austro-German union, they are carrying out a persistent campaign of propaganda to develop in Austrian hearts sentiments of uncertainty and lack of confidence, for which they, of course, propose as a cure the feeling of Germanic solidarity.

TOWARD the end of last year, after an investigation carried out in Central Europe, I prepared for *L'Illustration* an impressive display of facts. They proved the stubbornness with which the Germans, in spite of all protests and in the face of tide and tempest, were methodically acting in such a way as to stimulate Austria's discontent with her separate existence and to prevent her from resigning herself to her fate as an insignificant nation. These conclusions are now supported by the striking displays of feeling which recently took place in Vienna. There was in reality no spontaneous effervescence, no popular enthusiasm, which might be construed as an expression of a desire on the part of the Austrian people to share the destiny of Germany. The truth is that a horde of Germans, recruited and organized long beforehand in Germany, seized the pretext of a musical festival in honor of Schubert to come to Vienna and strut about with a full orchestra and a procession of symbolic floats. The Viennese were interested, hospitable, sympathetic spectators, but they maintained a passive rôle throughout the proceedings.

Who will believe that the 140,000 singers and musicians (the figure is sometimes given as 200,000) could have been gathered together in Germany and prepared for their journey unless there had been a good deal of planning in advance? And was not the presence, at the head of this army, of the President of the Reichstag in person sufficient evidence of the care with which the most important German politicians encouraged the demonstration? Many witnesses say that groups of hired applauders were placed according to a pre-arranged plan along the route taken by the procession to fan the flames of the citizens' enthusiasm and, where necessary, to touch a match where no fire existed. The demonstration which resulted was, therefore, due to an offensive planned and prepared outside of Austria. This fact is important. If the Germans had been certain that they could count upon the solidarity of Austrian feeling, they would not have gone to such trouble to organize the demonstration, and would have been quite satisfied had they been greeted with dignified restraint.

During the celebrations, two highly-placed Austrian public officials, Monseignor Seipel and Herr Seitz, naturally were closely watched. It will be recalled that Monseignor Seipel, the distinguished Chancellor of the Austrian Republic, has always maintained a non-committal attitude on the question of Austro-German union. He cannot be formally accused of favoring the *Anschluss*, but it would be still more difficult to say that he has done anything to prevent it. And, on this occasion, he once more

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THE GERMAN REICHSTAG'S PRESIDENT

PAUL LOEBE, strong advocate of Austro-German union, who came to Vienna 'a traveling salesman of Pan-Germanism.'

indulged in sentimental remarks from which absolutely no conclusion could be drawn.

On the other hand, Herr Seitz, the influential Socialist Mayor of Vienna, had already clearly indicated last July his approval of the *Anschluss* in a manner which would have been highly improper a year earlier. As an Austrian Socialist, he was able to do so because the recent German elections greatly strengthened the Socialist Party in the German Reichstag. One of the first official acts of the German Socialist Prime Minister, Herr Hermann Müller, was to telegraph the Austrian Chancellor proposing increasingly close coöperation between the two nations. The German Socialist Party and the Social Democracy which rules Vienna are naturally closely allied. Evidently, when the Social Democrats held power both in Germany and in Austria, such a parallelism would be one more logical argument in favor of Austro-German union.

Human affairs, however, are never so simple as that. The Social Democrats may rule Vienna, but they do not rule Austria. Because Germany is Socialist, Herr Seitz favors the inclusion of Austria in a great Socialist Pan-Germany. For exactly the same reason, the Austrian Conservatives are fearful of the idea of combining their country with a Germany in which more or less radical ideas would hold sway. Just as soon as one of the great Austrian parties feels that it is justified in working for the union, the other party tends to hold back. This situation has been observed several times since 1918, and it is this situation, and it alone, that offers a weapon to those who are opposed to the dangerous idea of Austro-German union.

BESIDES, so long as everyone knows that even if worst came to worst we are still far from the actual accomplishment of the union, so long as everyone admits that choruses and fanfares cannot be construed as diplomatic moves, it will be difficult to interpret very exactly the speeches and actions of the principal Austrian statesmen. Often it has seemed that they tried to turn every development to their own advantage, and have even descended to intimidation. Again and again the Western Powers have decided to 'help' Austria in order to prevent her from falling into the arms of the Pan-Germanists. Manœuvering, tacking with the wind, is a good policy for the weak, and since the Allies were responsible for setting up a weak Austria, they now can hardly object to her taking advantage of her weakness.

But today it is clear that Austria is far from being the disinherited country that she has been pictured. Given a normal government, she can be self-sufficient and can live happily, provided that she accepts her new destiny and ceases to glance back over her shoulder at the past. The thirst for power, however, is ingrained in the human heart; its influence is stubborn, if unconscious. No doubt fate seems hard to those who recall the vanished grandeur of a day when Vienna was the dazzling center of a great empire; no doubt it is hard to resign oneself to complete impotence; and it is precisely this feeling that the Pan-Germanists, by every possible means, are forever stimulating. Austria, by joining Germany, can become overnight a part of a tremendous whole. Left to herself, disarmed, and with only seven million inhabitants, she is without prestige and incapable even of protecting her enslaved brothers in the South Tyrol. But after the *Anschluss*, when she would form a part of a great block of seventy million Germans with their southern capital at Vienna, all of Pan-Germany's hopes would be hers, and she would belong to a group which could speak in accents of power.

It is therefore natural that such an idea, kept constantly before Austrian eyes and made to seem as attractive as only the Germans can make it, should have become for the confused Austrians a sort of myth, a dream which is unusually pleasant because it relieves them of the necessity of any immediate effort. Most Austrians feel that Austro-German union is implicit in the logic of events; it does not exist, but it may come into existence because the forces which oppose it may some day be broken down by unpredictable events. When it comes, everything will be changed and a new life will begin. Meanwhile, for the present, one may live at half pressure.

All the Austrian political parties, including the Christian-Socialists, have at one time or another approved the *Anschluss* in their platforms, and all the important public men of Austria have backed it. Monseignor Seipel in an interview once said that 'if the Treaty of Versailles did not forbid it, the union would already have been accomplished.' Then he added: 'I have always followed a policy whose aim is to get the League of Nations itself to bring about the union.' And on another occasion, he admitted that if a plebiscite were taken, ninety per cent of the voters would favor the *Anschluss*.

Considered thus abstractly, as a sort of phenomenon which is anticipated and which seems especially splendid because the disturbances which it will bring with it are long postponed, the idea of the *Anschluss* tickles the imagination of many Austrians. But when they reflect upon the financial arrangements and the economic consequences involved, all kinds of difficulties appear, and many an expression grows pensive.

THE old culture of the Viennese has made them sufficiently intelligent to realize that they are laboring under an illusion; and though they continue to do so, they are growing alarmed. They are like an aged spinster of noble birth on the eve of marrying a rich *parvenu* with barrel chest and muscular hands. At the same time that she gloats over the wealth of her crude Crœsus, and dreams of the future, she is dismayed at the idea of soon having to renounce the glory of her name and the traditions of her family. Once she has said yes, she must give up her whole personality, her moral independence, her chastity. So, while she is pleased at the idea of her future wealth, she foresees the vexations which the dominance of her lord and master will bring her, sees them so clearly that she even considers the idea of not going through with the marriage at all.

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It would be childish to deny that the Austrians are Germans; but they are Catholic Germans who have been deeply Latinized through many centuries. The universality of the culture of the Viennese people, whose city was for ages the center of a great monarchy, is due to the fact that Slavic, Hungarian, and Germanic civilizations fused within their walls. The Viennese are a likable people; their taste is good, they are refined, they are gourmets and appreciate good food, as witness their exquisite little demitasses with whipped cream floating on top, and their flaky little pastries. To quote one of their own writers, they are 'whimsical, sensuous, Catholic, aristocratic, and ironic;' and they are very different from the 'classic, heavily intellectual, Protestant, bourgeois' Germans. It is generally admitted, even by the Germans themselves, that the Viennese, although their language is the same as that spoken in Germany, are intellectually much closer to Paris than to Berlin. In fact, German intellectuals have often protested at the frivolity of Viennese writers, infatuated with the French literary movement and showing an obvious affinity for the agility of the Parisian mind.

Teutonism is responsible for much of this complex and ancient Austrian culture, but not for all. It was, among other things, the product of a cosmopolitanism which undoubtedly represented a great moral progress. The Austro-Hungarian Empire and Switzerland, before 1914, were the two embryos of that United States of Europe which must be set up if the white race is to be saved. (Had the League of Nations not made its headquarters at Geneva, how appropriate it would have been to choose Vienna!) Today, we must ask to which of the two sources of her culture Austria means to cleave. It is true that we cannot get around the fact that, ethnologically speaking, the Austrians are Germans. If, as they drift backward, they decide in the future to be no more than Germans, it will undoubtedly be very difficult to prevent them from choosing their own destiny.

M. GUSTAVE HERVÉ has just written for *La Victoire* a series of articles favoring Franco-German *rapprochement*. They are good articles. M. Hervé believes that we would be wise if, anticipating the event itself, we were to let an Austro-German union take place without protest — a union which he believes to be from any point of view inevitable, and already accomplished morally if not legally. M. Hervé apparently believes that if we were to make such a concession, the Germans would agree never to demand a change in the status of the Polish corridor. I fear that he is mistaken, at least on this latter point. And then, after all, is the *Anschluss* morally accomplished? I see no reason to be certain.

But the problem is deeper than that. Are the Austrians, in their own conscience, free to give up everything that assures them an outstanding moral position in European affairs, a position not at all influenced by the size of the territory they occupy? The vicissitudes of modern times may have destroyed the Austro-Hungarian Empire, but they have left an Austria whose duty it is to carry out her cosmopolitan destiny and, by being the first to renounce racial prejudice in order to save civilization, set a great example for the world.

Austria's duty is not toward Germany, but toward herself and toward humanity. Let Austria try to join Germany, and immediately the whole structure of peace in Europe is shaken and the dream of a United States of Europe is gone. Faced by a block of seventy million Teutons (a nation too strong to join with others on a basis of equality), all the surrounding nations will grow fearful and unite in self-defense; the race for armaments will go forward at full speed, and the curse of a new war will be in sight. After all, there is at least one thing for which Breitscheid, the German Social-Democratic leader, deserves praise. He very rightly said: 'The *Anschluss* depends not alone upon the wishes of the Austrian and German people. It is a problem for all Europe.' Monseignor Seipel is a passionate follower of the Christian faith, whose first command is the avoidance of bloodshed. He is certainly only waiting for a favorable opportunity to speak the clear words of wisdom which will discourage the efforts of those who, stubbornly working for the *Anschluss*, are in reality laying the basis for a new European conflagration.

AS for the Viennese Social Democracy, it may violently oppose Monseignor Seipel so far as domestic politics are concerned, but at least in theory it has one aim in common with him: the ideal of peace. It is therefore doubly difficult to explain why the Socialist Mayor Seitz in his speeches should have given any encouragement to the organizers of the colossal German charivari in Vienna. Until the evidence convinces us otherwise, we shall never believe that Monseignor Seipel and Mayor Seitz, who profess humanitarian principles in theory, will fail to practice what they preach.

Finally, it is difficult to explain the rôle played by the German Social-Democracy in this choral and oratorical tumult. The horror of war has always been accepted as that party's fundamental principle. Only a short time ago, Gustave Hervé assured us of its pacifism, even of its 'bleating' pacifism. Nevertheless its representative, Herr Loebe, President of the Reichstag, has several times come to Vienna and acted like a traveling salesman of Pan-Germanism. It is incomprehensible. Whom are they trying to fool? Who are these strange internationalists who are so desperately anxious to set up narrow nationalistic principles? It is not true, Herr Loebe, that the union of Austria and Germany is a holy work to which great idealists should give themselves. Yes, I know that the semi-official Viennese *Correspondance Diplomatique* assures us that 'it is completely idiotic to see a Pan-German movement in the movement for an Austro-German union, or a claim to political hegemony in an appeal to the right of self-determination.' But such assurances are unconvincing. Although the agitation in favor of the union is carried on under cover of a certain spirit of play, a certain

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THE AUSTRIAN REPUBLIC'S CHANCELLOR

IGNATIUS SEIPEL, whose expressions of opinion on the *Anschluss* have thus far been merely 'sentimental remarks from which no conclusions could be drawn.'

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Bacchic good fellowship, and a demonstrative pacifism, I feel certain that in practice the setting up of a block of seventy or eighty million Germans would soon take on a formidable significance that would inevitably threaten the peace in Europe. Possibly the 140,000 German singers led by Herr Loebe were mostly simpletons, but among the leaders and file-closers of all those blockheads there must have been a certain number of artful politicians.

'Pull in your horns, Herr Loebe, or at least pull out for Berlin!' The rôle which you presume to give Austria is not as great as that offered by her glorious destiny. Austria should not become a part of Germany alone, but of all civilization, of which Germany is only a part. There is no need for the Austrians to sink to the position of second-class Germans when simply by remaining as they are, keeping their freedom, refusing to oppose the pacification of the world, they can automatically become the first people of Europe. It is not a greater Germany that they should be instrumental in setting up, but a united Europe. One, I am afraid, excludes the other.

The Three Crows

By M. N.

The Spectator, London

THERE lived a witch upon a hill
With three black crows to do her will.

As soon as ever the red cock crew
They flapped their wings and away they flew.

Says farmer's wife: 'A crow have took
My primest duckling out of the brook.'

Says farmer's boy: 'A crow have stealed
A turnip out of the turnip field.'

Says farmer's maid: 'A crow,' says she,
'Have off with the bacon for farmer's tea.'

As soon as ever the moon was up
The witch sat down by the fire to sup.

She combed her hair with her skinny claw.
There came three crows and tapped on the door.

There came three crows as black as hell,
Said: 'Give us a bite, for we've served you well.'

Round they flew, and down they sat
In a coal-black row beside her plate.

And ever they sang as she stirred the pot:
'We've stew for our supper, strong and hot.'

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Letters and the Arts

The London Aphrodite — Two Events in British Education — Spanish Academicians — Mr. Gordon Craig's Exhibition — The 'New' Russian Opera — The Price of a Van Gogh

The London Aphrodite

The Fanfrolico Press, London, has issued the first number of a new and perhaps unique periodical, unique in that it definitely announces that only six numbers will appear. One is allowed to suppose that it intends to flare up brightly and then cease to be, rather than drag on a precarious existence. This publication will be entitled *The London Aphrodite*, will cost nine shillings for the six bi-monthly numbers, and will be edited by Jack Lindsay and P. R. Stephenson. The numbers will not be sold separately. The current issue, which has not reached the United States at this writing, contains articles by the editors, by Liam O'Flaherty, by E. Powys Mathers, and others. The purpose of the new magazine is announced as follows:

'As an antidote to the modern literary poisons of painful introspection and ponderous academic dictatorships. *The London Aphrodite* will re-affirm beauty as a human fact, imagination as eternity; and it will cry death to the deadliest moderns. Each number will contain a critical depreciation of the sickliest *zeilgeist* expressions, and some antithetical creative work in prose and verse. If prevailing standards in periodical literary journalism satisfy you, please do not subscribe.'

When a periodical begins life by nnouncing the date of its death, there are those who will scoff. Some will say that this procedure is like publishing a book over a period of six months rather than in one printing. Others, more sophisticated, will hint that if a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained by the end of the six months' period, the periodical will, of course, continue publication; if not, then the publishers will have neatly covered their retreat.

Two Events in British Education

TWO events of distinct interest have occurred in the English secondary school world, one a mark of homage to achievement, the other a promise for the future. After twenty-seven years of service as Headmaster of the Perse School, Cambridge, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse has retired, and a dinner was given him in the school hall to honor his remarkable work. At almost the same time Sir Samuel Hoare, the British Minister for Air, was formally opening a new science wing at the Highgate School, which will be dedicated to instruction in flying as a science and an art.

Dr. Rouse is known the world over as the originator of the direct method of teaching the classics. He, together with his collaborator, Dr. S. O. Andrew, both classical scholars of deep learning and profound love for the ancient literatures, decided that the old-fashioned, grammatical method of teaching Latin and Greek was largely responsible for the wide-spread waning of interest in the classics. Together they worked out a method of teaching which relied on conversation and reading in the languages themselves rather than on rote learning and translation. From the very first day, the classes are conducted wholly in Latin or Greek; in the school textbooks rules are given and explanations of grammatical points are made in the language which the pupil is studying. The effects obtained by this system were truly remarkable. Perse School boys acquired such a knowledge of the classics that they were literally able to think in the ancient languages. The fame of the method spread until demand was sufficiently large to justify the publication of the textbooks for use in other schools; these texts are now eleven in number; they are called the *Lingua Latina* series and are known to educators the world over.

The writer well remembers a description of one of Dr. Rouse's classes which was given him by an American scholar who visited the Perse School a few years ago. It was a class in Latin Composition; the boys averaged about fifteen years of age. Each student was provided with a copy of Burke's *Speech on Conciliation with America*, a work none too easy even in English. Dr. Rouse opened the book at random and called on one of his boys to render a passage into Latin. The boy immediately began and rattled off a Latin rendition so quickly that the American scholar was unable to follow it. Dr. Rouse complimented the lad, and then remarked that, although the rendering was excellent for a boy of his age, Cicero would probably have put it in such and such a way. The whole class immediately became attentive and listened to their instructor's flowing periods with keen delight. The American left the classroom feeling that he had been dreaming. Later, on his return to America, he tried the direct method in his own classroom; he found that his own ignorance of spoken Latin was so great that it took him four to five hours a day to prepare for a forty-five minute recitation with thirteen-year-old beginners. He was obliged finally to stop on account of his health. Yet this American scholar was a man with a great reputation and solid classical learning.

That has been the chief trouble with applying Dr. Rouse's methods. They require so great a knowledge of the classics and such intimate acquaintance with classical literature that it is well-nigh impossible for even the best prepared teacher to use them. This has been realized fully as well in England as elsewhere, and it is generally feared, despite Dr. Rouse's disclaimer, that with his retirement there has definitely come to an end an amazingly brilliant experiment in classical teaching.

THE Highgate School, an institution over three hundred and fifty years old, with a long list of distinguished alumni, especially in the learned professions, has installed a laboratory where its students may study the principles and technique of flying. For the present it is not intended to give any practical instruction which involves actual flight, but the physics, mechanics, construction, and repair of æroplanes will be taught to the students in order that those who have a special aptitude for æronautics may have a solid foundation for further study in later life. The school's equipment consists of a hangar, the latest type of Avro and Snipe æroplanes with engines and fittings complete, a 325 horse-power air-cooled Armstrong-Siddeley Jaguar engine, and a 450 horse-power water-cooled Lion Napier engine. The instruction will be in the hands of two former members of the British Air Force. This is the first secondary school in England to make an attempt to teach practical æronautics.

A somewhat similar programme, it will be recalled, has been in force at an American secondary school, namely, the Culver Military Academy, Culver, Indiana, where, however, more attention is paid to actual flying instruction than

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to the theoretical aspects of the subject. With these two beginnings we may perhaps expect some day to see the principles of aviation offered as a regular part of secondary school education.

Spanish Academicians

THE Spanish Academy has just unanimously elected a new member, Ramon Pérez de Ayala. This author is highly esteemed and at the height of his fame in Spain; although he is a relatively young man, his works fill twenty odd volumes, consisting of verse, fiction, criticism, and general essays. Yet he is practically unknown in this country. It is indeed high time that some enterprising American publisher should winnow contemporary Spanish literary production and offer us samples in translation that would redound a little more to the glory of a fine literature than the works of such men as Blasco Ibáñez, and only the more transitory efforts of a man whose best work remains untranslated, Miguel de Unamuno.

The election of Pérez de Ayala, whose writing is extremely modern and unorthodox in style, is in the tradition of liberalism and impartiality which has of late years characterized the elections of the Spanish Academy. An Academy of Letters is usually considered a dry-as-dust collection of philologists and archæologists who meet together in a vain effort to keep their native language from showing the least sign of growth and who are devoted to the preservation of all old-fashioned ideologies. Such is not the Spanish Academy. It has, of course, its share of scholars whose primary interest is not creative, but it has also a goodly company of men who have in common only the merit of writing well. That in a predominantly Catholic country Pérez Galdós, with his two novels of religious questioning, *Gloria* and *La Familia de León Roch*, and Juan Valera, with his gentle scepticism, should have been made academicians is a tribute to the large-mindedness of the Academy. The election of Pérez de Ayala adds to its glory and confirms its reputation for liberalism.

Mr. Gordon Craig's Exhibition

IT is a paradoxical fact that although England has several playwrights of true distinction, her theatre grows worse and worse. Her scenic designers are all either lapped in the bosom of a kindly and sentimental naturalism, or are tearing their hair in wildly archæological or modernistic antics which fail both artistically and financially. Gordon Craig is the great exception, though he has met with astonishingly little success in his native country. Not since his production of *The Vikings* a good many seasons ago has any of his work achieved practical realization on the London stage, and yet his influence has spread over Europe from the Volga to the Seine, until now there is no book published on the theatre which does not contain some reproduction of his designs.

The only possible explanation of England's neglect of such an artist is a peculiar lack of appreciation. Craig is the founder of all the modern non-realistic schools of theatre design; his work has a simplicity, a theatrical quality, a justness of design and color which would easily have put England in the lead of Europe had only the English theatre public been a trifle less set in its ways. Instead of this, Craig had to go abroad to gain the recognition he so richly deserved. It was Germany, Denmark, and Russia which allowed him to apply his art to the practical stage and to prove its worth; it is these countries which have reaped the benefit, for they are now the leaders in European stagecraft.

At last, however, London has accorded some recognition to Gordon Craig's genius. There has been an exhibition of his sketches at the St. George's Galleries and, later, at the Architectural Association. Not only rough drawings are exhibited, but actual stage models made for the State Theatre at Copenhagen. But any mere exhibition is a poor reward for so great an artist; it is high time some London manager were willing to risk a few pounds and to give the only first-rate designer modern England has produced a chance to carry his ideas into practice in his own country.

The 'New' Russian Opera

THERE is perhaps no nation which takes its art with so much gusto as Russia; there is certainly none quite so solemn about its Art as Germany. When Emanuel Kaplan, the director of the Leningrad Operatic Studio, reached Salzburg with his troupe to prepare for competition in the famous operatic festival, he immediately issued a pronunciamento calculated to bring tears of wrath to any good German eyes. 'Ours,' he announced, 'is the antithesis of the Wagnerian ideal.'

What he meant by this is not altogether clear. Apparently the most startling innovations of his company are two: he has increased the number of characters in Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne* from three to sixteen and he has his operas produced in front of an iron curtain which makes the voices of his singers resound better and more clearly. One suspects that the results of the latter innovation may be somewhat tinny. At all events the first performance in the new style in Leningrad precipitated a free-for-all fight among the auditors, which lasted, at least verbally, for several weeks.

Apparently Kaplan has 'discovered' the musical drama, as distinguished from the dramatic music of Wagner. One is obliged to confess that this 'discovery' is not very startling. It was surely made in Vienna by Mozart, and even before Mozart in France. It did not require Bolshevism to suggest that pleasing opera could be produced with a little more attention to good acting and a little less to a large orchestra.

It may be that Kaplan has really developed a new form of opera; no one can tell, for, with true good management, his rehearsals at Salzburg all take place behind locked doors. But it will be indeed surprising if, after two hundred years of experimentation, all of it rather fruitless, the perfect form should emerge, the opera in which neither the music shall be lost in the acting nor the acting swamped by the music. Time will tell. Salzburg audiences are highly critical and cultivated; when the festival is over, we shall be able to decide whether Kaplan has really done something or whether he has merely been carried away by the idea of having made a 'discovery.'

The Price of a Van Gogh

TO-DAY a canvas from the brush of Vincent Van Gogh sells at a price somewhere in the thousands of francs, if not thousands of dollars. It was not always so. When Van Gogh was in Arles, painting feverishly in the crystal-clear sunlight of Provence, many were the letters he wrote to his brother Theodore in Paris asking money, and much was the credit he begged from his little Paris art-dealer, Père Tanguy, for oils and brushes. A new anecdote told by a Parisian who closely followed the work of the curious Dutch-French impressionist illustrates the point.

Some months after Van Gogh's death, this gentleman entered Père Tanguy's shop and inquired the price of one of 'le pauvre Vincent's' brilliant still-lifes.

'Forty-two francs,' said the old dealer quickly, after glancing in a ledger.

'How do you make it just forty-two?' questioned the purchaser.

'I'll tell you,' said Père Tanguy. 'When Vincent died, he owed me exactly forty-two francs. Pay me; you have the picture, and Vincent no longer owes me a sou.'

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As Others See Us

Europe Versus America

'The United States has used the Monroe Doctrine to suit her needs,' says André Suarès, French writer of the advanced group, in *La Revue des Vivants* (Paris), a highly nationalistic publication of recent foundation whose object is to speak for 'the generations who went through the war and must organize the peace.' He continues: 'The United States refuses to allow Europe any part in her affairs, of which she means to be the sole judge. She avoids leagues of nations of any kind. She declines to entertain any idea of an international authority or an international court. Therefore, the time has come to set up an opposing principle which shall legitimately prevent America from taking any part, however small, in the affairs of Europe, of Africa, or of Asia.

'Already American enterprises constitute a great menace to the peoples of Latin America; the Monroe Doctrine controls them and is their law; it is as if they were already regarded as future colonies. The nations of Europe are invited to sell the islands of the Antilles to the United States. The Americans have seized Panama and would like to seize Mexico. Any criminal act against another country can be justified in their opinion and in the opinion of their Senate by oil or some other similar filthy business. If they can get a preacher and a couple of bishops to help, they make a work of piety out of their crime. Arizona oil leads to Mexican oil; Mexican oil leads to Asiatic oil, whether in a still independent China or in the more or less Russian or Persian countries of the Caucasus. From the oil wells of Baku it is but a step to Rumania and Poland. Why not also to France, to Spain, to Scotland, so long as there is oil to be found at Riom, at Toledo, or at Dundee?'

In another place, Suarès defines the purpose of the principle which is to be set up in opposition to America. This principle, the 'European Idea,' he says, 'consists in defending the reality that *is* Europe against all that is not European in spirit, in feeling, or in tradition, against the barbarians, against Asia, against the black and yellow races certainly, but, first of all, against North America. It is childish to deny that there are barbarians to-day. It may be because civilization has wronged them; but the fact remains that cannibal negroes, the communistic, animal-like tribes of the equatorial forests, the peoples who lack geometry, physics, and written laws, are barbarians.

'North America, at first glance, seems at the antipodes from all barbarism. Nevertheless, she is the hope and the model of all barbarians; for without American engineers, American business men, and American machines, the peoples of Asia would be forever powerless against Europe. There is no doubt that the United States means to refuse Europe the right to intervene in the affairs of the New World, no matter what her claim; nor is there any doubt that American foreign policy, the standard bearer of American finance and business, means also to extend American power over all the countries of the Pacific, over China, and even over Asia. The basis and immediate purpose of the European Idea arises from Europe's duty to forbid the Old World to the American spirit and to American political principles.'

From Punch (London)

Flowers of American Speech, I

Fascinating New Yorker (after a delightful dance). 'Gosh! That was great. Now we'd best park our frames a spell after that.'

An Irish President in Our Midst

'With the President in America' is the title of a new book just published in Dublin. It is an account of the adventures of President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State during his visit to the land of the free and the home of the brave, which leads the *Irish Statesman* (edited by the poet, Æ) to the following disquisition on the United States:

'The hospitality is gigantic, and, if kindness could kill, the citizens of the United States would make many victims of their visitors. They are the most romantic people on the planet. They are interested in personalities, and they make a story out of every distinguished visitor. There are few who came to the States with such abundant materials for journalistic story-making as President Cosgrave, and few indeed of the many races which are being fused together in that vast country have retained so many memories of the country from which they came as the Irish. That may be because the language which they spoke in the new world was that which their children spoke, a fact which enabled them to keep in contact with Ireland. The children of German, Swede, Polish, or Italian immigrants but rarely speak the language of their parents. They cannot so easily keep up race traditions. But the children of the Irish who were born in the States could at all times follow what was happening in Ireland. They are not less good American citizens because they remember the ancestral island. They have come to great power in the new world. The fathers of those who lived on the Western seaboard, whose wills were toughened by centuries of struggle in a land of rocks and bogs, handed on to their children that will forged amid rocks and bogs, and it made these a great power. They are almost becoming world masters. They helped to make the reception of our President a memorable one, but the romantic American populace would have given him a reception almost as great on his own record if there had been only a million rather than fifteen or twenty millions of Irish descent in the States.'

No Dreams in New York

Can one dream in New York? 'An idle question, an absurd paradox,' says Charles Gos in an article in the *Journal de Genève* (Geneva Liberal Democratic daily). 'One might as well imagine sky-scrapers on the banks of the Grand Canal, subways in the Catacombs of Rome! Dreaming means, among other things, wasting time; and in this terrifying Cosmopolis, where the hour glass runs to the click of dollars, dreaming is an impossible pleasure, more costly than the biggest solitaire in a

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Fifth Avenue jeweler's window, more luxurious than the most sumptuous limousine on Park Avenue.'

In one place, perhaps, one may snatch a moment's revery: the steps of the New York Public Library, with the pigeons at one's feet. But this is the exception that proves the rule. In general, 'The New Yorker does not dream. This is the only luxury he cannot have; it costs too much for him. It is the only Paradise into which his dollars will not take him.' Then the wistful conclusion: 'Dreaming! Our amiable weakness and our happiness, we Europeans. *Our* luxury!'

Claiming Monopoly in a Name

'YANKEE Customs are peculiar and incomprehensible,' says a writer in the *Diario de Panama*, a Spanish daily, published in Panama City, just across the border from the Canal Zone. 'With their characteristic smile,' he continues resentfully, 'the Yankees appropriate for themselves alone an adjective like "American," whose meaning includes in reality the peoples of two whole continents. They should be reprimanded when they claim the right to, and as a matter of fact do, distinguish themselves as the only real "Americans," and show their surprise and ignorance when a citizen of some other nation of North or South America applies the same term to himself with exactly as great a right as they, themselves, have.'

Who Owns the English Language?

QUITE ignoring the fact that many 'Americanisms' are relics of the older English usage, like the American use of 'guess,' or the slang use of 'fire,' Captain C. A. Knapp of the Royal Navy writes to the *Saturday Review* (London) protesting against American innovations in the English language. This British tar is apparently intent on maintaining our common speech as an exclusively imperial possession. Most of all he objects to the extra syllable in the American word for the machine which automatically calculates racing odds.

The spelling, he thinks, 'should be totaliser and not "totalisator" — a word, it seems, manufactured in America, where the "monocles" come from.

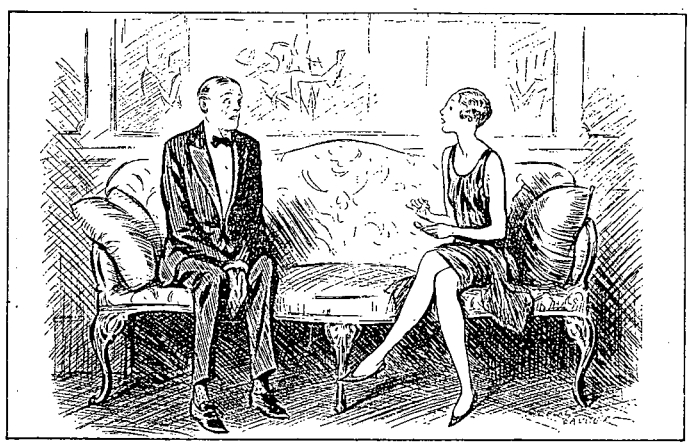
'The U. S. A., after their civil war, claimed eight hundred million pounds from us for moral and intellectual damages caused by our favoring the Southerners. *Punch*, while admitting the liability, settled the dispute by counterclaiming precisely the same damages against the Americans for introducing the word "reliable" into our language. The ideal remedy would be to outlaw all Americanisms and have it out at Geneva. Unfortunately, the League exists to enable the strong countries to combine against the weak; so it only remains for our Exchequer, which puts three millions yearly betting profits into its satchel, to debit the U. S. A. with another three millions reparations for dumping the word "totalisator" on us.'

Lynching in the United States

'AMERICAN lynch justice' is the subject of a scathing article in the Socialistically inclined *Arbeiter Zeitung* of Vienna. After recounting a number of horrific incidents with circumstantial details, the author thus sums up: 'The Immigration Commission of 1911 asserts that the percentage of criminal assaults by negroes is less than that by native born Americans or by white immigrants. It is well known that in the British West Indies, where the number of blacks and mulattoes is far greater than that of the whites, assaults by the blacks on the white women are unknown, and there is no lynching. The practice of lynching in the Southern states is a survival from slave days.'

Then follow some strange statements: 'Negroes have been lynched over such trivial offenses that their punishment is quite incomprehensible unless one realizes the social background. In certain states, for example, it is looked upon as a very grave matter if a black man buys any automobile better than a Ford.'

It is rather interesting to observe that the Viennese writer, in spite of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung's* prejudice against a capitalistic society, does not pretend to regard lynching as typical of American society as a whole.



From Punch (London

Flowers of American Speech, II

Fair New Yorker (to over-fêted Englishman). 'Say, you're rather a dim bulb tonight, aren't you?'

Yankee Football: A New Invasion of Mexico

'ALREADY we have jazz, quick lunches, exaggerated flappers, happy endings to tales of wives running away from their husbands, chewing gum, idiotic "tests" in our schools. All we lack is football, and now we are going to have even that,' protests *El Universal*, (Mexico City Independent daily), bemoaning the overwhelming influence of American ideas on Mexican social life.

'We understand soccer, and South American players have added to it qualities of elegance which make it reflect the finesse and balance that we like to attribute to the hybrid race to which we have the honor to belong. But apparently a people which chews gum full blast and twists itself into the contortions of such dances as the recently imported Charleston, cannot be expected to understand that the lower extremities of man can be used with such talent as the Uruguayans, past masters of the art, display on the soccer field. It is indispensable for us to import — always from the North, of course — a more "thrilling" game, football, so that our students may break the proper number of ribs when they play against the "most civilized nation in the world."

'It is easy to see what is planned for us. We only have to go to the movie palaces where what the Yankees call "college stories" are shown. Our young men and women will devote their lives to going crazy over the new game. The biggest heroes of our campuses will be the best football players. The lecture rooms will rest vacant, because those who now use them will be spending hour upon hour in practice, in playing, or in celebrating victories. Coaches, physical culture experts and all the priesthood of muscledom that we see in the Yankee films will replace the professors. In short, thanks to football, we will see reproduced in our own country the carefree, frivolous, brutal student life, with no intellectual content whatever, that we see in the Yankee films.'

Can this protest be due to another aspect of the 'Yankee film propaganda' at which an Argentine writer protests so heatedly elsewhere in this issue of The Living Age?

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Paths and Places

Random Travel Notes...

AMERICANS touring Europe by motor find many things to remind them that they are not at home. Most of the contrasts are agreeable, rather than the reverse. In France there are no motorcycle policemen to trail, overhaul, scold, and summon the speeding motorist. Instead, gendarmes on horseback are familiar sights, and are so obviously helpless in dealing with a swiftly moving motor malefactor that he probably slows down in passing, if at all, only to avoid frightening their horses.

Then there are the '*villes mendiantes*,' as motorists call the towns which charge a fee for allowing one to stop in their streets. But the fee is trivial, and should be ungrudgingly paid.

* * *

IN ITALY new motor laws have been drafted, so severe as to be termed Draconian, writes a correspondent of *The Observer* (London). Severe penalties are provided for those found driving without licenses and still more severe for those who drive after their licenses have been refused. The proposal is for both a fine and a confiscation of the car in an extreme case. If a motorist drives at a speed likely to endanger public safety, he will be imprisoned for a term not exceeding one year and fined from a thousand to ten thousand lire. If the death of a person is caused by an automobile negligently driven, the sentence for the driver varies from three to eight years imprisonment, and if more than one person is killed or injured in the same accident, the penalty increases in severity.

* * *

IT HAS been said that the straight roads of the Romans incline a Frenchman to the belief that his instinct is to drive through difficulties instead of around them, whereas the curves and turns of many of the English highways suggest to the philosopher that the English habit is to go around a difficulty rather than through it. It is fortunate indeed that the road turnings in France are relatively infrequent, for at every corner the cautious motorist must blow his horn loudly and slow down, as around the curve he is sure to encounter one of three things: a farm cart on the wrong side of the road, a cyclist who has been on the wrong side of the road and is seeking hurriedly to rectify his error by crossing in front of the approaching motorist, or another automobilist coming the other way who is risking his life and yours by cutting the corner. There is far more traffic on the English highways than on those in France, and some of the British roads are now splendidly wide and admirably paved, carrying a volume of commercial and tourist traffic which has created along their edges a continuous semi-urban population of a kind until recently unknown.

* * *

NOT all Continental cities have municipal police forces, the peace officers of such municipalities being most frequently under State control. By a decision of the Constitutional Court, the 'Province of Vienna' is to have its own traffic police after October 1st. Heretofore city traffic has been controlled by the State police under President Johann Schober. There is also a double police force at Zurich and Prague, one for public safety, attached to the state, the other for traffic regulation, attached to the municipality.

* * *

A GIGANTIC autobus blunders out of the *Cava de San Miguel*, piled high with its load of travelers and valises. Immediately it is out of Madrid, on the desolate, stony road of Extremadura, a victim to the full wrath of the warlike sun, where only the baggage boy dares bare his head. 'At the speed we drive,' he explains, 'so many of my caps have blown away.'

Through the heat-doze there drift to the traveler's ears phrases of melodious poetry, names whose eloquence reflects the charm of the oldest villages of Spain — *Pedro Bernardo, Lanzalila Ramacastaña, Arenas de San Pedro.*

Long before San Pedro one forgets this is Castille. Austurias perhaps? No, rather Galicia. The same damp air, the chestnuts, oaks, vineyards. Without doubt Arenas de San Pedro is a bit of Galicia gone astray. Arenas de San Pedro is not like other towns of Spain. One circumstance alone is enough to prove that: the principal street is not the *Calle Mayor*. Instead, it is romantically called the 'Street of the Sad Countess,' recalling a famous episode in the town's history.

Near the river, overshadowed by mountain peaks 2000 metres high, stand the ruins of the castle, once as impregnable as it still is lovely, which was built by the Count Ruy López Dávalos in 1395. The King envied this great property, and at the Court itself the Count was assassinated. Then his widow, Doña Juana de Pimentel, shut herself safely in the fortress and poured out by letter and messenger her reproaches. Brooding over her sorrows she sought for expressive words, and used them at the head of all her writings, 'I, the sad Countess.'

Invasions and fires have not succeeded in destroying the dreamlike outline of her castle. But now its courtyard is converted to a cemetery, and against the strong walls outside they have made a court where they play *pelota*.

One fault only is to be found in Arenas de San Pedro. Its flies are not like any others in the world. Between an Arenas de San Pedro fly and any other there is the same difference we find between a Swiss cow and a seasoned bull. The bite of one of these lordly creatures is easily as deadly as a horn-thrust. And now that people are discussing so earnestly ways to make the national sport more humane, why not suggest that bullfighters substitute for their *bandrillos* simply the prick of a fly from Arenas de San Pedro.

* * *

THE efforts of the German Government to make their country seem alluring to American travellers are bearing fruit. The abandonment of the ten-dollar visa requirement has influenced many prospective visitors toward Germany, for psychological, if not financial, reasons; and more than a hundred thousand American visitors are predicted for Berlin alone before the travel year is over. In view of these figures, a passing note on one or two of the oddities of the German capital is not amiss.

First, do not ask a taxi driver to take you to a train at the East Station. Not a single train has entered this station for fifty years, and the building has long been converted into a theatre. Second, it is wise for the traveler roaming the Potsdammer Platz in the evening to avoid being caught on the Potsdammer-privatstrasse, a narrow street leading off the big square. After eight o'clock at night big iron gates are swung across

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either end of the little communicating thoroughfare, which is now largely turned over to semi-official buildings; and one may be caught inside like a squirrel in a cage. Finally, let those who have read of the smallest restaurant in Paris — it has but one table — examine Berlin's smallest hotel. This is the Berliner Kindl, on the Alexanderplatz; it boasts but three sleeping rooms.

* * *

HATFIELD FOREST, just thirty miles from London, makes a delightful place for the traveler in London who yearns for a picnic 'far from the madding crowd.' Here, according to a correspondent, who discovered this unspoiled spot, are 'tangled thickets such as those in whose twilight shade nymphs might choose to mourn, sudden open stretches of thorn or rough pasturage, beech glades through which the sun dances, dells of fairy-like hornbeam and birch, and still, hidden forest pools.' Motorists may reach the forest by taking the main Harlow road and turning east at Spelbrook. Hatfield Forest also boasts of a railway station, known as Stane Street Halt, which consists of a platform barely ten yards long. Trains are infrequent and it is necessary to change at Bishop's Stortford, three miles away.

* * *

TOURISTS in Switzerland who plan to do any climbing that may take them through the various mountain passes into Italian territory should be careful to ascertain in advance from the nearest Italian consul whether the pass they propose to use is open. The Italian authorities from time to time close certain of the passes — apparently for military reasons, and mountain climbers may find their ascents spoiled by being turned back at the frontier. The Italian Government is being urged to issue a list of the passes open and keep it up-to-date as conditions change.

A few miles from the famous Brenner Pass, leading from Austria into what is now Italian territory, King Victor Emmanuel recently dedicated the white marble Temple of Victory at Bolzano. This war memorial is said to stand on the very spot where the Austrians began a monument commemorating their victory at Caporetto, but from which they were driven by the Italian armies before they could complete it. The marble figure of victory in the present memorial is sculptured in the act of releasing an arrow toward the Brenner Pass.

All this is significant of the atmosphere of distrust and uneasiness that hangs over all of Italy's Alpine frontiers.

THE Cumberland County Council, under whose control lies a large part of the English Lake District, is growing worried over the invasion of the famous shrine of literary pilgrims by automobile roads and ugly modern villas whose red-tile roofs are quite inappropriate to the country. Not that the councilmen have suddenly turned nature-lovers; they are simple business men who 'recognize that the natural beauty of the Lake District is its principal financial asset.'

Much of the country is still unspoiled moorland; nothing could be more surprising, for instance, than to find, in the middle of a crowded country, such a wild way as the road that runs from the foot of Derwent Water over Honister Pass to Buttermere. Unfortunately, however, 'building atrocities as bad as can be found at Brighton and on the South Coast are rapidly rising;' the sacrilege of a new motor road to follow the track of the old road the Romans built over Hardknot and Wrynose hills is seriously proposed; and there may even be a light railway running over the poets' path between Keswick and Windermere. To save for to-day's visitors the beauties that appealed to the poets of Victoria's day, the County Council plans to adopt a regional planning scheme with strict restrictions on new roads and buildings.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Manchester Guardian* has lately been visiting the Isle of Man, and writes with gusto of his travels:

'The Isle of Man has in a high degree the two chief qualities which a holiday place can have — rusticity and accessibility. It is real country, good country; and you can get into it or all over it with the minimum of exertion.

'Manxland was ready made for holidays, and man had only to adapt, open up, and exploit the country which nature had given him.

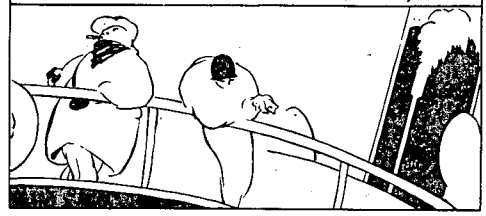
'The exploitation is of course in danger of going a little too far. The supply of private hotels, ice-cream booths, pleasure gardens, and such embellishments is almost more than adequate. The famous glens have suffered such improvement that one western dell has taken to proclaiming itself "the only perfectly natural glen in the island." The electric tram which will lift you to the top of Snaefell goes definitely too far; for to reach the top of a mountain without honest sweat is an abomination.

'And yet in many places the accessibility has not been overdone. Douglas of course is Douglas; Ramsey is such a watering place as you might see on more coasts than this, but Castletown, Peel, Port St. Mary, how graciously fresh and unaffected they are. Visitors come into them by the hundreds, are absorbed, unnoticed; their garish individualities sink and merge in the staid, still beauty of the small towns. Castletown was once the capital of Man, and a quiet dignified life of its own goes on under the grey steep walls of Rushen Castle. Port St. Mary awaits another kind of welcome visitor — the herring shoals, together with their attendant fishing fleet and the Scottish girls (from Fraserburgh these) who clean and sort the fish.

'All these little towns lead their individual and absorbing lives within an hour's travel from Douglas; and nothing is so salutary as to leave the gay sophisticated promenades where everything is all for your delight and to come to places not blatantly conscious of your presence or of your need to be amused.

'The Isle of Man makes that contrast so neatly and so easily that it is worth coming from afar to feel the force of it.'

Ships and Sailings..



SEASICKNESS has been the undoing of many a well-intentioned traveler, but Dr. Allan Bennett has offered some practical hints in a learned treatise published in the *British Medical Journal*. With the risk of being counted among those pests who are always offering remedies for nausea, we make the following suggestions to our friends on the high-seas on eminent medical authority. Don't overeat. A recent survey showed that eighty-eight cases out of every one hundred were due to overeating either immediately before departing or on the first few days of the voyage. And don't anticipate being sick. The mental effect of anticipation is usually very great, and 'the traveler who starts his journey with the intention of being sick is seldom disappointed.' Bromides, lemons, or other supposed preventives may apparently provide some foundation for faith, but a belief in your own powers of resistance is far more important.

* * *

THE speed with which the motorship is replacing the ordinary steamship is clearly demonstrated by the latest

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shipbuilding returns issued by *Lloyd's Register*. In Great Britain and Ireland more steamships than motorships are still being built, but the figures for the shipyards of the world as a whole show that the total tonnage of motorships now building exceeds the steamship tonnage by 362,000 tons. Sixty-five motorships of 8000 tons and upward are at present under construction while only twenty-one steamships of corresponding size are building.

Facilities Ashore and in the Air

AN AUTOMOBILE sleeping car service between Newcastle and London has just been opened, and will be followed, if it proves successful, by similar services between London and Manchester, London and Liverpool, and London and Plymouth. The total cost to the traveler will be just about equal to third-class railway fare without any extra charge for berth. The six-cylinder motor coaches with their twelve berths each will run at an average rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and will be routed over the best roads available so as to reduce to a minimum the inevitable jouncing of the recumbent passengers.

The London-Newcastle route will be the most satisfactory in this regard because the roads run all the way through flat country. English travelers predict that when the motor-coach-sleeper begins to ply between London and Manchester the travelers will find it less comfortable, because the coaches will have to negotiate Chiltern and Pennine hills, which are not particularly rough when crossed by rail but will offer uneasy riding and necessitate some noisy work with the gears which may disturb the occupants of the berths. They are also wondering how well passengers will sleep if the sleeping-coach chauffeur is forced to use his horn, as he often will if he is to maintain an average speed of twenty-five miles on long night journeys. Some say that the greatest advantage of the new motor-coaches is that they will undoubtedly compel the railroads to introduce third-class sleeping-cars.

* * *

WHILE the British traveling public is hoping for third-class sleepers, a new second-class *wagon-lit* has been introduced by the P. L. M., running from Paris to Vintimiglia, Marseilles, St. Gervais, Nice, and Chambery. Never before in France have comfortable sleeping facilities been offered to travelers holding second-class tickets. Each of the new *wagon-lit* compartments will contain two berths and toilet facilities, like the first-class, but they will be somewhat less luxuriously appointed, and the prices will be considerably lower. The journey from Paris to Marseilles in a first-class *wagon-lit* costs 690 francs but only 487 francs second-class. Charges to other cities are in proportion.

The French railroad officials believe that the new rates will bring about a marked increase in '*tourisme*.' They expect it to come from the thousands of people who, though they have money enough to enjoy a holiday in the south of France, have been forced through lack of time to make the journey at night and have hitherto hesitated just a little at the thought of the expense of getting there comfortably.

* * *

THE ever-thrifty French have yet another way of reducing the cost of travel by rail. Tourists who travel more than 1200 kilometres (first-class) or 1440 kilometres (second- or third-class) may purchase '*demi-tarif*' cards which entitle the holder to buy tickets at half price on any of the main railway lines. The saving is not quite so large as it at first appears, since the traveler must pay the price of the card as well as half the usual tariff, but the reduction on full fare is considerable and of course increases with the length of the journey. On a journey of 2000 kilometres the saving is twenty per cent first-class and fourteen per cent in other classes. The prices of cards good for one month vary from 270 francs, first-class, to 142 francs, third-class. Cards good for two months cost from 450 francs first-class to 238 francs third-class.

* * *

THE number of those willing to brave the possible perils of the world's first trans-Atlantic passenger voyage by airship is apparently large. Two hundred applications, double the capacity, have already been received for passage on the maiden voyage of the giant Burney Rolls-Royce airship, 'R-100,' which is expected to make its first flight from London to New York this autumn. Some of the applicants were so eager to make the trip that they offered to pay a thousand pounds for the privilege, but all applications were in vain.

It is understood that no passengers will be carried on the first flight to America; but if it proves successful, passengers will be taken on the return flight. Englishmen eager to be on the first passenger list will have to travel to New York by steamer in the hope that they will be able to fly back to London.

The 'R-100,' which is now nearing completion at Howden, Yorkshire, can accommodate a hundred passengers and will have a dancing floor and verandah. With its six Rolls-Royce engines it is designed to make the flight to New York in forty-eight hours.

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World Business

Domestic and International Politics Enter Upon the Economic Scene

By Charles Hodges

Associate Professor of Politics at New York University

A BIRD'S-EYE view of international conditions shows six nations standing out vividly on the business map to-day — the United States because of her monetary policy; Britain because of the unemployment problem; Poland because of her stabilization difficulties, arising from unfavorable trade balances; Russia because of her battle for bread; Spain because of her effort to stabilize the peseta; China because of her struggle to break the economic bonds that hold her in thraldom to the Powers.

World economic conditions are generally favorable. The books of the Bank of England and the Bank of France alike reveal a satisfactory condition. Both British consols and French *rentes* have been firm, the latter well above their position of a year ago, thanks to Poincaré's political and financial stabilization of his country. Exchange rates likewise show the advance made by France. Even that chronic sore spot of the economic world, the Far East, shows signs of improvement.

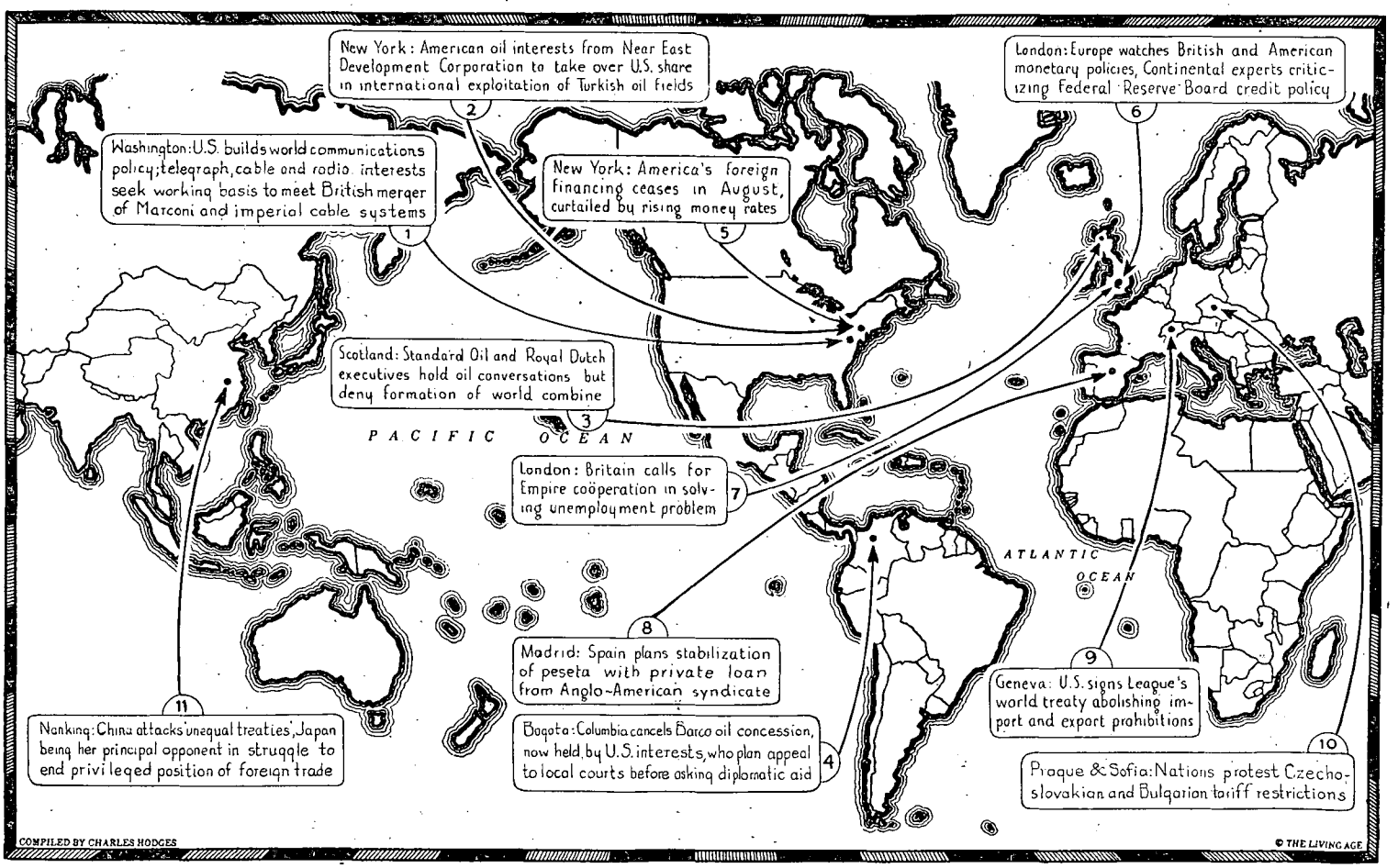
Politics, however, are having a notable effect on international economic life. On every continent, developments in the world of business have been profoundly influenced by the play of governmental authority — both domestic and foreign. Communications, production, money, trade, all are affected; and this intrusion of the State into the business world has become apparent in terms of profit and loss.

1. The Nerves of Business

Goods may be civilization, as an American Senator maintains. The world of business, however, is far more than bullion, credits, and warehouses overflowing with packing cases.

A nation's business to-day is no greater than the communication systems through which its orders are flashed across the world. The Nineteenth Century emergence of Britain's rivals has been marked by their struggle to control cable and radio — the nerves of civilization; and Britain's future commercial supremacy may rest upon the 'All-Red' cables that bind this nation of shopkeepers to its far-flung markets.

The Great War served to dramatize these electric errand boys of world business, flashing orders, money, information back and forth from continent to continent. To-day, as the industrial powers become involved in new struggles for the flesh-pots of world trade, countries with far-flung commercial interests, such as Britain and the United States possess, inevitably find themselves anxiously examining the sensory system upon which their national alimentation ultimately depends. Three problems present themselves: the domestic rivalry between older methods of communication and radio, the newcomer; the international rivalry between world systems; and the international control that may be exercised over the situation.


New York: American oil interests from Near East Development Corporation to take over U.S. share in international exploitation of Turkish oil fields
2
London: Europe watches British and American monetary policies, Continental experts criticizing Federal Reserve Board credit policy
6
Washington: U.S. builds world communications policy; telegraph, cable and radio interests seek working basis to meet British merger of Marconi and imperial cable systems
1
New York: America's foreign financing ceases in August, curtailed by rising money rates
5
Scotland: Standard Oil and Royal Dutch executives hold oil conversations but deny formation of world combine
3
PACIFIC OCEAN
London: Britain calls for Empire coöperation in solving unemployment problem
7
ATLANTIC OCEAN
8
Madrid: Spain plans stabilization of peseta with private loan from Anglo-American syndicate
9
Geneva: U.S. signs League's world treaty abolishing import and export prohibitions
Bogota: Columbia cancels Barco oil concession, now held by U.S. interests, who plan appeal to local courts before asking diplomatic aid
4
10
Prague & Sofia: Nations protest Czechoslovakian and Bulgarian tariff restrictions
11
Nanking: China attacks unequal treaties, Japan being her principal opponent in struggle to end privileged position of foreign trade
COMPILED BY CHARLES HODGES
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Britain to-day retains her century-old supremacy in the field of communications. She has cut the Gordian knot of competition between her own cable and radio systems by fostering an imperial combination that will be the greatest in the world. In America, eight corporations are before the bar of the Federal Trade Commission charged with attempting to monopolize the field of wireless communications through 'cross-licensing,' to the detriment of the public good. Meanwhile the Federal Radio Commission has been hearing requests for wave length assignments to enable us to maintain our contact with Africa, already strengthened by the establishment of a direct service to Liberia. The Commission has also been asked to refuse to facilitate the plans of newcomers desiring to transmit American financial news abroad by radio — as in the case of the British-controlled news agency, Reuter's, which contends that its long monopoly of Stock Exchange news should not be disturbed. The State Department, the watch-dog of American communications, is likewise watching the Chinese situation, where the Federal Telegraph Company's contract is in jeopardy. Here Britain and Japan, bitter opponents of American trans-Pacific radio expansion, stand to profit by American loss. As for international progress, the radio situation in North America has been improved by a conference in Washington, to which Canada and Cuba sent delegations to work out with the United States the allocation of low wave lengths. America also has participated in the International Telegraphic Conference just held in Brussels to readjust cable rates.

2. Getting Our Share

We have now reached the end of a long trail of oil diplomacy. The time has come for division of the war spoils in Asia Minor. The trail began when the State Department wrote vigorous notes of protest against our exclusion from the dazzling oil prospects in old Turkey; it has ended with the formation of an American corporation which will become part of an international combine in which heretofore deadly rivals — the British, the Dutch, the French, and the Americans — have been drawn together by business diplomacy. The new combine gives the British, Anglo-Dutch, French, and American corporations each 23.75 per cent of the stock of the Turkish Petroleum Corporation actually developing the much-disputed Mosul fields in Mesopotamia. The remaining 5 per cent is the equity of an Armenian millionaire, who secured the concession from Irak. The equity of the American company, called the Near East Development Corporation, is divided among the Atlantic Refining Company, the Gulf Oil, the Pan-American Petroleum, and two Standard Oil groups.

3. Oil and Grouse

With British and American oil differences thus patched up in the Near East, the meeting in Scotland of the heads of the Standard Oil of New Jersey and the Royal Dutch has been hailed as more than a visit to a Scottish castle for grouse hunting. Importance was added to the meeting by the fact that other leaders in the oil industry, likewise interested in the Near East, also have been in Scotland. Talk of a world combine has been denied. An agreement on the limitation of crude oil production, however, is another matter and much more likely.

4. The Caribbean Again

The rumblings of approaching trouble between American oil interests and the Colombian government have been heard for some time. Radical opposition to foreign concessions has been spreading from Mexico to the whole Caribbean area; and oil companies in Colombia fear a repetition of the Mexican struggle. The test case concerns the Barcos Concession, now held by American interests, which has been finally canceled after its threatened voiding in 1926. The State Department is in touch with developments; but the jeopardized concession-holders are appealing first to the Colombian courts.

5. The Golden Egg

The goose that lays the golden eggs for the Old World may not have been killed, but it has at least suspended activity. No foreign loans were offered by Wall Street in August. Here again, government appears in the economic picture. The Federal Reserve Board policy of pushing up money rates to curtail speculation seems to have caused many reactions outside the Stock Exchange itself.

6. Watchful Waiting

Just how long this cessation of loans will last is the subject of much trans-Atlantic comment. There are many who see in the situation the passing of the dollar's long dominance of post-war finance. Particularly on the Continent, a certain impatience with the financial policies of the United States has become widespread. Except where governmental control is well entrenched, as in France and Italy, money rates are showing a distinct tendency upward, notwithstanding their low level in London and Paris. The nature of Europe's future economic life hinges largely upon the question whether or not America's domestic struggle to end speculation by making funds dear will start a new international flow of gold toward the New World.

7. Can't Work

Chronic, not occasional, Britain's unemployment problem dogs the footsteps of the Conservative Government. The kingdom of the jobless — 1,225,150 laborers, or eleven per cent of those who come within the scope of governmental relief measures, are out of work — presents a paradox of prosperity amid depression. Britain is prosperous enough to pay doles to the jobless but too depressed to find them jobs! The trouble lies in the coal, textile, building, and shipbuilding industries. In Lancashire, the Clyde, and the north of England 200,000 workers face permanent unemployment or the necessity of migration. The Baldwin Ministry proposes to help them by moving them into more profitable trades and by offering state support to send them to the colonies.

8. Spain Borrows

Spain, one of those neutral nations which has suffered all the post-war troubles of the late belligerents, is now turning to the problem of monetary reform. Though the peseta has been strengthened, the stabilization of Spanish currency necessitates financial reinforcements. This insurance against exchange pressure comes from London and New York in the form of a private loan. What the gold value of the peseta will be after stabilization remains unknown.

9. Easy Intercourse

One of the first fruits of the World Economic Conference of 1927 was another conference devoted wholly to import and export prohibitions. These hangovers from the wartime control of trade, when they began to assume serious economic proportions, had to be handled as an international problem; hence the importance of the Geneva Convention of 1927. Though it did not impose any tariff policy on the signatories, the agreement was designed to wipe out the troublesome barriers to international trade due to administrative blocking of commerce by other means than import and export duties. The United States has now adhered both to the Final Act and to the Supplementary Agreement.

10. Protest Tariffs

In spite of all this, two countries of Europe find themselves confronted with concerted opposition to their tariff

(*Continued on page 159*)

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Views & Reviews

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR, 1914–1916. *By Lord Beaverbrook. New York: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $5.00*

THIS volume is unique in more ways than one. It is a war book without alibis. Its author is not seeking vindication. It is a book about the war, but not about warriors, for it puts forth the interesting thesis that wars are really won or lost by politicians, not by Field Marshals or Lord High Admirals. That is a corollary from the principles of free government which bestow upon the elect of the people both the first and the last word in the planning of campaigns. Lord Beaverbrook's volume, in short, deals with the civilian aspects of military operations as exemplified in England during the first two years of the World War, that is to say, the most critical years. It is an inside story, written by one who stood close to the seats of the mighty, yet was not himself responsible for any of the momentous decisions which they made.

The reader is warned at the outset that the book contains no revelations or disclosures, and it is quite true that Lord Beaverbrook refrains from presenting any information which has not already been made public in other books, such as those of Asquith, Grey, Birkenhead, and Winston Churchill. But it is quite possible to make revelations without disclosing new facts, and, notwithstanding his disclaimer, this is precisely what the author of the present volume has done. He has hitched things together in ways which give them new implications. More particularly, he has sought to connect events with motives, and to the extent that he has succeeded in doing this, the resulting illumination of the events is considerable. Why did Bonar Law decline two overtures for a coalition government and accept the third? What was the basis of Northcliffe's antipathy to Kitchener? Was it personal ambition or pure patriotism that caused Lloyd George to scuttle his chief?

Such questions suggest the outstanding novelty of the book, which is its persistent analysis of what was running in the minds of English statesmen at each new turn of the whirligig. The numberless intrigues and dissensions, loyalties and antagonisms, currents and countercurrents are vividly narrated and explained. They leave the reader with a feeling that, if England came near losing the war in Flanders, she came nearer doing it at 10 Downing Street. Surely it is one of the strange ironies of warfare that men who have spent their lives in the study of military and naval science should find themselves directed and over-ruled, even at critical junctures, by ministers of state whose grasp of strategic principles is next to nil! Of such, however, is the kingdom of democracy.

There is a popular idea that politics are adjourned in war-time. Lord Beaverbrook's volume shows how little basis there is for that idea. Party antagonisms may be calmed for the moment, but not the interplay of personal ambitions. In time of armed strife, accordingly, the politician's lot is not a happy one. When victories come, the warriors take all the glory; but in disaster the ministers are bound to get the blame. General staffs can go by the book; there is an orthodox thing to do in any military or naval situation; but there is no such thing as orthodoxy in politics, especially in war-time politics. Hence decisions of the utmost consequence in their military implications may hinge on the capacity of this or that statesman to view a crisis objectively, without regard to his own political future. There are some who can do it, and some who can't. England was fortunate in having those who could. Bonar Law, Asquith, and Lloyd George all show to advantage in these pages. So does Winston Churchill — in spots.

The book is full of dramatic passages, for Lord Beaverbrook writes with insight as well as with knowledge and has a keen eye for the picturesque. He is easy to read and worth reading. He has tried to be fair and has measurably succeeded.

WILLIAM B. MUNRO

RUSSIAN ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT SINCE THE REVOLUTION. *By Maurice Dobb. New York: E. P. Dutton. 1928. $5.00*

REVOLUTION is usually considered a political change, to which all else is incidental. But the Russian Revolution is primarily economic, political change being subordinated to the creation of an economically 'classless' society.

Mr. Dobb is not concerned so much with the soundness of this experiment as with the way the Soviets have developed it. In his first chapter, one of the most interesting in the book, he explains that Russia seeks to establish this 'classless' society as the prerequisite of economic health. The remainder of the volume tells the story of Russia during the past decade with a wealth of detail and economic theory that may well stagger the casual reader. Whether the Soviets have succeeded in attaining their ideal is not so clear at the end of the book as Mr. Dobb seems to think.

The story of Russia's great experiment has many of the qualities of a novel. Rapid economic decline following the Revolution forced the leaders to accept whatever expedient might serve their immediate purpose. War-time communism, with its inflated officialdom and tangled skeins of red tape, merely made matters worse. Then Lenin announced the New Economic Policy and Russia began slowly and laboriously to climb the ladder leading to prosperity. By 1922 she had passed through the most serious phase of her economic cataclysm; and industrial activity, which had sunk to fifteen per cent of the pre-war level, began to show signs of recovery.

In 1923, however, the nation faced the famous 'scissors crisis.' Agricultural prices declined, industrial prices increased. That was the scissors; but inflation, a lag in industrial prices over agricultural, and the monopoly power of State industry all played their part in accentuating the difference. Finally agricultural and industrial prices were brought closer to a pre-war ratio, and the 'scissors' was closed.

By the time Mr. Dodd is ready to conclude his study, he is very sympathetic toward the Soviet experiment. Admitting that social equality exists in Russia and that it is something more fundamental than the measure of social equality in America, he insists that there is also economic equality, and 'pride of parentage exists only when parents were toiling and poor.' The Russian worker, the author says, will rebuild the nation, for 'the world to-day needs engineers in leather jackets more than it needs dreamers and mystics to charm it to reverie or to sleep. For the social engineer, the experiment must hold an absorbing interest. For the exploited proletarian, it will hold hope.'

Unlike so many books on Communism, *Russian Economic Development Since the Revolution* cannot be criticized for superficiality. Perhaps it is too much to expect clarity of expression as well. Nonetheless, the book is valuable to the student of foreign affairs, to the economist, the business man interested in foreign trade, and to all who seek to understand the great Soviet experiment.

A. H. THIEMANN

THE DIARY OF A COMMUNIST SCHOOLBOY. *By N. Ognyov, Translated by Alexander Werth. New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928. $2.50*

THE heavenly simplicity of the schoolboy point of view, before the closing shades of the prison-house begin to make us strangers to one another,

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brings Communist Russia very close to present-day America in N. Ognyov's recently published *Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*. Perhaps after all the U.S.S.R. is only the other side of the looking glass, for we have just to climb the fender of nomenclature and step over the mantel-shelf of the Communist philosophy to find ourselves, hand in hand with Comrade Ognyov, among strangely familiar people and situations. There, such is the vigor of his narrative, so loud, energetic, and hustling his scene, it takes all the running we can do to stay in the same place, — a secondary school loosely allied with a textile factory unit. The diarist, Riabtsov, views the *skworkers* (informal for school-workers) with the same cool aloofness as the American student his *Profs:* 'Elnikitka is simply a damn fool . . . Nikpetozh is fair to everybody, and so the whole group trust him.' There is a Student Government organization, about as effective and about as closely supervised as those in this country; but the school meetings are far more amusing than ours, with all the peaceful dignity of a clothing-trades riot. There are dramatics, Nikpetozh directing, with refreshingly free interpretations. Hamlet 'growled and roared like a bull, and dashed about the stage like mad.' Only when he tries to choke the king does the director interfere. '"Even here the skworkers want it their own way," Serezhka grunted. "The actors must have freedom; otherwise they are only marionettes or puppets."' One might remark parenthetically that not only among children, but also in some more civilized groups, an ear-splitting racket sometimes passes for frank and free discussion. Serezhka leans far to the Left, and his magnetic leadership comes on one or two occasions near to splitting the school, though in the end more temperate counsel prevails. During the year that the diary covers, Riabtsov's character makes a distinct progression. The author, who seems to have intended typifying various tendencies of the new Russian youth (and he has succeeded in creating lively and charming individuals), has chosen the period when young people seem to grow up almost over night, and thus has made the psychological climax both dramatic and natural. Riabtsov makes a sustained and determined effort to act on principle alone, without emotional bias. His chief abhorrences are the bourgeois spirit and 'intellectualism,' or the attitude which leads to pessimism and despair; his chief admiration is action. For all the gusto with which these riotous boys and girls administer their new freedom, they have a certain sober maturity a sense of social obligation, which comes from contact with fundamental human problems, from the discipline of hunger and the common need, and which makes one feel that the world would be safer in their hands than in those of most youth.

RUTH JANET BARBER

From Simplicissimus, Munich

TROTSKY'S LAMENT

'LUCKY LENIN! *You* are a saint to these red wolves, while they eat *me* up!'

THE REAL SITUATION IN RUSSIA. *By Leon Trotsky (Translated by Max Eastman). New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1928. $5.00.*

HOW far present-day Soviet Russia has cast aside the economic precepts of the militant days of Communism, how great have been the shifts in prestige among most of that small body of men who engineered the original Bolshevik revolution, this collection of documents makes strikingly clear. Most of them, though not all, were written by or under the influence of Leon Trotsky, who, it will be remembered, is now living in Siberia, banished by the government which he helped to found.

In the critical days of 1921, when Lenin was making his historic retreat from Communism to the state capitalism of his 'New Economic Policy,' I remember how firmly many in the foreign colony of Moscow insisted that the step meant the eventual scrapping of Communism in Russia. The fear that this might be the eventual result was expressed even by Communists, in their more outspoken moments. One, now prominent in Moscow, said to a friend of mine, 'It is the beginning of the end of Socialism in Russia for a long time. Once reopen the country to private trade and you might as well shout at a flood as try to keep Russia Communistic by repeating the old phrases and gestures.'

Now comes this volume in which Trotsky, one of the two outstanding figures of the Revolution, openly charges that the present administration in Russia has marked 'bourgeois' tendencies and that it is leading the country down a path of 'capitalistic' development.

The Real Situation in Russia is not a book in the sense of being a work of art built around a central idea and possessed of logical unity. It is a loose collection of source documents (brought together and translated from the Russian by Max Eastman) which in one way or another touch upon a central situation. The collection contains a mass of material which will have comparatively little appeal for the average American reader, unversed in the intricacies of Russian revolutionary history. But it contains a corresponding quantity of material of great interest to anyone. Pieced together in one's mind at the end of the reading, the fragments convey an enlightening and striking picture of current political, social, and economic conditions.

The volume includes four major documents. Part I consists of Trotsky's speech of defense, delivered before the Communist Central Committee that expelled him in October, 1927. Part II is a treatise prepared by the Opposition Group, embodying a survey of the situation in Russia, with suggested remedies. Part III is a paper sent by Trotsky to the Communist Bureau of Party History, covering his record as a revolutionist. The 'supplement' consists of a large amount of poignantly interesting personal material. Some of the documents were originally printed on the famous 'underground printing press' of the Opposition, were secretly circulated, and were smuggled abroad.

From the political and human points of view, the volume is a telling arraignment of the present Stalin régime. Russia is depicted as a land where freedom of speech and freedom of the press cannot exist, even for members of the Communist Party; where the government does not hesitate to use dishonest and 'terroristic' means to destroy its rivals within its own party, and where men's words are distorted and twisted to meet the needs of a despotic dictator. A picture truly mediæval and, unfortunately, not un-Russian.

That an old and practised revolutionist should protest against the use of Terror is a little ridiculous; and Trotsky recognizes the irony of his own attitude in several passages in the book. He resolves the dilemma by affirming his approval of terror as an instrument when used 'in pursuit of historically sound

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objectives,' though not when used in an 'unworthy' cause, such as the crushing of freedom of expression inside the Party itself. He presents an appealing picture of the liquidation of the old guard of the Revolution by the new clique of 'bureaucrats,' headed by Stalin; and he charges that these 'bureaucrats' are losing contact with the 'toiling masses' and transforming the Soviet government into a bourgeois bureaucracy.

The second part of the book includes many illuminating statements concerning recent economic and social developments. Fact after fact is cited to show that Russia is becoming a 'bourgeois' country: 'In Northern Caucasus the distribution of the essential means of production is as follows: to fifty per cent of the weakest proprietors belong fifteen per cent of the means of production; to the middle group, consisting of thirty-five per cent of the proprietors, belong thirty-five per cent. To the highest group, consisting of fifteen per cent of the proprietors, belong fifty per cent of the means of production. The same picture is to be observed in other provinces (Siberia, Ukrainia, etc.). . . . In 1926, fifty-eight per cent of the superfluous grain in the country was in the hands of six per cent of the peasant proprietors. . . . The renting of land assumes larger proportions every year.

No attempt is made to disprove the government's claim that Russian industries have advanced under the New Economic Policy. Trotsky restricts his fire to the 'betrayal' of Socialism and to the 'unhappy status' of the workingman in Russia to-day. Trotsky says that on the farms real wages are not over sixty-eight per cent of the pre-war level. In the cities, the non-proletarian elements are crowding the workers from the best dwellings; in several cases, it was found that the laboring men and their families now are allotted less space for living quarters than any other group of the population.

In industry, Trotsky finds that the workingman's word counts less and less. 'Never before have the trade-unions and the working class stood so far from the management of Socialistic industry,' he declares. 'Pre-revolutionary relations between master and workmen are not uncommon.' Average wages in the big industries during the first half of the fiscal year 1926–27 were about thirty rubles a month (not over fifteen dollars). Trotsky found unemployment increasing. Official records in April, 1927, showed 1,478,000 out of work.

The book brings into sharp relief the long personal rivalry between Stalin and Trotsky, a rivalry which now appears to date from early revolutionary days. This enmity reached its climax when Stalin, instead of Trotsky, gained control of the machinery of government after Lenin's death — an eventuality which Lenin feared, so Trotsky says, and against which Lenin warned the Communist Party.

In the last section of the book are several documents of great human interest. There is, for instance, Joffé's last letter, in which he explains that he chooses suicide because he believes the time has come to quit this world, lest his life become an anticlimax. There is the last testament of Lenin, revealing a remarkable insight into the future. There is a colorful account of Trotsky's departure for Siberia. And here, as throughout the book, continually peeping from between the lines or crowding in from the margin, is the sense of drama that is inherent in Russia.

EDWIN WARE HULLINGER

CONDITIONED REFLEXES OF THE CEREBRAL CORTEX. *By Ivan P. Pavlov, translated by G. V. Anrep. London: Oxford University Press. 1927. $9.00*

LECTURES ON CONDITIONED REFLEXES. *By Ivan P. Pavlov, translated by W. Horsley Gantt. New York: International Publishers. 1928. $6.00* (provisional)

IVAN PIETROVICH PAVLOV is a name which is likely in the course of time to become as well-known to educated men as is Charles Darwin's; he, together with a large group of highly skilled assistants, has spent over twenty-five years of painstaking and minute research in an attempt to discover the laws which govern the working of the higher nervous system, especially of the hemispheres of the cerebrum. Where other workers have only scratched and then given up in despair, he has dug deep, and has already been able to formulate with considerable definiteness many of these laws. They are neither as fantastic as the mythology of Freud nor as simple as the hasty conclusions of Watson. They are infinitely complex, yet a study of them yields an understanding of at least a portion of the mechanism of man's mental life.

Now, at last, the complete writings of Professor Pavlov on the nervous system are available to the English-speaking public. The first book, issued some eighteen months ago, is a translation of a series of lectures given in Leningrad in 1924 before the Military Medical Academy; the second, to be published in October, 1928, comprises a collection of all the author's other lectures between 1903 and 1928. One book gives a horizontal view of the stage which the conditioned reflex investigations had reached in 1924; the other, a vertical account of the gradual growth, revision, and changed direction which these investigations have undergone during the twenty-five years of their continuance.

Professor Pavlov is himself a remarkable man, not only as a scientist but as a person. He is now in his eightieth year, yet all his activities, mental and physical, continue unimpaired. It is said that his skill in surgical operations is such that he can do in the twinkling of an eye what other men equally experienced would take hours for. Young students, fresh to his laboratories and used to a more deliberate technique, often suppose that some delicate operation is only about to begin when it has in reality been completed. This old man, with a face which looks as though it were a composite of those of George Bernard Shaw and Havelock Ellis, can do and do quickly what most other surgeons would not even attempt.

Ivan Pietrovich Pavlov is the son of a Russian priest; despite Bolshevistic naturalism he still holds that there is a place in human life for what we call religion, for the spiritual life, and he can still object violently when, due to Soviet regulations, the young, present-day son of a priest is refused permission to study in the Pavlov laboratories. It is natural to ask why the Bolshevik government tolerates such a 'reactionary intellectual.' The answer is simple. Pavlov and his researches in the higher nervous systems of the higher animals and of man stand between the Soviet ideology and intellectual bankruptcy, for his researches are made to support the whole materialistic philosophy which lies at the root of modern Russian Communism. The reader is naturally led to ask how this can be. Surely this man is not inconsistent enough to have discovered a system of wholly materialistic psychology and yet deliberately to contradict himself by seeing reason for the existence of spiritual phenomena.

That question throws us squarely into the chief difficulty for the layman in Professor Pavlov's work. It is not a system; it is not a 'psychology.' He himself repudiates 'psychology' in no uncertain terms. All that the great Russian physiologist has done has been to investigate objectively the phenomena connected with stimulus and reaction, banishing all subjective interpretations from the work, and codifying the results in such a way as to establish certain laws. All that he advocates is that, upon the foundations built by his laboratory, men of science continue to investigate these phenomena,

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without bias and with thorough objectivity. The method of the experiments will be reverted to later in order to make clear the specific meaning which Professor Pavlov attaches to *objective* and *subjective*.

Enough has been said to show that the writings of Professor Pavlov provide no theory, no 'psychology' which is as conveniently applicable as that of Freud, or even of Watson, who has attributed much of his thought to Pavlov. The two books on the mechanism of the mind are merely *comples rendus* of a basic series of painstaking experiments which, if pursued far enough in time to come, may yield an explanation of the machinery of the higher nervous system. They are all the more fascinating in that they do not fall into the metaphysical absurdities of which all the 'psychologies' yet developed are guilty. When he began his experiments, this was Professor Pavlov's own idea of the function of his studies in relation to human existence: (1903)

> 'Only one thing in life is of actual interest for us — our psychical experience. Its mechanism, however, has been and remains wrapt in mystery. All human resources — art, religion, literature, philosophy, historical science — all these unite to cast a beam of light into this mysterious darkness. Man has at his disposal one more powerful ally — biological science with its strictly objective methods.'

It is this ally which Professor Pavlov wishes to call to the aid of mankind; he has found it increasingly helpful as time went on, so that in 1924 he could say, still without advocating an absolute system,

> 'There is no need for the physiologist to have recourse to psychology. It would be more natural that experimental investigation of the physiological activities of the hemispheres [of the brain] should lay a solid foundation for a future true science of psychology; such a course is more likely to lead to the advancement of this branch of natural science.'

All of Ivan Pavlov's work is a constant reiteration of the warning that all scientific method must be objective, and that we can never arrive at a scientific explanation of any of our mental activities without being objective. We may well arrive at philosophical explanations; he makes no claim that science can explain essences; but before we start talking about essences, it would be well for us to know all we can about attributes. One should remark here that it would have been far better for true science and true philosophy if the half-digested theories, based on admittedly brilliant research, which constitute that body of ideas which we know as 'behaviorism' had never been offered to the general public. We suppose, however, that that would be asking too much of a fallible human nature.

As was remarked earlier in this review, the Bolshevist materialistic ideology leans heavily on Professor Pavlov's experiments for its scientific support. This, again, is due to the persistent desire of the human mind to systematize. Pavlov deliberately leaves out all subjective interpretations in conducting his experiments; quite naturally his results do not support any subjective theory. To expect them to would be as foolish as to expect that one could set a hen on straw alone and in due time find hatched out a brood of chicks. If one deliberately excludes some element from the ingredients of a formula, one cannot expect to find that element in the resulting compound. Yet this does not by any means prove that the element is non-existent, it merely proves that one has left it out. The official Soviet ideologists, however, find it necessary to suppose that Pavlov's results necessarily imply a materialistic philosophy. It should be clear by now that their supposition is dubious, and that the apparent contradiction between Ivan Pavlov's own admission of the existence of the spiritual life and the fact that his work has been made the basis for an out-and-out materialistic philosophy is due to careless thinking on the part of his admirers.

The Pavlov experiments have been conducted on a purely objective basis. This should be explained more fully. Suppose that every time a dog (or baby) is offered food a red cloth is at the same time exposed to view; in time the red cloth comes to be a signal meaning exactly the same thing as the sight or smell of the food itself. How long will it be before the red cloth acquires 'signal' functions? how long will these functions last when not reinforced by the appearance of the food itself? and is this whole process subject to laws or is it purely unsystematic? The answer to the third question will depend on answers to the first two. To answer all three scientifically means that one must be able to measure the stimuli (the food and the cloth) as well as the reaction. One cannot, obviously, measure anything but a physical reaction, and most physical reactions are far too complicated to be susceptible of accurate measurement. Stimuli can be measured by (a) intensity, i.e., the degree in which they differ from the normal environment, and (b) duration.

Early work on the 'psychical' secretion of the salivary glands, into which Professor Pavlov was led by his brilliant investigation of the human digestive system, an investigation which won him a Nobel Prize, led Professor Pavlov to believe that the function of the salivary glands constitutes one of the few groups of physical reaction which can be accurately measured. These glands secrete saliva; they do nothing else; they can be reached by the experimenter; the quantity of saliva secreted can be measured. Their function was therefore selected as the *locus classicus* for measurable reactions, and has formed the chief basis of Professor Pavlov's researches. The answers to the first two questions asked above, obtained by the help of the measurements of salivary secretion, point to but one answer to the third question, namely, that the processes underlying the 'association' of the red flag with the food are subject to absolute laws, and that these laws can be determined by experiment.

This immediately opens up a vast field for research. If one considers for a moment the part played by 'associations' in the life of mankind, one begins to realize how vast this field is. It falls into two sub-divisions, the building up of 'associations' and their breakdown, or 'inhibition.' If one can discover the laws applying to these two sets of phenomena, one has gone a long way toward a rigorously scientific explanation of a large part of the mechanism of our mental lives. Professor Pavlov, through a vast number of experiments performed either by himself or under his direction, has been able to make clear a number of laws about the operation of which we have hitherto had only the vaguest guesswork. In a review of this nature it is impossible to set forth his results; the two volumes under consideration succeed only at the expense of much thought by the reader in making these results comprehensible. One can only attempt to point out the assumptions underlying their determination.

Up to this point the word *association* has been freely used. Professor Pavlov would be much put out at any use of it in describing his work. *Association* normally implies a great deal of conscious *thought* and *choice*, both highly subjective processes. The entire object of Ivan Pavlov's research has been to establish the laws governing a whole class of actions which have commonly been supposed to be variable, in accordance with the individual's 'desires,' but which Pavlov has clearly shown to be mechanical. This mechanical process of 'association' is what Professor Pavlov calls a 'conditioned reflex.' By *reflex*,

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he means that the action and reaction involved is governed by law; by *conditioned* he means that the stimulus applied is secondary and bears no relation to the immediate, automatic stimulus which in all organisms of the type being studied innately causes the specific reaction; it bears, that is to say, no relation other than being present with the basic stimulus at some moment or other in time and space. The secretion of saliva due to the placing of food in direct contact with the salivary glands is a simple, basic reflex; the secretion of saliva due to the mere appearance of a red cloth which has accompanied previous basic reflexes is a conditioned reflex.

It is probably safe to say that the experiments conducted by Professor Pavlov have constituted the foundation for a new branch of physical science, the study of the mechanism of the mind. How far this science will go in explaining the mental life of man depends largely upon how much of this life is found to be built up of infinite variations of the 'conditioned reflex.' How much one believes the new science may accomplish depends on one's own *a priori* opinion.

It would be a mistake to end any review of these books without a word concerning their purely aesthetic value, for, strangely enough, they are great literature as well as great science. They should be read together; they supplement each other and make each other comprehensible; either alone would be of interest only to the scientist; both together constitute as thrilling an account of high endeavor bravely pursued as one is likely ever to find. They are not easy, they are not light reading, one has to work over them and think them out, but the result will amply compensate any effort which one may devote to them. If one may be allowed the privilege of prophecy, it may, perhaps, be ventured that they will come in time, like the *Origin of Species*, to be a necessary part of the education of every cultured man.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

Books Abroad

MAGIE NOIRE (*Black Magic*). *By Paul Morand. Paris: Grasset. 1928.*

(Henri de Regnier, de l'Académie Française, in *Le Figaro*, Paris)

THIS time, in *Magie Noire*, Paul Morand does not offer us *Nothing but the Earth*. He no longer contents himself with evoking the color and form of the far away countries to which his vagabond spirit, his taste for exoticism, and his traveler's curiosity lead him. Nevertheless, M. Morand's gift for painting word pictures of the natural spectacles offered by the great world in its living diversity is well known. In his work, the visual impression is expressed in its equivalent phrase with perfect exactitude and surprising clarity. This immediate and simultaneous transition from the thing seen to the phrase that evokes it is not, in his case, the result of a special literary method, but of a special habit of mind, which he no doubt means to retain and exercise to the full. M. Morand has an admirable faculty for rapid observation and direct notation, which gives his travel books their own individual character. In *Rien Que La Terre*, M. Morand interested us greatly. He announces a *Paris-Tombouctou* and a *Paris-Pacifique*. We shall follow him with pleasure wherever he wishes to lead us.

To-day, in *Magie Noire*, he takes us to visit people rather than places — people of a different race and of a different color from our own. They inhabit vast stretches of territory spread throughout the two hemispheres. For long they were forced to occupy a worse than inferior rung on the ethnic ladder. In the Human Ocean which covers a great portion of the globe, they form what might be called the 'sea of shadows.' They are numberless and, from many points of view, unknown; nevertheless, they are something more than a formless multitude. But there is a hardy prejudice against them, and an age-old distrust which may be an excuse for the treatment that has been meted out to them, considered, as they were, as exploitable human goods. Popular opinion concerning them is, however, changing little by little. The negro is recognized as good for something better than seizure and slavery. Examined more closely, studied more carefully, he has come up in universal esteem. We have reached a realization of the great forces that the black race represents, even in its most primitive state, and of its possibilities for adaptability and progress. The nineteenth century made the first direct contact with it, the twentieth was favorably disposed toward it. For did not men of the twentieth century discover negro art? Were they not charmed by negro music? Did the negro not find admirers everywhere? Did we not applaud negro boxers, darkly alluring ebony dancers, the frantic and discordant harmonies of jazz, the whinings of American phonograph records? Did not all this excite our curiosity concerning the unknown race which counted one of the Wise Men, the Queen of Sheba and Othello among its numbers?

M. Paul Morand, as was natural, has been strongly affected by this curiosity; for he is up-to-date and he highly appreciates the surroundings, the life, the feelings, and the fashions of the present day, as he proved in his *Ouvert La Nuit* and in his *Europe Galante*. It is because of his curiosity about contemporary life that M. Morand undertook the investigation in ethnic psychology whose results he offers us in *Magie Noire*. To obtain these results, he spared himself no pains. He answered 'the call of the shadows,' as he puts it; he went to see what was behind the compelling melancholy of the saxophones. He went to Havana, Florida, Haiti, Jamaica, Cuba. He visited Dakar, Guinea, the Sudan, Nigeria, the Ivory Coast. He covered fifty thousand kilometres, twenty-eight negro countries. Of course he covered them rapidly, but has he not a gift for what have been called 'lightning generalizations?' From the people and the things that he sees, he brings back impressions that are rapid but exact and concise. Then all he has to do is to place them side by side, or tie them together, organize them, interpret them. This is what he has done in the eight stories which make up *Magie Noire*.

In the cleverness of their structure and the soundness of their virtuosity, these tales are typical of Morand's work. The story is told mainly in arresting images, each connected with the other by brief observations or quick analyses. Images and commentaries form a colorful tapestry spread before our eyes, on which everything is clearly seen in relief. Thus in Haiti we take part in the political and presidential adventure of the *Sieur Occide* — emulator of Dessalines and of Toussaint l'Ouverture — who plays his role of 'Black Tsar' with assurance. I must admit that in this tale the negro spirit does not appear in a very favorable light, and to the *Sieur Occide* I prefer the little negro dancer Sophie Taylor, called 'Congo,' who dances like a young devil, fears 'Voodoo,' and is capricious, superstitious, and as childlike as an animal. Her tragic death is a moving thing. But I was also strongly impressed by the fate of poor Poolie Bloom, who, by a cruel trick of nature, found himself to be colored after he had always passed as white, thanks to which the Bloom family had tried to 'cross the border line,' that is to say, profit by their whiteness in order to enter a society from which every one of negro blood is excluded. In another tale, the beautiful Mrs. Pamela Freedman is a victim of this same exclusion. She had taken passage on the *Mammouth* for a high-toned, African cruise. She would not have been admit-

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ted to it had her mixed blood been known, but the beautiful Mrs. Freedman's complexion was such as to overcome all suspicion. It was only chance that brought about the fatal revelation, after which she was placed in quarantine until the ship reached its first port in Africa, where it was arranged that she should miss the boat when it left. She was left there alone in a little French coast station; but her contact with the natives caused her black blood to rise in her with irresistible force. Africa made of her what she believed herself to be no longer, and as the tom-tom sounds we watch the beautiful Mrs. Pamela Freedman tear off her dress and her necklaces and begin to dance like a fury among her dark-skinned sisters.

NOTAS DE UNA VIDA (*Notes on a Life: the first volume of the autobiography of the Count of Romanones*). *By Alvaro de Figueroa y Torres, conde de Romanones. Madrid. 1928.*

(E. Gomez de Baquero in *El Sol*, Madrid)

I MUST confess that Romanones' book interests me. Confess, I say, because I have heard adverse criticisms of this autobiography. Some readers had hoped for more, and felt cheated when they saw how little the Count has to say of the mysteries of politics. But, if one judge fairly, one must recognize that this is not a propitious moment to publish historical secrets. To my mind, the book accomplishes what its title promises, and I may even say that I find in it more than I had hoped. Not that I doubted the Count's ability to write an animated and interesting autobiography. What I doubted was his willingness to go in for confidences and confessions. He does tell something, though he does not tell much.

It is early for memoirs of frankly historical intent. In order to write true memoirs, a man must believe he has passed into history; and it is very doubtful whether the Count of Romanones considers himself ripe for history or is ready to admit that his death certificate as a significant figure in the political life of his times has been signed. Such a certificate, to be trustworthy, must be of longer standing than his; not that we must give him as much time as is required for the legal establishment of death in the case of those whose bodies are not found, but time enough for conjecture to have proven itself reality.

The Count plans an autobiography in three parts. The first, which is contained in the volume now published, includes his memories of childhood and youth, up to the time when he first became minister; the second will cover the period during which he held various ministerial posts; and the third will be dedicated to the years during which, at the height of his political ascendancy, he was President of the Chamber and Prime Minister. He alludes to a possible fourth volume which he may also write. I hope that nothing will prevent his adding it to the series, and that when the time comes he may resolve to write it without sparing anyone's feelings.

This first volume might be called 'The Conquest of Power.' It is the prologue, perhaps the apologia, of his political life. Spurning the advice that the Venetian lady gave Rousseau, 'Leave women and study philosophy,' the Count of Romanones, who began life as a serious youth, aspiring to be head of his class, gaining distinction at the Universities of Madrid and Bologna and in the Athenæum, left philosophy to follow, not women — that would certainly require another chapter of confessions — but that abstract lady, Dame Politics, who has altered many a man.

From El Sol, Madrid

THE COUNT OF ROMANONES

FORMER LIBERAL PRIME MINISTER of Spain and opponent of the present dictatorship. During the World War he tried to bring Spain in on the side of the Allies. To-day, living in a retirement which may be only temporary, he is working on his autobiography, the first volume of which is here reviewed.

Castrovido says in one of his delightful articles that the Count, despite what people may say, is frank. I dare not go in for psychology, but Romanones' self-portrait seems to me sincere. The Count pictures himself as a warrior taking political posts by assault, which may or may not be worse than the bootlicking procedure which was the great sin of the servile political life of old.

If the Count of Romanones were now in the heyday of his political prosperity, such confidences would have a slight tinge of cynicism (he would probably never have written them); but since he is out of politics, they seem to show a firm, deterministic conviction that in no other way could he have succeeded.

Notas de Una Vida is written in a pleasant style, a little careless, but vigorous and expressive. It offers a mixture of sincerity and reserve which arouses curiosity. But the reader, hoping for revelation and anecdote, must content himself with allusions; and he must seek in these books, not literature, but information and psychological interpretation.

Travel Books

EACH month THE LIVING AGE will publish in these columns as complete a list of newly published travel books as possible. Each title will be accompanied by a critical note combining useful information with necessary brevity.

The Editors are defining the word *travel* very broadly. It is to include geography (of such varieties as are suited to adults), descriptive discussions of current political, economic, social, and artistic conditions, guidebooks, and accounts of personal adventures in foreign lands. A travel book to us is any book which might interest an intelligent traveler.

All librarians, prospective travelers, or 'interested persons' who would like information on or bibliographies of books in these fields are earnestly requested to write to the *Travel Books Editor*, THE LIVING AGE, *280 Broadway, New York City*. State your needs and what you are (geographically) interested in, and, if you want books for your own use, give us some idea of your personal tastes in order that our information may be intelligently given.

Suggestions concerning the conduct of this department are cordially invited.

THE SOUL OF THE BANTU. *By W. C. Willoughby. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $5.00.*

EXPOSITIONS of the religions practised in the darker parts of the Dark Continent tend to leave a skeptic more skeptical. Magic, very black magic, runs wildly through the everyday life of the tribesman. His religion affects his every move. It regulates and standardizes an unquestioning mind. He martyrs himself through fear of offending the reincarnated spirit of his grandfather or uncle, who attacks him in the shape of a snake or a leopard. If, as a result, he dies, his relatives must propitiate the angry spirit by offerings.

Dreams, trances, revelations from any source complicate his life, as intricate post-mortem programs complicate his death. Through it all and in spite of it all, he goes, secure in the faith of his ego's eternity.

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The quarter-century that Professor Willoughby spent in the compilation of this volume is well repaid in its detailed completeness. He has been fortunate in securing assistance from tribal authorities who, previously, had successfully withheld information of this nature from the eyes of other investigators equally curious but less sympathetic.

As a study of primitive religions, their tenets and rites, together with their relations to the better known philosophies of the Egyptian and Oriental cultures, *The Soul of the Bantu* can be unreservedly recommended.

LAWRENCE T. GRISWOLD

THE ASLIB DIRECTORY: A GUIDE TO SPECIALIZED INFORMATOIN IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND. *Edited by G. F. Barwick, late Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum; Introductions by Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, Director and Principal Librarian, British Museum and by Sir Ernest Rutherford, President of the Royal Society. London and New York: Oxford University Press. 1928. $7.50.*

A book that no one will ever read, but that every student traveling abroad will have to consult many times is the *Aslib Directory*, a key to all collections of source material on all subjects, in Great Britain and Ireland. The cryptic word in its title is an abbreviation for the *Association of Special Libraries and Information Bureaux*, under whose auspices, with the assistance of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust, the book is published.

The Directory has two systems of classification, one by subject, the other by location. It is possible to discover instantly exactly what special sources of information the United Kingdom contains on subjects so various as varnishes, vivisection, drama, Russian industry, rural economy, English newspapers, and almost any other subject of any conceivable commercial or cultural importance. It is also possible to discover instantly the reference resources of any particular town. The prospective visitor to Rochester can learn instantly the precise terms on which he will be permitted to use the Cathedral Library. The traveler going to Perth need only turn a leaf to discover that the city contains three libraries, and that each is open to visitors under different conditions. And so on for every town or city of importance in Great Britain. The whole is supplemented by an index that adequately provides against any difficulties that may crop up in the use of the other two lists.

JOHN BAKELESS

A WAYFARER IN FRENCH VINEYARDS. *By E. I. Robson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1928. $3.00.*

It is one thing to go and look. It is quite another, and much less dull, to go and look for something definite. The latter procedure is the one chosen by E. I. Robson in his *Wayfarer in French Vineyards;* and though his eye, naturally enough, is mainly for wine, out of its corner he manages to catch glimpses of cathedrals, countryside, and much fine cookery. His book differs from ordinary travel books in that it is built around one central, liquid theme. It differs from other books on wine in that for Robson the product of the vine cannot be divorced from the vineyard, the *vigneron*, and the countryside which nourishes them both. He talks enough of wine making and wine drinking to save the tyro any possible embarrassment, and then takes you wandering through Champagne, the Loire, Cognac and Armagnac, Garonne and Dordogne, Bordeaux and Burgundy, and the smaller wine districts that rim the country. What Mr. Robson tells he tells gracefully and has seen with his own eyes. What he quotes he quotes from old chroniclers and local poets. What he seeks is wine as an artistic experience, 'wine whose worst enemy is alcohol;' not wine which affords relief after a hard day at the office. And from the whole book one gets a quietly reassuring feeling of the richness of the country and fullness of the leisurely life of France.

MARVIN MCCORD LOWES

ROUND ABOUT ANDORRA. *By Bernard Newman, illustrated by C. Henley Gardener. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1928. $3.00.*

Andorra is one of the smallest independent states in Europe and one of the oldest; its legendary origin is a charter from Charlemagne, a reward for help in the wars with the Moors. It has existed as a republic for more than a thousand years and is the only example of a feudal state surviving in Europe; it is a region, less than twenty miles in either direction, of mountain valleys in the eastern end of the Pyrenees and is occupied by some six thousand Catalans whose attention is divided between agriculture and smuggling. The people are still unfamiliar with most of the advantages and disadvantages of civilization; the flow of tourists which washes other parts of Europe seeps into Andorra very little.

Mr. Newman has equipped himself well. Apparently he covered most of the country on foot. He pushed into private houses and talked with the people. He watched and even took part in local celebrations, dancing with Catalan maidens, and joining in peasant songs. He amused himself teaching the people English songs and English games. He discussed affairs of state with the Councilors of the Republic and gave them good advice. He also wandered about in Catalonia, inspecting cathedrals and sniffing the political winds. He considers the secessionist movement in Spanish Catalonia both wisely guided and strong enough to be taken seriously.

From a man who has done his traveling so thoroughly, in a region that is so little known, we might have expected a book that is easier to read. But Mr. Newman writes a schoolboy style, heavy with adjectives and full of rhetorical fireworks that don't go off. The illustrations by Mr. C. Henley Gardener are meretricious artistically and give very little or no idea of the jagged, savage glory of the Pyrenees.

PHILIP S. MCCONNELL

A BOOK ABOUT PARIS. *By George and Pearl Adam, with pictures by H. Franks Waring. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. 1928. $5.00.*

Whether you are going to Paris or must content yourself with wanting to, you will find this a most satisfactory book. In the great sea of literature about Paris there are few books which combine as neatly charm of description with the informative quality of a guidebook. And the pictures are excellent.

THE LAST OF FREE AFRICA. *By Gordon MacCreagh. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $4.00.*

This is about the best travel book we have seen — fascinating and bizarre adventures of travel and big game hunting in Abyssinia. There are enough sober facts and statistics, too, to leave the reader uncommonly well up on an uncommon corner of the world.

THE FRINGE OF THE MOSLEM WORLD. *By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Co. 1928. $4.00.*

That experienced wanderer, Harry Franck, has been looking over Egypt and the Near East. His resulting impressions are competent, significant, and even entertaining. However, the last account we read of this scene was that of an Elizabethan seaman in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, and Mr. Franck makes us regret more naive observers.

THE NEW MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA. *By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co. 1928. With map. $3.00.*

We know so little of the South American republics in general that an historical work of this sort, glancing over their past and analysing their present, should be of real value. The author has set forth clearly, concisely, and not uninterestingly economic and political conditions, country by country. Except in rare cases, he has not considered the picturesqueness which we associate with Latin America, but the book is a mine of information and statistics which bear the stamp of authority.

THE NEW RUSSIA. *By Dorothy Thompson, New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1928. $3.00*

It is difficult to prevent the almost unconscious linking of the word 'propaganda' to anything in which Soviet Russia is involved, but Miss Thompson (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis) has attempted a non-partisan survey of the ten-year-old U. S. S. R. in which both facts and emotions present interest. One hesitates either to condemn or recommend this book.

SOVIET RUSSIA IN THE SECOND DECADE: A JOINT SURVEY. *By the Technical Staff of the First American Trade Union Delegation. New York: The John Day Company. 1928. $4.00.*

Thirteen delegates who have thoroughly inspected all corners of the U. S. S. R., make an effort, honest in some cases, to look on both sides of every question, and report with unvarying enthusiasm on the economic and social conditions shown them by their Soviet hosts. This should be an important handbook for the student of economy and the foreign concessionaire — if taken with a grain of salt.

JAPANESE ALL. *By J. Ingram Bryan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1928. $2.50.*

One feels sure Dr. Bryan enjoyed dashing off these pleasant essays on the better known idiosyncrasies of the Japanese nation.

UNFATHOMED JAPAN. *By Harold and Alice Foght. New York: The MacMillan Company. 1928. $5.00.*

This joint account by Professor and Mrs. Foght, who visited Japan as guests of the National Association for the Encouragement of Learning, is admittedly given an educational setting. The writing, too, is obviously pedagogic. Though the authors traveled widely and observed discriminatingly, and though their descriptions are in many parts novel and delightful, the book as a whole is distinctly tedious.

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF EUROPEAN LANDMARKS. *By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: The Century Co. 1928. Illustrations. $2.50.*

Comments on famous places which would deter any intelligent child from traveling, with or without a guidebook.

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The Nomad's Calendar

A Ninety-Day Forecast of Exhibitions, Concerts, and Sporting Events Summarizing Happenings of Interest to the Traveler During the Months of October, November, and December

AUSTRIA

VIENNA. *October* 2nd, Fair; 21st, Astoria Prize horse races. *November* 17th through 20th, Schubert Centenary Memorial Services (Official), masses, concerts, addresses.

BELGIUM

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 7th (first Sunday in October), processions at Namur, Nivelles, Brussels, etc.

BRUSSELS. *December* 8th through 19th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition.

GHENT. *October* 1st, St. Bavon's Day.

LIÈGE. *November* 3rd, St. Hubert's Day.

CZECHOSLAVAKIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 8th, Memorial Day.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN. *November* 26th, Inter-Scandinavian Tennis Tournament.

EGYPT

CAIRO. *December* 15th through 22nd (probably), International Medical Congress.

FRANCE

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 1st, All Saints' Day; 2nd, All Souls' Day; 3rd, opening of the hunting season; blessing of the dog; 24th, St. Catherine's Eve (celebrated by unmarried girls); 25th, St. Catherine's Day (celebrated by unmarried girls). *December* 5th, St. Nicholas' Eve; 26th, Straw Day.

AVIGNON. *November* 30th, Fête of the Separation of the Waters.

BEAUVAIS. *October* 14th, processions in commemoration of the Siege of Beauvais (1472).

LONGCHAMP. *October* 7th, Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe races; 21st, Prix du Conseil Municipal races.

NORMANDY. *December* 1st, St. Eloy's Day (observed in Boulogne, St. Valéry and other seacoast towns).

PARIS. *Autumn*, Salon of Autumn. *October* 1st through November, International Nautical Show; 4th through 14th, International Automobile Exhibition. *November* 3rd through 6th, Pan-European Congress; 25th, St. Catherine's Day (procession of unmarried girls).

GERMANY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *December* 26th, Der Grosse Pferdetag.

BERLIN. *October* 3rd through 8th, Tenth Scientific Post and Telegraph Week, 7th through 28th, International Aeronautics Exhibition; 21st, Prix Gladiateur horse races at Grunewald. *November* 8th through 18th, International Automobile and Motorcycle Exhibition; 22nd through 24th, Congress of the Technical Society for Shipbuilding.

BREMEN. *November* 6th, Great Festival and Holiday.

CASSEL. *October* 6th and 7th, German Pedagogic Congress; 7th, Tenth Celebration of the Wandervögel.

DARMSTADT. *October* 1st through 6th, Twenty-five Year Jubilee of the National Union of German Musicians and Music Teachers.

DINKELBUHL. *October* 11th through 16th, Historic Festival-Spectacle Week.

DRESDEN. *October* 20th and 21st, German Rowing Association races; 21st, Sewing Day of German Clubs.

DUSSELDORF. *December* 1st and 2nd, Association of German Iron Foundry Engineers.

FRANKFURT. *October* 1st through 3rd, Autumn Trade Fair; 13th through 15th, Meeting of the Schopenhauer Society.

MUNICH. *October* 7th through 9th, Volksfest.

NUREMBURG. *October* 1st through 31st, traveling exhibition, 'Young Germany.'

GREAT BRITAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *November* 5th, Guy Fawkes Day (parades and bonfires); 11th, Armistice Day.

CHEPSTOW. *October* 10th and 11th, races.

EPSOM. *November* 16th, Derby cup races.

KEMPTON. *October* 13th, Duke of York Handicap races.

LISTOWEL (Ireland). *October* 2nd, races.

LONDON. *October* 11th through 20th, Olympic Show for Excursion Cars (charabancs and *de luxe* motor buses). *November*, entire month, International Cycle and Motorcycle Exhibition; 9th, Lord Mayor's show and procession. *December* 26th, Boxing Day Holiday.

MANCHESTER. *November* 24th, November Handicap races.

NEWMARKET. *October* 4, Jockey Club Stakes; 17th, Cesarewitch Stakes; 18th, Middle Park Stakes; 31st, Cambridgeshire Stakes. *November* 1st, Dewhurst Stakes.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 6th, Memorial Day. *November* 3rd, St. Emeric's Day.

ITALY

ASSISSI. *October* 4th, Fête of St. Francis.

BOLOGNA. *December* 3rd, Fête of St. Francis Xavier in the Sta. Lucia church.

LORETO. *December* 10th, Festival of Santa Casa.

MILAN. *November* 4th, Fête of San Carlo Borromeo.

MONTEDORO (Sicily). *December* 13th, Santa Lucia procession.

ROME. *October* 7th, Rosary Sunday; great procession from the Minerva. Beginning *November*, General Assembly of the International Institute of Agriculture (delegations from seventy-three countries); 22nd, Fête of St. Cecilia; celebration in St. Cecilia church, illumination of Catacombs of St. Calixtus; 33rd, Festival of St. Clement; celebration in San Clemente church, illumination of subterranean chapels. *December* 3rd, Fête of St. Francis Xavier at the Gesu; 26th, Fête of St. Stephen in the San Stefano Rotondo.

TURIN. *October* 29th through *November* 4th, Fair at Moncalieri.

VENICE. *November* 21st, Fête of the Madonna della Salute, commemorating the end of the plague in 1630.

JAPAN

HIBIYA (and elsewhere). *October* 1st, Chrysanthemum displays begin.

KYOTO. *October* 22nd, Jidai-Matsuri (Feudal Courtiers Procession). *November* 10th, Coronation of the present Emperor Hirohito, with festivals lasting two weeks.

TOKYO. *November* 10th, Coronation festival and parades.

LATVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 18th, Tenth Jubilee of the Lettish Republic.

NETHERLANDS

HAARLEM. *October* 1st, St. Bavon's Day celebration.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 31st, Thanksgiving Day.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. *October* 5th, Anniversary of Proclamation of the Republic. *December* 1st, Flag Day (anniversary of independence).

LETRA. *October* 13th, great pilgrimage to Fatima.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *October* 24th, Queen's Birthday.

BARCELONA. *October* 12th, Festival of the Spanish People.

SEVILLA. *October* 5th through 9th, International Cities Congress; 12th, Ibero-American International Exposition opens (until June 30, 1929). *December* 8th, Baile de los Seises (Tenth Century Arabic ritual performed by choir boys in the cathedral).

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. *November* 6th, Gustavus Adolphus Day.

STOCKHOLM. *December* 13th, Lucia Festival (Skansen Open Air Museum).

SWITZERLAND

EINSIEDELN. *October* 7th, Festival.

GENEVA. *December* 11th, Escalade Thanksgiving Day.

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War and Peace

Conflicting Views on the One Great Question that Vexes all the World

¶ Not so very long ago any American traveler who was privileged to hear the political gossip of European capitals found there a wide-spread conviction that a war between the United States and Japan was almost inevitable, if not, indeed, within measurable distance. That this external judgment of Japanese-American relations was fundamentally wrong is now clearly established, even to the conviction of the European onlookers. That it never had any basis in reality, however serious may have been some of the political misunderstandings between the two countries, was apparent all the time to the sober looker-on in both the United States and Japan. — *James T. Shotwell, Professor of History at Columbia University.*

¶ The original proposition of Mr. Kellogg is an unconditional renunciation of war. The treaty, as now qualified by the French and British reservations, constitutes no renunciation or outlawry of war, but in fact and in law is a solemn sanction of all wars mentioned in the exceptions and qualifications. — *Professor E. M. Borchard, of Yale, at the Williamstown Conference.*

¶ Unless the nations of the world follow the example of Great Britain and show a real desire to curtail their armaments, the compact will be nothing but a hollow sham. — *Sir William Joynson-Hicks, His Britannic Majesty's Home Secretary.*

¶ If war should ever come again, the United States in all human probability will not be against Germany. — *J. L. Garvin, editor of the Encyclopædia Britannica and the London Observer.*

¶ Disarmament must be disarmament all around, unless some country like the United States or ourselves is by a great gesture to say: 'We will take the risk.' — *David Lloyd George in the House of Commons.*

¶ We are all pacifists in America, in that we are all opposed to war and in favor of peace for ourselves and for the world. — *William Randolph Hearst, formal statement in the New York American.*

¶ The outlawry of war is one of those foolish ideas that remain foolish until realized. — *Hamilton Fish, Jr., member of the House of Representatives from New York.*

¶ Even now in railway carriages anywhere in Europe, in drawing rooms in any city, at many dinner tables, one hears conversations on the future of civilization, the possibilities of scientific warfare, the inevitable clash of race, the coming struggle for supremacy at sea, which reveal dark forebodings in the human soul and a lack of faith in all those arrangements, pacts, covenants and affirmations which have been registered at Geneva and elsewhere.

So far public opinion is not, I am afraid, prepared for an act of faith in the Kellogg scheme. This is due a great deal to the long series of disappointments that followed all those conferences from which the dove of peace escaped. — *Sir Philip Gibbs, novelist, war correspondent.*

¶ In accord with the whole German people, the German Government is convinced of the righteousness of our demand for the immediate liberation of the occupied territories . . . Only one and a half years separate us from the evacuation of the second zone under the peace treaty; but if evacuation is delayed until the completion of this period, a most significant opportunity for translating into acts the policy of reconciliation will have been neglected. — *Hermann Müller, new German Chancellor, in his initial speech before the Reichstag.*

¶ It must not be forgotten that Germany is wholly disarmed both on land and sea, that Great Britain has no army of any consequence, that the United States has none, and that France has greatly reduced both the period of compulsory military service and the number of men with the colors. — *Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.*

¶ Nations themselves have never desired war. The statesmen at the heads of governments have always been responsible for bringing about bloody conflicts. — *Dr. Karl von Lewinski, German Consul General, New York, at the celebration of the ninth anniversary of the German Constitution.*

¶ The fundamental defect of the compact consists in the fact that formal condemnation of war is not accompanied by annihilation of the means of war. — *Editorial in Izvestia (Moscow newspaper).*

A French Hearst

(*Continued from page 125*)

sous is well above the commercial price of a newspaper. He asserts, too, that, without handicaps, a paper like *L'Ami du Peuple* could be published without loss at two sous.

I cannot refrain, however, without wishing to pronounce on the technical question, from relating an anecdote which may be apocryphal, but ought to be true. At the shareholders' meeting of the *Figaro*, a shareholder rose and, apparently without malice, made a little speech to this effect:

'We are told that a two-sous newspaper is a commercial proposition. Nevertheless, we have before us a balance-sheet which shows that the *Figaro*, selling at five sous, has been run at a loss. What does that prove? That M. Coty is mistaken? Or that the *Figaro* is badly managed?'

The answer to this conundrum has not reached me! M. Coty further points out that both *Le Journal* and *L'Echo de Paris* owe their success to the fact that they were at one time published at a lower price than the rival newspapers. How can they deny him the right of imitating their example?

IT will be seen that, basically, the quarrel is between Free Traders and Protectionists in newsprint. The Free Traders have powerful arguments, while the arguments of the Protectionists seem to me rather lame. If there are disadvantages in Free Trade, they can be overcome by appropriate legislation.

It is surely wrong to assume, without proof, that a newspaper owner who sells his journal at a price fixed by himself and not by the corporation, has some unavowable motive. He is, in my opinion, entitled to ruin himself if he chooses in selling his ideas for a farthing — or any other figure at which he cares to estimate them.

It is no offence to lose money on a newspaper. It may be a very grave offence to make money on a newspaper. Everything depends on the newspaper, and on the particular kind of pabulum or poison the owner wishes to dispense.

So we look on, without taking sides in this struggle, at the conflict of the five-sous Press and the two-sous Press.

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World Records

— As recognized and recorded monthly by the editors of THE LIVING AGE.

— Readers are invited to call the attention of the editors to items appropriate for this department.

¶ WAR DEBTS. Argentina is allowed pre-eminence in international philanthropy for the month, because its Chamber of Deputies has unanimously voted to cancel the Paraguayan war debt owing to Argentina since 1865.

¶ ELECTIONS. The painful predicament of two Greek parliamentary aspirants, brought about by acts of extreme cruelty to candidates, is entitled to mention and deprecation in this department this month.

With the campaign in the Epirus district at its height, M. Milonas, former Under-Secretary of Finance, and Constantine Melas, a former Deputy, were captured by brigands and resolutely held for ransom. Up to the hour of writing, neither candidate has been redeemed by his constituents.

¶ CONSTITUTIONAL LAW. For a unique verbal quibble this month's award is conferred upon the Senate of Colombia, S. A., recently in session at Bogota. A motion being made to congratulate the government on its action in upholding the cancellation of the Barco oil concession, it was rejected by the Senate as unconstitutional. The Senate, however, unanimously agreed on a motion expressing its 'complacency for the proper way in which the oil situation has been handled.'

¶ OSCULATION. Georges Clémenceau, French War Premier, now in his eighty-second year, recently received in Paris a delegation of two thousand girls from his native Vendée and kissed them all in one afternoon. Allowed as the record to date for an octogenarian.

¶ AUTOMOBILES. A Peugeot automobile, model 1889, lately made the trip from Paris to Berlin, propelled by its own power. The French chauffeur, regarded as a good will ambassador between the two nations, was received beyond Potsdam with appropriate ceremonies. Allowed as the month's record run for so antiquated a motor car.

¶ CAPITAL PUNISHMENT. 'Six in Sing Sing all from Kings' is the weird refrain recently heard by Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing Prison, New York state. It was thus disclosed that there now are only six occupants of the death house in Sing Sing Prison, all of whom were convicted in Kings County, New York. The situation is unprecedented, in that it is the first time in ten years that there have been so few condemned men, also the first time on record that the population of the death house has been made up entirely of murderers convicted in one county.

¶ TIPS AND BRIBES. For the first time in history, the tip, an innocent donation, and the bribe, a corrupt offering, have been distinguished by law. *Tip*, and not reprehensible, if inspired by kindness of heart. *Bribery*, and a crime, if given to influence duty and without kindness of heart (Paragraph 123, German penal Code). Bribers in Germany, therefore, must be of kindly disposition and not seek to influence dereliction.

¶ MIRACLES. The current miracle record is claimed in connection with a former mute, known as Thomas Perry, employed in the kitchen of a hotel in Long Branch, New Jersey, U. S. A. Perry, who hears but had not spoken for many years, and is intensely religious, listened, with rising indignation, to irreligious and blasphemous conversation around him, especially to arguments against the existence of a God. The mute first attempted to protest in writing, but this medium being inadequate, Perry's excitement grew until he burst into a veritable torrent of speech. He has apparently completely regained this faculty.

¶ COURTS. Four hundred traffic cases in 75 minutes, or an average of 5⅓ cases per minute, is the basis of the claim of Police Magistrate Hyman Bushel of New York, U. S. A., for the month's award as a fast worker. Allowed.

¶ DEFINITION. The palm for the month's best definition is cheerfully awarded to Edouard Herriot, French Minister of Education, when he said: 'Culture is that which remains with a man when he has forgotten all he has learned.'

A Prison in Spain

(*Continued from page 112*)

Thought perhaps he was a drunken soldier. He put out his arm to defend himself. Someone from behind pushed him. His fist unhappily touched the guard's cheek, and so on. The story was quite good enough. More forms were signed, more wads of pesetas changed hands. There was more saluting and congratulating, and the old seaman fades out of the picture.

But it is difficult to get the central picture — the prison itself — to fade. Mr. Collins is not an imaginative man. He is extremely hard-headed and practical. But the vision of these cages still haunts him. It is always invidious and dangerous for a stranger to criticize the domestic affairs of a foreign country. But there are certain things which may lie upon a universal conscience. Amid progressive peoples the records of social advancement are almost interdependent. We meet and discuss and compare notes on the general conduct of our institutions. We learn from each other. And so to this end should all our institutions be accessible to each other. But when some official body confesses, on the sly, that it is 'a little ashamed' of an institution, it is apt to give the impression that someone has been too vicious or too lazy to take an interest in their fellow-creatures. Every year during Holy Week, when one of the processions passes the prison, one of the convicts is freed, and made to walk in the procession next to the effigy of Christ, which, of course, is a very beautiful idea. But one would wish that this emotion of pity might be more liberally interpreted in practical ways behind the prison walls. To worship Christ it is not necessary, I imagine, to endeavor to perpetuate the social conditions which prevailed in Christ's time among the Syrians and infidels. As a foreigner one can only suggest that Señor Primo de Rivera, who has done so much for Spain, might make a personal inspection of the conditions which prevail in her Southern prisons.

World Business

(*Continued from Page 149*)

policies on grounds of unfairness. The protection of the Czechoslovak automobile industry by the application of quotas to the importation of foreign cars has been a long-standing source of friction with both the United States and France. The State Department is now negotiating for the right annually to import a number of automobiles equal to thirty per cent of Czechoslovak production. In Bulgaria, six nations have simultaneously delivered identic notes objecting to the increase in the Balkan country's general customs duties. The position taken by the protesting nations is that the revision upward is contrary to Bulgarian assurances given at Geneva.

11. EQUALITY DEMANDED

China, serving notice on Japan of the abrogation of the Commercial Treaty of 1896, has embarked upon a significant diplomatic venture. The immediate effect is to bring to a head the friction between the two countries that has been increasing as their interests clash in Manchuria. Tokio parried Nanking's thrust with a declaration of Japan's intent to preserve intact her interests in North China, which are valued at about a billion and a quarter dollars and are quite apart from the strategic importance of the three Manchurian provinces. The ultimate results of the move are yet to be seen; but it obviously threatens the whole privileged position that the Mikado's empire has built up for itself in China. Similar to, though more extensive than, any other Power's interests, Japan's vested rights are vitally affected by the policies of the Chinese Nationalists. For in truth, Japan cannot live without her neighbor — and her neighbor's backyard.

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Stale Cake

(*Continued from page 96*)

and conversation languished a little. I told them something of my travels; Miss Thompson brightened momentarily, and gave expression to a wish she cherished to visit Italy some day. Miss Smale looked at her, a spoonful of trifle arrested on the way to her mouth. 'Really, Miss Thompson, I didn't know you thought of travel. We shall be hearing of you going to Italy . . . train de luxe, I suppose?' I shifted a little, uneasily, in my seat; and Miss Thompson put down her spoon and gave her plate a little push away from her.

After luncheon, when we were once more in the sitting-room, Miss Smale went upstairs to fetch some needlework that she was engaged on, and that she wished to show me. Miss Thompson and I fell into a more or less pleasant chat which we did not think it necessary to interrupt on Miss Smale's re-entry into the room. She seated herself in her arm-chair and settled the cushions at her back. I finished the sentence I had embarked on before she entered the room, and turned to include her in the conversation.

But she spoke first. Hardly had the last words left my mouth, when she leant slightly forward and looked straight at Miss Thompson. 'I expect,' she said, 'I expect, Miss Thompson, that you have letters that you would like to get written?'

So then I knew. . . .

Now that you have read

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British Air Manœuvres

(*Continued from page 127*)

where the objective of the attack is a huge city. As we write there is a great 'enemy' bomber droning overhead — the sound of his engines is unmistakable. He may be forced to unload his bombs suddenly and even to come down with them, which will, no doubt, give great joy to the gallant defending force, but small satisfaction to the citizens of London. The best plan in face of this menace would seem to be not to have a war at all — for we no more want Notre Dame to be destroyed than Westminster Abbey, might even indeed prefer to spare the former if the choice were forced upon us, for, as a monument of what we call civilization, Notre Dame is the greater of the two, and we could not, even in the greatest heat of warlike fervor, wish a fully-loaded English bombing plane to be shot down just over it. It is necessary to think and also to talk about these things with as little reserve as possible. Meanwhile, perhaps, one might suggest, as one of the lessons of the brilliant show that has been staged this week by the Air Ministry, that if the catastrophe of a great war should ever come again, our best men and our best machines might be better employed in vigorous offensive tactics than in the utterly hopeless task of trying to save London from injury. London will anyhow be injured in the next war, and will be saved from destruction only by our ability, if we have it, to put the enemy out of action on his own ground. We cannot hope to defend, we can hope only to be able to hit harder. To save Westminster Abbey we must destroy Notre Dame. This is the point to which 'modern civilization' would seem to have brought us.

These, naturally, are but the conclusions of laymen, and first conclusions at that; we have yet to hear what the umpires and the experts have to say as to the lessons of the mimic struggle, and as to which side must be held to have been victorious. But after all, it is the layman's opinion that matters, because he pays the piper, and in the long run in this country generally manages to call the tune. He has seen flights of bombers pursuing their way over his head with obvious impunity, and will not be greatly interested to learn that in the judgment of the umpires most of them were subsequently shot down before they could get away. He has been forced to realize by the evidence of his own eyes that our superlative air-force is unable to defend his home. That should give him a good deal to think about.

The World Looks at Al Smith

(*Continued from page 121*)

as a dangerous competitor for Mr. Hoover.'

L'Opinion (Paris), reiterating the view of the *Journal de Genève*, thinks that there are signs of a decline in American prosperity which 'would increase Smith's chances.' *Corriere della Sera* (Milan) plays safe by enunciating the indubitable truth: 'The situation renders prediction impossible. Only after the election shall we know what the American people are thinking.' The *Universe*, a London Catholic weekly, declares that 'his election as President cannot be forecast with a great deal of confidence,' and that 'the prospect of a Democratic victory in November is no brighter than that of a clear Labor victory in our own elections next year.' In Belgium, *L'Indépendance Belge* describes Governor Smith as '*un concurrent redoutable*,' and asserts that 'the Americans themselves think that chances are about even.' In Vienna, the *Neue Freie Presse* asserts that 'the only chance the Democrats have is a split in Republican ranks.' In the *Daily News*, Mr. J. A. Spender writes that the Democrats 'will have a little more than a dog's chance, and if there should be any notable break in prosperity between now and November, considerably more.'

IN A long and thoughtful general article on the American election, the *Revue Universelle*, a Parisian fortnightly of Catholic leanings, says that 'Monsieur Alfred Smith is the only man able to beat Monsieur Hoover.' The *Observer* (London) declares that 'nothing like a walkover for either side is to be anticipated.' *Il Popolo d'Italia*, a Roman newspaper edited by Signor Mussolini's brother, holds that Smith's Irish descent and his religion 'constitute a very serious obstacle which greatly limits his prospect of success.' But, says the *Cork Examiner*, 'every Irishman will wish him the best of luck.'

There is general comment on the fortunate chance that has given American voters an opportunity to choose between two candidates of high calibre. 'Americans generally believe,' says the *Times*, 'that Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith, while they differ in type, heritage, and party, are equal in high character and a sense of patriotic duty.' 'As a result of the election in November, whichever way it goes,' says the London *New Statesman*, 'the United States will have an able President. That is certain, for both candidates are men of unusual capacity.'

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